LITERARY HOURS

OR

Sketches

CRITICAL AND NARRATIVE,

BY

NATHAN DRAKE, M. D.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

THE SECOND EDITION,

CORRECTED AND GREATLY ENLARGED.

——————A little peaceful home
Bounds all my wants and wishes, add to this
My book and friend, and this is happiness.
From the Spanish of Francisco de Rioje.

SUDBURY:
PRINTED BY J. BURKITT,
FOR T. CADELL, JUNIOR, AND W. DAVIES,
STRAND, LONDON.

1800.

CONTENTS

OF THE

SECOND VOLUME.

NO. PAGE

22. On Social Affection. Description of Loch-Leven; Michael Bruce 1
23. The Abbey of Clunedale, a Tale . . . 19
24. On the Evening and Night Scenery of the Poets as mingled or contrasted with pathetic emotion 47
25. On Lyric Poetry. The Storm, an Ode. . 71
26. On the Poetry of Catullus 107
27. Maria Arnold, a Tale. Horace, Book ii. Satire 6, imitated 129
28. On the Poetry of the Ages of Elizabeth and the Charleses, and of the present Reign . 155
29. The same concluded 175
30. On the Superstitions of the Highlands of Scotland 207
31. The same concluded 233

32. Agnes Felton, a Tale. Stanzas; Ode to Content 259
33. Observations on the supposed Conflagration of the Alexandrian Library, with a commentary on the fifth and sixth sections of the first chapter of the tenth book of Quintilian 277
34. The same continued 301
35. The same continued 325
36. The same continued 349
37. The same continued 377
38. The same concluded 407
39. On the Farmer's Boy of Bloomfield . . 439
40. The same concluded 463

ERRATA.—VOL. II.

Page 94,	line 17,	for *love*,	read,	*lov'd.*
—— 115,	— 9,	— *se*,	——	*te.*
—— 116,	— 17,	— *Septimis*,	——	*Septimio.*
—— 274,	— 7,	— *straw-roof*,	——	*straw-roofs.*
—— —	— 14,	— *glarish*,	——	*garish.*
—— 325,	— 4,	— *beneficient*,	——	*beneficent.*
—— 338,	— 14,	— *at*,	——	*in.*
—— 361,	— 21,	— *æve*,	——	*ævo.*
—— 363,	— 23,	— *at*,	——	*of.*
—— 443,	— 21,	— *attack*,	——	*attach.*

AN ALPHABETICAL INDEX

OF

Those Authors and Artists upon whom any criticism or comment has been given in the preceding volumes, with the pages where their names are to be found.

A

Abulpharagius, ii. 278
Accius, ii. 381
Addison, ii. 82, 164
Ælian, ii. 308
Æschylus, ii. 75, 315
Æschines, ii. 333
Afer Domitius, ii 412.
Afranius, ii. 388
Africanus Julius, ii. 413
Aikin, Dr. ii. 402
Akenside, i. 220, ii. 79, 190, 299
Albani, i. 42
Alcuin, i. 261
Alfred, i. 261
Alcman, ii. 308
Albinovanus Pedo, ii. 362
Al Beithar, i. 310
Alceus, ii. 302
Ancurin, i. 281
Anaximander, i. 11
Angelo Michael, i. 357, 376
Anacreon, ii. 96, 309
Anstey, ii. 195
Antimachus, ii. 288
Apollonius Rhodius, ii. 49, 67, 290, 294
Argensola Lupercio Leonardo De, i. 110
Argensola Bartolome, i. 110
Ariosto, i. 141
Aristophanes, ii. 311
Aristotle, ii. 341
Argentaria, ii. 363
Armstrong, ii. 190
Aratus, ii. 292
Archilochus, ii. 295

Aulus Gellius, ii. 426
Augurinus Sentius, ii. 378
Avicenna, i. 310

B

Bacchylides, ii. 310
Bassano da Giacomo, ii. 459
Barbauld, i. 147, ii. 92, 100
Bassus Saleius, ii. 361
Bassus Cæsius, ii. 384
Bassus Aufidius, ii. 397
Baker, ii. 396
Beattie, i. 76, 330, 332, ii. 198, 210
Bede, i. 261
Beresford, ii. 353
Berkeley, ii. 38
Beccatelli Antonio, ii. 436
Beloe, ii. 114, 327
Beaumont, ii. 166, 186
Beaumont I. ii. 169
Bidlake, i. 244, ii. 190
Bion, i. 328
Bibaculus, ii. 379
Blair Dr. i. 143, ii. 65
Bloomfield, ii. 441, et seq.
Bowles, i. 110, ii. 199
Boethius, ii. 425
Boscawen, ii. 200
Boyd, ii. 201
Bracciolini Poggio, i. 2, ii. 282
Brewster, ii. 373
Browne, i. 334, ii. 171
Brown Dr. i. 311
Bryant, i. 132
Bruce Michael, ii. 11
Brosses De, ii. 391
Brutus, ii. 421
Brooke Mr. ii. 173
Brooke Miss, ii. 224
Burger, i. 63, ii. 180
Burns, ii. 199, 440

C

Camöens, i. 109, 244, 434, ii. 67
Carlyle, i. 316, ii. 203
Calvus, ii. 410
Cassius Severus, ii. 412
Catius, ii. 423
Catullus, ii. 97, 109 et seq. 377, 411
Casimir Sorbiewsky, ii. 103
Callimachus, ii. 112, 294
Cartwright, ii. 171
Carew, ii. 172
Cæsar Caius, ii. 419
Cælius, ii. 410

Cæcilius, ii. 386.
Celsus Cornelius, ii. 422
Chatterton, i. 69, ii. 440
Chaucer, i. 139
Charlemagne, i. 261
Chrysostom St. ii. 313
Churchill, ii. 195
Cian, i. 281
Cicero, ii. 353, 402, 419
Cibber, ii. 188
Claude Lorrain, i. 78, ii. 92
Claudian, ii. 425
Clitarchus, ii. 330
Collins, i. 64, 341, 343, 361, ii. 76, 77, 80, 85, 91, 92, 160, 188, 234, 243, 250, 320
Corinna, ii. 300
Cowper, i. 50, ii. 87, 189, 200
Corregio, i. 418
Cowley, ii. 171, 188, 310
Corbet, ii. 172
Congreve, ii. 188
Colman, ii. 188, 200, 388
Cooke, ii. 287
Creech, i. 15, 48
Croft Sir Herbert, i. 381 (note)
Crashawe, i. 376, ii. 173
Cratinus, ii. 314
Curtius, ii. 423
Cumberland Richard, i. 381 et seq. ii. 184, 187, 313, 321, 323

D

Dante, i. 105, 357, ii. 202
Darwin, i. 248, 311, ii. 194
Dart, ii. 367
Daniel, ii. 169
Davenant, ii. 165
Davies Sir John, ii. 165
De Lille, i. 126
Demosthenes, ii. 331
Democritus, i. 11
Demetrius Ph. ii. 335
Domitian, ii. 365
Donne, ii. 170
Downman, ii. 193
Drayton, i. 333, 342, 345, ii. 169, 170
Drake Rev. Francis, ii. 149
Drummond of Hawthornden, i. 110, ii. 172
Drummond Mr. ii. 337
Dryden, i. 15, ii. 78, 188, 352, 373

Du Bos, i. 127
Du Bois, ii. 307
Dyer, i. 209 et seq. ii. 91, 190

E

Empedocles, i. 3
Ennius, ii. 354
Epicurus, i. 8
Ephorus, ii. 329
Erycius, ii. 286
Euripides, i. 132, ii. 83. 319
Euphorion, ii. 293, n.
Eupolis, ii. 313
Eutychius, ii. 278
Evelyn, i. 14

F

Falconer, i. 244
Faber T. ii 322
Fairfax, ii. 173
Fawkes, ii. 291
Fletcher, i. 333, 342, ii. 100, 165, 186
Fletcher Giles, ii. 166.
Flaminio, ii. 126
Fontana, i. 311
Fontenelle, i. 343.
Fracastorius, i. 215
Franklin, ii. 319
Fulvio Testi, ii. 80

G

Gay, i. 327, 342
Gallus, ii. 97, 98, 368
Gainsborough, ii. 464
Gesner, i. 328, 342, 345,
Geber, i. 310
Giraldus Cambrensis, i. 272
Gilpin, ii. 14
Gisborne, ii. 189
Gifford, ii. 195
Gillies, ii. 335
Gibbon, ii. 278
Goldsmith, ii. 100, 124, 197
Gordon, ii. 391
Good Mr. i. 16, 50, ii. 354
Grainger, ii. 93, 367
Gray, i. 32, 82, 145, ii. 68, 74, 75, 77, 80, 86, 92, 159, 160, 180, 188, 298
Gresset, ii. 80.
Green, ii. 291
Guarini, i. 333.
Guernier, i. 15
Guitone D'Arezzo, i. 105 (note)
Guido Rheni, i. 376, ii. 264

H

Harris, ii. 337
Hammond, ii, 367
Hayley, i. 109, ii. 192, 198, 286
Haller, i. 311
Hastings, ii. 380
Hager Dr. ii. 437 (note)
Harrington, ii. 100
Hall, ii. 169
Hermesianax, ii. 289, 310
Herodotus, ii. 325
Henderson, i. 393
Hesiod, i. 3, ii. 287
Herder, i. 379
Heald, ii. 103
Headley, ii. 159, 204, 205
Heyne, ii. 287
Hippocrates, i. 47
Homer, ii. 67, 284
Horace, i. 125, ii. 77, 84, 90, 99, 296, 306, 309, 311, 315, 371, 379
Hole, i. 146, ii. 75, 181, 183
Honain, i. 308
Home, ii. 187, 250
Hoole, ii. 201
Hume, i. 38
Hurdis, ii. 190
Hyperides, ii. 333

I

Ibycus, ii. 308
Isocrates, ii. 335

J

James, St. i. 237
Johnson Dr. i. 210 et seq. ii. 375
Jonson Ben, i. 334, ii. 166, 186
Jortin, i. 330
Jones Sir William, i. 341, ii. 203
John St. i. 417
Juvenal, ii. 374
Julius Africanus, ii. 413

K

Kendall, ii. 127
Klopstock, i. 371, ii. 80
Knox Vicessimus, ii. 79

L

Landino Christophoro, i. 2
Langhorne, ii. 199
Leonidas of Tarentum, i. 122
Lewis, i. 63, ii. 375
Linneus, i. 229
Livy, ii. 392
Lillo, ii. 160

Llewellyn, i. 281
Lorenzo de Medici, i. 28, 103 108
Logan, ii. 100
Longinus, ii. 290
Lofft Capel, ii. 440
Lucretius, i. 1 et seq. 227, ii. 189, 353
Lucan, ii, 362
Luke St. i. 398
Lucilius, ii. 370
Lytleton, i. 343, ii. 87
Lysias, ii. 334

M

Macer, ii. 353
Mackenzie, i. 76, ii. 232
Macpherson, i. 143, ii. 178, 224
Marmontel, i. 76
Martial, i. 120
Malmsbury, i. 270
Marcellinus, ii. 426
Mason, i. 334, ii. 76, 87, 92, 187. 191
Marino, ii. 173
Massinger, ii. 166
May, ii. 169
Menander, ii. 320
Mesua, i. 310
Metastatio, ii. 80
Melmoth, ii. 406, 418, 421
Messala, ii. 409
Milton, i. 62, 82, 105, 106, 245, 334, 377. 389, 402, ii. 67, 91, 156, 164, 338
Mickle, ii. 202
Monthly Reviewer, i. 36, ii. 196
Moschus, i. 104, 329
Mohammed i. 286 et seq.
Moore, ii. 187
Murphy, ii. 375, 402
Muretus, ii 97
Myrtis, ii. 299

N

Nepos Cornelius, ii. 425
Newton Sir Isaac, i. 13
Nicander, ii. 293
Niccols, ii. 169

O

Orford Lord, i. 356
Ossian, i. 62, 81, 142, ii. 56 et seq. 69, 76, 160, 178, 185, 204, 213, et seq.
Otway, ii. 160
Ovid, i. 1, ii. 357

P

Pacuvius, ii. 382
Passienus Paulus, ii. 367
Parthenius, ii. 286
Panyasis, ii. 290
Petrarch, i. 77 et seq, 106, ii. 80, 356, 394, 420
Persius, ii. 372
Percy Dr. ii. 100
Phædrus, ii. 425
Philætes, ii. 294
Philemon, ii. 322
Philistes, ii. 329
Philips I. ii. 190
Phillips, i. 327, 342, ii. 307
Pindar, ii. 74, 77, 297
Pinkerton, i. 361
Pisander, ii. 293
Pliny the Elder, ii. 425
Pliny the Younger, ii. 414
Plautus, ii. 384
Plancus, ii. 423
Plutarch, ii. 345
Plato, ii. 312, 336
Polwhele, ii. 193, 199, 293
Potter, ii. 200, 317, 319, 320
Pomponius Secundus, ii. 383
Pompeius Saturninus, ii. 378
Poussin, i. 127, ii. 92
Porson, ii. 316, 320
Polybius, ii. 331 (note)
Pope, i. 327, 342, ii. 159, 160, 190, 201
Propertius, ii. 367
Pratt, ii. 199
Pursuits of Literature Author of, ii. 196
Pyrrho, i. 38

Q

Quarles, i. 376
Quintilian, ii. 279 et seq.

R

Rabirius, ii. 361
Radcliffe Mrs. i. 63, 359, ii. 182
Ramsay, i. 343
Razis, i. 310
Raphael, i. 418, ii. 31
Raleigh Sir Walter, ii. 172
Renaudot, ii. 278
Reeve Clara, i. 63
Reynolds Sir Joshua, i. 357

Richards, ii. 76
Roscoe, i. 108
Rose, ii. 391
Rowe, i. 338, 342, ii. 365
Rosa Salvator, i. 359, ii. 56
Rousseau, ii. 80
Rogers, ii. 125, 198
Rowley, ii. 160
Ruisdale, ii. 261

S

Sackville, ii. 168
Sandys, ii. 174
Sagaris, ii. 286
Sappho, ii. 82, 89, 95, 96, 100, 306
Sallust, ii. 390
Sannazarius, i. 336
Sayers, i. 145, ii. 75, 181, 286
Schiller, ii. 50, 67
Scaliger, ii. 99
Scott, i. 341, ii. 85
Sentius Augurinus, ii. 378
Servilius Novianus, ii. 397
Seneca, ii. 423
Secundus Joannes, ii. 97, 127
Seward Miss, i. 110, ii. 193
Severus Cornelius, ii. 360
Shakspeare, i. 62, 108, 141, 356, 402, ii. 68, 156, 166, 204
Shenstone, i. 123, 338, 343
Shaftsbury, ii. 337
Shaw, ii. 87
Sheridan, ii. 188
Simonides, ii. 82, 83, 112, 304
Silius Italicus, ii. 425
Sixt Mr. i. 63 (note)
Smith Charlotte, i. 110, ii. 199
Smith Mr. i. 344 (note)
Smollet, i. 360, ii. 93
Southey, i. 130, 328, 341, ii. 184
Sophocles, ii. 83, 317
Southern, ii. 160
Sotheby, ii. 180 (note), 190
Somerville, ii. 190
Socrates, ii. 337
Spagnioletti, i. 428

Spenser, i. 107, 148, 327, 332, 342, ii. 156, 163
Sterne, i. 76, ii. 3
Statius, ii. 364, 425
Stuart Gilbert, ii. 400
Stesichorus, ii. 301
Suetonius, ii. 426
Surrey, i. 107
Swift, ii. 110

T

Tasso, i. 57 et seq. 141, 342
Taliesin, i. 281
Tacitus, ii. 397
Terence, ii. 321, 386
Theocritus, i. 240, 326, ii. 292
Thornton, ii. 385
Thomson James, ii. 100, 189, 241, 248, 253
Theopompus, ii. 329
Theophrastus, ii. 343
Thucydides, i. 44, ii. 327
Tibullus, ii. 366
Timagenes, ii. 330
Trachallus, ii. 413
Tyrteus, ii. 293 (note)
Tytler, ii. 294

V

Valerius Flaccus, ii. 360
Varro Attacinus, ii. 354
Varro Terentius, ii. 375
Varius, ii. 383
Vega Lope De, i. 110
Vega Garcilaso, i. 110
Vella Joseph, ii. 436 (n.)
Vibius Crispus, ii. 414
Virgil, i. 5, 32, 327, 342, ii. 49, 67, 68, 189, 191, 291, 349, 357

W

Wakefield Gilbert, i. 14, 221, ii. 298, 354, 403
Walpole, i. 63, ii. 187
Warner, i. 334, 342, 345, ii. 170
Warton Joseph, i. 213, ii. 71, 93, 200
Warton Thomas, i. 135, ii. 93, 293
Walton Isaac, i. 336, ii. 318
Waller, ii. 172
Watts Miss, ii. 173
Waterloo, ii. 459
West Mr. ii. 298
West Mrs. i. 342

Wieland, i. 63. ii. 180
Williams, ii. 76, 199
Wither George, ii. 100
Wolcot Dr. i. 136, ii. 195

X

Xenophon, ii. 339

Y

Young, i. 82, 378, ii. 160

Z

Zoilus, ii. 286

FINIS

Printed by J. Burkitt, Market-place, Sudbury.

Literary Hours.

NUMBER XXII.

Ελκε, ταλαν, παρα μητρος, ὁν ουκ ετι μαζον αμελξεις

'Ελκυσον ὑςατιον ναμα καταφθιμενης.

Ηδη γαρ ξιφεεσσι λιποπνοος' αλλα τα μητρος

Φιλτρα και ειν αϊδη παιδοκομειν εμαθον.

Anthol. lib. iii.

Suck, little wretch, whilst yet thy mother lives,
Suck the last drop her fainting bosom gives;
She dies, her tenderness out-lasts her breath,
And her fond love is provident in death.

WEBB.

THE exquisite and pathetic little picture of maternal tenderness exhibited in the motto of this sketch, is a lively proof of that intensity of feeling which binds our race in gentleness together. The same sweet sensations that glow through the closer ties of society, which pant in the bosom of the husband and the

father, pervade likewise the whole mass of being; and, though weaker in proportion to the distance of propinquity, yet cannot he be called wretched who receives, or communicates the smallest portion of their influence. From the impassioned feelings of the mother, to him who stands joyless on the verge of apathy, the tide of affection flows in a long and devious course. Clear, full, and vehement it descends into the vale of life, where, after a short time, becoming tranquil and serene, it separates into many branches; and these, again dividing, wander in a thousand streams, dispensing, as they move along, the sweets of health and happiness. That no felicity exists independent of a susceptibility for these emotions is a certain fact; for to the heart of him who hath been cold to filial or fraternal duty, the soothing charm of friendship and of love will ever be unknown. It is, therefore, evident, that to be happy, man must invariably consult the well-being of others; to his fellow-creatures he must attribute the bliss which he enjoys; it is a reward proportional to the exertion of his philanthropy. Abstract the man of virtue and benevolence from society, and you cut off the prime source of his happiness, he has no proper

object on which to place his affection or exercise his humanity, the sudden rapture of the grateful heart, the tender tones of friendship, and the melting sweetness of expressive love, no longer thrill upon his ear, or swell his softened soul; all is an aching void, a cheerless, and almost unproductive waste; yet even in this situation, barren as it is, where none are found to pour the balm of pity, or listen to the plaint of sorrow, even here some enjoyment is derived from letting loose our affections upon inanimate nature. "Were I in a desert," says Sterne, "I would find something in it to call forth my affections. If I could not do better I would fasten them upon some sweet myrtle, or seek some melancholy cypress to connect myself to. I would court their shade, and greet them kindly for their protection. I would cut my name upon them, and swear they were the loveliest trees throughout the desert. If their leaves withered, I would teach myself to mourn; and when they rejoiced, I would rejoice with them."

That man was formed for society, seems a truth so well established, and the benefits arising from such an union, so apparent, that few

would ever suppose it to have been doubted; yet have there been philosophers whom hypothesis, or the love of eccentricity, has led to prefer that period,

When wild in woods, the noble savage ran.

An election so absurd, merits not a serious refutation; every day's experience must convince the man of observation, that our happiness depends upon the cultivation of our social duties, upon the nurture of humanity and benevolence, that our crimes are nearly in proportion to the rupture of domestic harmony, and that the flagitious deeds which glare upon us with so horrid an aspect, are often the consequences of indirect deviation from the still small voice of duty and of love. He, who has been accustomed to despise the feelings of the son, the husband, and the friend, will not often be found proof against the allurements of interest and of vice. He, who, unless driven by hunger and despair, lifts up his daring arm to arrest the property or the life of his fellow creature, never felt those soft sensations which arise from the consciousness of being beloved, for let no man be called wretched who has this in reserve, let no man be called poor who has a friend to consult.

Nor is social happiness less injured by that semblance of sensibility which it has become of late but too common to assume, for if we trust to the assertions of all those, who think proper to claim its possession, how common, how widely diffused among the sons of men, must this best and sweetest of the gifts of nature and education be; and yet, alas! when he whose heart hath ever melted at the sufferings of disress, whose liberality hath ever been poured out upon the children of penury, whose friendship and whose love hath been permanent and pure, when he shall step forward in the world, solicitous to extend the sphere of his benevolence, solicitous to claim kindred with those of a congenial temper, with those whose conversation or compositions had impressed him in their favour, how will he stand aghast, how will his heart sink within him, when, instead of sympathy and of charity, of social and of domestic feeling, he shall find apathy and avarice, find extortion and cruelty.

That this is not an overcharged picture, I am well convinced. There are many, whose writings breathe the very soul of sensibility, with whom the slightest impulse of pity and

distress ought to operate, and yet, unhappily for virtue, their compositions and their lives, their sentiments and their actions, correspond not. There are many, also, from whom the delineations of elegant distress, the struggles of disastrous love, or the plaintive sorrows of deluded innocence, will not fail to elicit the tear of sympathy; but when objects of real distress, when sickness and when poverty, when pain and when decrepitude present themselves, they shudder at the sight, they pass on, they fly the wretched mourner.

It should, therefore, be a principle early inculcated into the minds of our youth, that to be happy, is to be beloved, and that our enjoyment will be commensurate to our efforts in relieving the distress and the misery of others. Were this the case, how much of that wanton and pernicious cruelty would be avoided, as frequently the disgrace of manhood as of boyish years. Were our children taught to nourish sentiments of love and of esteem for those around them, to elicit their affection by each amiable exertion in their power, to visit and give succour to the sick and the afflicted, how often would the tear of rapture fill their

THE ...

eyes, how would the sweet sensation dwell upon their hearts, and grow with their increasing years.

Oh, Charity! our helpless nature's pride,
Thou friend to him who knows no friend beside,
Is there a morning's breath, or the sweet gale
That steals o'er the tir'd pilgrim of the vale,
Cheering with fragrance fresh his weary frame,
Aught like the incense of thy holy flame?
Is aught in all the beauties that adorn
The azure Heaven, or purple light of morn?
Is aught so fair in evening's ling'ring gleam
As from thine eye the meek and pensive beam,
That falls, like saddest moonlight on the hill
And distant grove, when the wide world is still?

BOWLES.

Society has been aptly compared to a heap of embers, which, when separated, soon languish, darken, and expire, but, if placed together, glow with a ruddy and intense heat, a just emblem of the strength, the happiness, and the security derived from the union of mankind. The savage, who never knew the blessings of combination, and he, who quits society from apathy or misanthropic spleen, are like the separated ember, dark, dead and

useless, they neither give nor receive heat, neither love or are beloved. To what acts of heroism and virtue, in every age and nation, has not the impetus of affection given rise? To what gloomy misery, despair, and even suicide, has not the desertion of society led? How often in the busy haunts of men, are all our noblest, and gentlest virtues called forth? And how, in the bosom of the recluse, do all the soft emotions languish, and grow faint? Not that the author of these Sketches is a foe to retirement, he has elsewhere confessed himself its friend, he speaks but of him, who, dead to feeling, sinks into the lap of cheerless solitude. That many individuals, from a peculiar turn of mind, are calculated to be of more extensive utility in retirement, than on the active stage of life, he is well convinced. He is also perfectly aware that reiterated misfortune and perfidy, operating upon a warm and sanguine constitution, will often hurry the most amiable character into unmitigated seclusion; but even in this case, as a proof that our affections to support life must, however small in degree, be engaged, let it be observed that the most recluse have generally had some object for their tenderness, some creature

whose attention they strove to obtain, whose interest in their welfare they hoped to secure, and, as a corroborating instance of what has been advanced throughout this paper, it shall be illustrated with the following anecdote:

A respectable character, after having long figured away in the gay world at Paris, was at length compelled to live in an obscure retreat in that city, the victim of severe and unforeseen misfortunes. He was so indigent, that he subsisted only on an allowance from the parish. Every week a quantity of bread was sent to him sufficient for his support, and yet at length, he demanded more. On this the curate sent for him. He went: "Do you live alone?" said the curate: 'With whom, sir,' answered the unfortunate man, 'is it possible I should live? I am wretched, you see that I am, since I thus solicit charity, and am abandoned by all the world.' "But sir," continued the curate, "if you live alone, why do you ask for more bread than is sufficient for yourself?" The other was quite disconcerted, and at last, with great reluctance, confessed that he had a dog. The curate did not drop the subject. He

desired him to observe, that he was only the distributor of the bread that belonged to the poor, and that it was absolutely necessary that he should dispose of his dog. 'Ah, sir,' exclaimed the poor man, weeping, 'and if I lose my dog, who is there then to love me?' The good pastor, melting into tears, took his purse, and giving it to him, "take this, sir," said he; "this is mine—this I can give."——

———————Poor Edwin was no vulgar boy:
Song was his favorite and first pursuit;
The wild harp rang to his adventurous hand,
And languish'd to his breath the plaintive flute,
His infant muse, though artless, was not mute.

BEATTIE.

IN the periodical paper entitled *The Mirror* is an elegant essay on the character and genius of *Michael Bruce*, a young poet of considerable ability, who was descended from parents remarkable for nothing but the innocence and simplicity of their lives, and who in the twenty-first year of his age perished under that scourge of our isle, pulmonary consumption.

In the year 1787 travelling through the western Highlands of Scotland, and returning to Edinburgh by Loch Leven and North Ferry, I rode by the house, situated about three miles from Kinross, where this ingenious

youth was born. "I never look on his dwelling," says the author of the Mirror, "a small thatched house distinguished from the cottages of the other inhabitants only by a sashed window at the end, instead of a lattice, fringed with a honey-suckle plant, which the poor youth had trained around it;—I never find myself in that spot, but I stop my horse involuntarily; and looking on the window, which the honey suckle has now almost covered, in the dream of the moment, I picture out a figure for the gentle tenant of the mansion; I wish, and my heart swells while I do so, that he were alive, and that I were a great man to have the luxury of visiting him there, and bidding him be happy."

These natural and pleasing ideas possessed my mind at the time I passed his door, which I did not do without checking my horse to indulge the tribute of a sigh. The concluding lines of his beautifully descriptive poem on Loch Leven, which was finished under the pressure of mortal disease, and at a distance from his native cottage, instantly occurred to my memory.

Thus sang the youth, amid unfertile fields
And nameless deserts, unpoetic ground!
Far from his friends he stray'd, recording thus
The dear remembrance of his native fields
To cheer the tedious night; while slow disease
Prey'd on his pining vitals, and the blasts
Of dark December shook his humble cot.

Loch Leven, the subject of Mr. Bruce's Poem, is a beautiful fresh water Lake near twelve miles in circumference, on the side next Kinross bounded by a plain occupied by open groves, on the other side by mountains. About the centre of the lake are two islands, one of which, called St. Serf's isle, has not less than forty acres of excellent pasturage, and was formerly the seat of the ancient priory of Loch Leven dedicated to St. Servanus. On the other, which contains not above an acre of ground, stand the pictoresque ruins of the castle of the Douglasses. Here was confined the beautiful but unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots, a circumstance which, from the association of idea, throws an air of interesting melancholy around, and adds much to the effect of the scene. From this place however, she at length escaped through the assistance of George

Douglas, a youth of eighteen, who had been deeply smitten with the charms of Mary, and who contrived, on sunday night the second of May 1568, as his brother sat down to supper, to secure the keys of the castle. Having liberated his beloved prisoner he locked the gate behind her, threw the keys into the lake, and having previously secured a boat, whilst the oars of all the other boats were thrown adrift, reached the shore in safety. Mr. Gilpin in his Scotch Tour has thus elegantly allegorized this remarkable event: "But neither the walls of Loch Leven castle, nor the lake which surrounded it, were barriers against love. Mary had those bewitching charms, which always raised her friends. She wore a cestus; and might be said to number amongst her constant attendants, the God of Love himself. His ready wit restored her liberty. Time and place were obedient to his will. His contrivance laid the plan. His address secured the keys; and his activity provided the bark, to which he led her; with his own hand carrying the torch, to guide her footsteps through the darkness of the night.——Confusion ran through the castle. Hasty lights were seen passing and repassing at every window; and

traversing the island in all directions. The laughing God, the meanwhile, riding at the poop, with one hand held the helm; and with the other waved his torch in triumph round his head. The boat soon made the shore, and landed the lovely queen in a port of security; where Loyalty and Friendship waited to receive her."*

At the west end of this noble sheet of water stands a very elegant house formerly belonging

* Scotch Tour, vol. i. p. 96.——It has been a doubt with some whether Mary really possessed the fine features so generally attributed to her by Historians; her portraits are numerous and vary much in the representation of her countenance, some of them by no means impressing us with a favorable idea of her charms: the two following anecdotes however, and they may be depended upon, clearly ascertain her extreme beauty, and afford a striking instance of the fascination which usually waited upon her person.

When Mary, in the full bloom of youth, was walking in a procession through Paris, a woman forced her way through the crowd and touched her. Her excuse for this rudeness was extreme curiosity, which prompted her to feel if so angelic a creature were formed of flesh and blood.

Grainger.

Chatelard, grandson to the celebrated Bayard, a man of literature, and an elegant poet, who had long adored the beautiful Mary in secret, permitted his love so far to overpower his prudence as to tempt him to hide himself in the queen's bed-chamber. He was discovered and forgiven. The same insult again repeated proved fatal. He was delivered up to the law, tried and executed.

Vie De Marie Par Brantome.

to the family of Bruce, but now in the possession of a Mr. Graham; it commands a delightful view of the lake, and is well screened by extensive pine plantations; it was built by the celebrated Architect, Sir William Bruce, in 1685, and is generally esteemed a noble specimen of his skill in that department.

A spot abounding in so much lovely scenery, and rendered still more attractive by the associations of childhood and early youth, would necessarily impress on the susceptible heart of our young poet the most lively and endearing sensations, and when far distant from his humble shed and tender parents, when suffering under sickness and sorrow, it was a consolation of no vulgar kind to recollect the pleasures of his native vale, to paint in glowing colours its delicious landscapes, and ere the fairy colours faded from his view to give them local habitation and a name in strains which should perpetuate his memory and his genius.

His poem on Loch Leven displays a fertile imagination, and is rendered interesting to every reader by the vein of pathetic sentiment which pervades the whole. As an appropriate

specimen of the elegant versification and superior merits of this production, I shall quote his description of the two islands of the lake. The first delineates that on which the Priory had anciently stood, and then adverts to the present ruins of the famous castle of the Bruces. It is my wish that these lines may recommend to further notice the poetry of this amiable but unfortunate youth.

Here Superstition for her cloister'd sons
A dwelling rear'd, with many an arched vault;
Where her pale vot'ries at the midnight hour,
In many a mournful strain of melancholy,
Chaunted their orisons to the cold moon.
It now resounds with the wild shrieking gull,
The crested lapwing, and the clam'rous mew,
The patient heron, and the bittern dull,
Deep-sounding in the base, with all the tribe
That by the water seek th' appointed meal.
From hence the shepherd in the fenced fold,
'Tis said, has heard strange sounds, and music wild;
Such as in Selma, by the burning oak
Of hero fallen, or of battle lost,
Warn'd Fingal's mighty son, from trembling chords
Of untouch'd harp, self-sounding in the night.
Perhaps th' afflicted Genius of the lake
That leaves the wat'ry grot, each night to mourn

The waste of time, his desolated isles
And temples in the dust: his plaintive voice
Is heard resounding through the dreary courts
Of high Loch Leven castle, famous once,
Th' abode of heroes of the Bruce's line;
Gothic the pile, and high the solid walls,
With warlike ramparts, and the strong defence
Of jutting battlements, an age's toil!
No more its arches echo to the noise
Of joy and festive mirth. No more the glance
Of blazing taper thro' its windows beams,
And quivers on the undulating wave:
But naked stand the melancholy walls,
Lash'd by the wintry tempests, cold and bleak,
That whistle mournful thro' the empty halls,
And piece-meal crumble down the towers to dust.
Equal in age, and sharers of its fate,
A row of moss-grown trees around it stands;
Scarce here and there, upon their blasted tops,
A shrivell'd leaf distinguishes the year.——
Perhaps in some lone, dreary, desert tower
That time has spar'd, forth from the window looks
Half hid in grass, the solitary fox;
While from above the owl, musician dire!
Screams hideous, harsh, and grating to the ear.

NUMBER XXIII.

Queen of every moving measure
Sweetest source of purest pleasure,
Music! why thy powers employ
Only for the sons of Joy;
Only for the smiling guests
At natal or at nuptial feasts?
Rather thy lenient numbers pour
On those whom secret griefs devour:
Bid be still the throbbing hearts
Of those whom death or absence parts;
And with some softly-whisper'd air
Smooth the brow of dumb despair.

WARTON.

THE last rays of the setting sun yet lingered on the mountains which surrounded the district of ——— when Edward de Courtenay, after two fatiguing campaigns on the plains of Flanders, in one of which the gallant Sidney fell, re-entered his native village towards the end of August 1587. He had lost his father a few

months before his departure for the continent, a loss which had occasioned him the most severe affliction, and had induced him thus early in life to seek amid the din of arms, and the splendor of military parade, a pause from painful recollection. Time, however, though it had mitigated the first poignant emotions of grief, had not subdued the tender feelings of regret and sorrow, and the well-known objects of his early childhood and his opening youth, associated as they were with the salutary precepts and fond affection of the best of parents, awakened in his mind a train of melancholy yet soothing thoughts, as with slow and pausing steps he moved along the venerable avenue of trees which led to his paternal mansion. Twilight had by this time wrapt every object in a veil of pleasing obscurity; all was hushed in the softest repose, and the massiness of the foliage under which he passed, and the magnitude and solitary grandeur of his gothic halls impressed the imagination of Edward with deep sensations of solemnity and awe. Two grey-headed servants who had lived for near half a century in the family, received their young master at the gate, and whilst the tears trickled down their withered cheeks expressed

with artless simplicity their joy, and blessed the return of the son of their ancient benefactor.

After some affectionate enquiries concerning the neighbouring villagers, and the families of these old men, Edward expressed his intention of walking to the Abbey of Clunedale, which lay about a mile distant from the house; his filial affection, the pensive retrospect of events endeared to memory, the sweetness and tranquillity of the evening, and that enthusiasm so congenial to the best emotions of the heart, gave birth to the wish of lingering a few moments over the turf which covered the remains of his beloved parent. Scarce however had he intimated this resolution, when the ghastly paleness which overspread the countenances of his domestics, and the dismay that sat upon their features assured him that something extraordinary was connected with the determination he had adopted, and, upon enquiry, his terrified servants informed him, though with some confusion and reluctance, that, for some months past, they and the country round had been alarmed by strange sights and noises at the Abbey, and that no one durst approach the

place after sun-set. Edward smiling at the superstitious fears of his attendants, which he attributed solely to their ignorance and their love for the marvellous, assured them he entertained no apprehensions for the event, and that he hoped shortly to convince them that their alarm was altogether unfounded. Saying this, he turned into the great avenue, and striking off to the left, soon reached the river, on whose winding banks a pathway led to the Abbey.

This venerable structure had been surrendered to the rapacity of Henry the Eighth in 1540, and having been partly unroofed during the same year, had experienced a rapid decay. It continued however, along with the sacred ground adjoining to it, to be a depositary for the dead, and part of the family of the Courtenays had for some centuries reposed in vaults built on the outside of the great west entrance of the church.* In a spot adjacent

* It may be of service here, as in a former note on ancient castles, to explain the species of architecture which must necessarily be made use of in pursuing our story. "*Ecclesiastical Buildings* or *Abbeys*, consisted generally of the great Church, a *Refectory*, a *Chapter-House* and a *Cloyster*, with the necessary accommodations of Kitchen *Dormitory*, &c. The Church was usually in the form of a cross, in the center of which rose

to this ancient cemetry lay also the remains of the father of Edward, and hither filial piety was now conducting the young warrior as the gathering shades of evening dropped their deep grey tints on all around.

The solemn stillness of the air, the tremulous and uncertain light through which every object appeared, the soothing murmur of the water, whose distant track could be discovered only by the white vapor which hovered on its surface, together with the sedate and sweeping movement of the melancholy owl as it sailed

the tower.—From east to west it was always considerably longer than from north to south. The great west end was the place of entrance into the Church; here, therefore, the greatest degree of ornament was bestowed both on the portal and the window over it. The lateral walls were strengthened by *buttresses* which always diminished as they rose, and between every two windows was a buttress. Within, the insulated columns ran in rows corresponding with the buttresses without.—As a cross affords two sides to each of many squares, one of these was usually compleated, and the other two sides were supplied, the one by the Cloyster, which was frequently carried in length from north to south, and the other by the refectory, and the chapter-house, which stood at right angles with this cloyster, and parallel to the body of the Church from east to west. The cloyster was sometimes carried into length, and sometimes surrounded a square court; over the cloyster was the customary place for the dormitory. None of the parts of the Abbey at all approached to the height of the Church.

Mason's Notes on the English Garden, p. 232, Ed. 1783.

slowly and conspicuously down the valley, had all a natural tendency to induce a state of mind more than usually susceptible of awful impressions. Over Edward, predisposed to serious reflection by the sacred purport of his visit, they exerted a powerful dominion, and he entered the precincts of the Abbey in deep meditation on the possibility of the re-appearance of the departed.

The view of the Abbey too, dismantled and falling fast to decay, presented an image of departed greatness admirably calculated to awaken recollections of the mutability and transient nature of all human possessions, It's fine gothic windows and arches streaming with ivy, were only just perceptible through the dusk as Edward reached the consecrated ground, where, kneeling down at the tomb of his father, he remained for some time absorbed in the tender indulgence of sorrow. Having closed however, his pious petitions for the soul of the deceased he was rising from the hallowed mould and about to retrace his pathway homewards, when a dim light glimmering from amidst the ruins arrested his attention. Greatly astonished at a phenomenon so singu-

lar, and suddenly calling to remembrance the ghastly appearance and fearful reports made by his servants, he stood for some moments rivetted to the spot, with his eyes fixed on the light, which still continued to gleam steadily though faintly from the same quarter. Determined however to ascertain from what cause it proceeded, and almost ashamed of the childish apprehensions he had betrayed, he cautiously, and without making the least noise, approached the west entrance of the church; here the light however appeared to issue from the choir, which being at a considerable distance, and toward the other end of the building, he glided along its exterior, and passing the refectory and chapter-house, re-entered the church by the south portal near the choir. With footsteps light as air he moved along the damp and mouldering pavement, whilst pale rays gleaming from afar faintly glanced on the shafts of some pillars seen in distant perspective down the great aisle. Having now entered the choir, he could distinctly perceive the place from whence the light proceeded, and, on approaching still nearer, dimly distinguished a human form kneeling opposite to it. Not an accent however, reached his

ear, and, except the rustling noise occasioned by the flight of some night-birds along remote parts of the ruin, a deep and awful silence prevailed.

The curiosity of Courtenay being now strongly excited, though mingled with some degree of apprehension and wonder, he determined to ascertain, if possible, who the stranger was, and from what motives he visited, at so unusual an hour, a place so solitary and deserted; passing therefore noiseless along one of the side aisles separated from the choir by a kind of elegant lattice work, he at length stood parallel with the spot where the figure was situated, and had a perfect side view of the object of his search. It appeared to be a middle aged man who was kneeling on a white marble slab near the great altar, and before a small nich in the screen which divides the choir from the east end of the church; in the nich was placed a lamp and a crucifix; he had round him a coarse black garment bound with a leathern girdle, but no covering on his head, and, as the light gleamed upon his features, Edward was shocked at the despair that seemed fixed in their expression: his hands

were clasped together, his eyes turned towards heaven, and heavy and convulsive sighs at intervals escaped from his bosom, whilst the breeze of night, lifting at times his disordered hair, added peculiar wildness to a countenance which, though elegantly moulded, was of ghastly paleness, and had a sternness and severity in its aspect, and every now and then displayed such an acute sense of conscious guilt, as chilled the beholder and almost suppressed the rising emotions of pity. Edward, who had impatiently witnessed this extraordinary scene, was about to address the unhappy man when groans as from a spirit in torture, and which seemed to rend the very bosom from which they issued, prevented his intention, and he beheld the miserable stranger prostrate in agony on the marble. In a few minutes however he arose and drawing from beneath his garment an unsheathed sword held it stretched in his hands toward heaven, whilst his countenance assumed still deeper marks of horror, and his eyes glared with the lightning of frenzy. At this instant, when apprehensive for the event, Edward deemed it highly necessary to interfere, and was stepping forward with that view, his purpose was suddenly

arrested by the sound of distant music, which stealing along the remote parts of the Abbey in notes that breathed a soothing and delicious harmony, seemed the work of enchantment, or to arise from the viewless harps of spirits of the blest. Over the agitated soul of the stranger it appeared to diffuse the balm of peace; his features became less rigid and stern, his eyes assumed a milder expression, he crossed his arms in meek submission on his bosom, and as the tones, now swelling with the richest melody of heaven, now tremulously dying away in accents of the most ravishing sweetness, approached still nearer, the tears started in his eyes, and coursing down his cheeks bathed the deadly instrument yet gleaming in his grasp; this, however, with a heavy sigh he now placed in the nich, and bowing gently forward seemed to pray devoutly; the convulsions which had shaken his frame ceased; tranquillity sat upon his brow, whilst in strains that melted into holy rapture every harsh emotion, the same celestial music still passed along the air and filled the compass of the Abbey.

Courtenay, whose every faculty had been

nearly absorbed through the influence of this unseen minstrelsy, had yet witnessed with sincere pleasure, the favourable change in the mind and countenance of the stranger, who still knelt before the lamp, by whose pale light he beheld a perfect resignation tranquillize those features which a few minutes before had been distorted by the struggles of remorse, for such had been the soothing and salutary effects of harmony in allaying the perturbations of a wounded and self-accusing spirit, that hope now cheered the bosom so recently the mansion of despair.

Whilst Edward, in sacred regard to the noblest feelings of humanity, forbore to interrupt the progress of emotions so friendly to virtue and contrition, the music, which had gradually, and with many a dying close, breathed fainter and fainter on the ear, now, in tones that whispered peace and mercy, and which sounded sweet as the accents of departed saints, melted into air, and deep silence again pervaded the Abbey. This however, continued not long, for in a few moments was heard the echo of light footsteps, and presently Courtenay, by the glimmering of the lamp,

indistinctly beheld some object which, gliding rapidly up the choir, moved toward the spot where the stranger was yet kneeling. His astonishment was encreased when, on its approaching nearer, he could perceive the form of a young and elegant woman. She was clothed perfectly in white, except where the vest was bound by a black zone, and over her shoulders flowed negligently a profusion of light brown hair. A smile of the most winning sweetness played upon her features, though the dewy lustre of her eye, and the tears that lingered on her cheek, revealed the struggles of the heart. The stranger, who had risen at her approach, embraced her with the most affectionate emotion; they were both silent however, and both now kneeling on the marble slab employed some time in prayer. Nothing ever appeared to Courtenay more interesting than the countenance of this beautiful young woman, thus lighted up by all the sensibility of acute feeling; her eyes bathed in tears, and lifted toward heaven, beamed forth an expression truly angelic, whilst the exquisite delicacy of her complexion and features, over which the pensive graces had diffused their most fascinating charms, together with the simplicity

and energy of her devotion as with clasped hands and trembling lips she implored the assistance of the divine spirit, formed a picture worthy of the canvas of Raphael.

Edward now saw before him the cause of those rumours and fears which had been circulated with so much industry in the neighbourhood, for, since the appearance of this amiable young woman, he had been perfectly convinced that the music to which he had lately listened with so much rapture, had its origin with her. In a still night these sounds might be heard to some distance, and, together with the glimmering of the light, would occasion no small alarm to the peasant who should happen at that time to be passing near the Abbey, and whose apprehensions thus excited might easily create some imaginary being, the offspring of ignorance and terror, or perhaps some pilgrim, more daring than the rest, had penetrated the interior of the ruin, and had probably beheld one of the very striking figures now present to his eyes. This, without further enquiry, he had deemed, what indeed would, at first, be the surmise of any spectator, some vision of another world, and had thus strength-

ened the superstition of the country and protected the seclusion of the strangers.

As these reflections were passing through his mind, the interesting objects which had given them birth, had risen from their kneeling posture, and after interchanging looks of mingled gratitude and delight, were arm in arm retiring from the sacred marble, when Edward, whose eagerness to discover the motives of the elder stranger's conduct had been greatly augmented since the appearance of his fair companion, determined, if possible, to trace them to the place of their abode. Entering the choir therefore, by one of the lateral doors, he followed them with slow and silent footsteps, preserving such a distance as, he thought, might prevent the lamp from revealing his person. He had pursued them in this manner unobserved through the choir, but upon their suddenly turning at an acute angle to enter the cloysters, the light streaming faintly on his figure discovered him to the younger stranger, who, uttering a loud shriek, leaned trembling on the arm of her friend.

Courtenay now immediately rushing for-

ward endeavoured to allay their apprehensions by informing them of his name and place of residence, and the motives which had, at this time of night, led him to visit the Abbey; he told them that filial piety having drawn him to the tomb of his father, he had very unexpectedly perceived a light in the interior of the building, which strongly exciting his curiosity, and corroborating the reports of the country, he had endeavoured to ascertain its cause, and in so doing had discovered the attitude and employment of the elder stranger, who, together with his fair attendant, rather encreasing than mitigating his astonishment, he had attempted by following them at a distance to ascertain their abode, it being his intention at some future period to solicit an explanation of what he had now witnessed.

Whilst Edward was yet speaking, a ghastly paleness overspread the countenance of the elder stranger; it was momentary however, for soon resuming his tranquillity, he addressed Courtenay in a low but firm tone of voice. "I am sorry, Sir," said he, "to have occasioned by my partial residence here so much apprehension among the inhabitants of your

village, but as I have reasons for wishing concealment, at least for a time, I have thought it necessary, though acquainted with their fears, not to undeceive them. But with you I know already I can have no motives for disguise, for, though from great change of feature, brought on by deep sorrow, and great change of apparel, I have hitherto escaped your recognition, you will find by and by that we were formerly better acquainted. In the mean time I will conduct you to the spot we inhabit, where, should you wish for an explanation of the extraordinary scenes you have been a spectator of this night, the recital, though it will cost me many struggles, shall be given you, and I do this, strange as it may now sound to you, actuated by the recollection of past friendship." Having said thus, he and his beautiful partner, who had listened with almost as much surprise as Edward to an address so unexpected, moved slowly on, and Courtenay, occupied in fruitless conjecture, followed in silence.

They passed along a large portion of the cloysters, whose perspective, as seen by the dreary light of the lamp, had a singularly awful

effect, and then, ascending some steps, entered what is termed the dormitory, and which was carried over this part of the Abbey to a considerable distance. Here, in two small chambers, where the roof remained sufficiently entire, were a couple of beds, and a small quantity of neat furniture, and here the stranger pausing invited Edward to enter. "These rooms," observed he, "are my occasional habitation for at least twice a week during the night, but before I commence the melancholy narrative of my crimes and sufferings, I will endeavour to recall your recollection to your companion in arms upon the continent; for this purpose I will retire for a few minutes and put on the dress I usually come hither in, the habit you now see upon me, being merely assumed after reaching this place as best suited to the situation of my mind, to the penitence and humiliation that await me here." His tone of speaking, as he thus addressed Courtenay, was perceivably altered, being much more open and full than before, and brought to Edward's ear a voice he had been accustomed to, though he could not at the moment appropriate it to any individual of his acquaintance. During his absence his amiable companion,

who had not perfectly recovered from the alarm into which she had been thrown by Courtenay's intrusion, sat silent and reserved, until Edward, observing some manuscript music in the room, ventured to inquire if the exquisite performance he had listened to with so much delight in the Abbey, had not originated with her. A deep sigh at this question escaped her bosom, and her eyes filled with tears, whilst in tremulous accents she replied, that owing to the great relief and support her brother experienced from music, she always accompanied him to this place, and that it was a source of the purest happiness to her to be thus able, through the medium of her harp and voice, to alleviate and sooth his sorrows. For this purpose the instrument was left at the Abbey and was placed in that part of the ruin where its tones were best heard, and produced the most pleasing effect. At this instant the door opening the stranger entered clothed in a mourning military undress, and bearing a taper in his hand; he placed himself, the light gleaming steadily on his countenance, opposite Courtenay who involuntarily started at his appearance. "Do you not remember," he exclaimed, "the officer who was wounded by

your side at the battle of Zutphen?" 'My God,' cried Edward, 'can it be Clifford?' "The same, my friend, the same," he replied, "though affliction has anticipated on his features the characters of age. You behold Courtenay the most unfortunate, the most miserable of men;—but let me not pain my sweet Caroline by the recital of facts which have already wounded almost to dissolution her tender heart,—we will walk my friend into the abbey; its awful gloom will better suit the dreadful tale I have to unfold." Saying this, and promising his sister to return in a few minutes, they descended into the cloysters, and from thence through the choir into the body of the church.

The tranquillity of the night, and the light and refreshing breeze that yet lingered amid the ruin, and swept through its long withdrawing aisles, were unavailing to mitigate the agitation of Clifford, as with trembling footsteps he passed along the choir, "Oh, my friend," he exclaimed, "the spirits of those I have injured hover near us! Beneath that marble slab my Courtenay on which you saw me kneel with so much horror and remorse,

repose the reliques of a beloved wife, of the most amiable of her sex, and who owes her death, God of mercy! register not the deed, to the wild suggestions of my jealous frenzy." Whilst thus speaking they hurried rapidly forwards toward the western part of the Abbey, and here Clifford, resuming more composure, proceeded in his narrative. "You may probably recollect about a twelvemonth ago my obtaining leave of the Earl of Leicester to visit England; I came, my friend, upon a fatal errand. I had learnt, through the medium of an officious relation, that my wife, my beloved Matilda, of whose affection and accomplishments you have frequently heard me speak with rapture, had attached herself to a young man who had visited in the neighbourhood of my estate at C——n, but that she had lately removed for the summer months to a small house and farm I possess within a mile or two of this Abbey, and that here likewise she continued to receive the attentions of the young stranger. Fired by representations such as these, and racked with cureless jealousy, I returned to England in disguise, and found the report of my relation the theme of common conversation in the county. It was on the

evening of a fine summer's day that I reached the hamlet of G—— and with a trembling hand and palpitating heart knocked at my own door, The servant informed me that Matilda had walked towards the Abbey. I immediately took the same route; the sun had set; and the grey tinting of evening had wrapt every object in uniform repose, the moon however was rising, and in a short time silvered parts of the ruin and its neighbouring trees. I placed myself in the shadow of one of the buttresses, and had not waited long ere Matilda, my beautiful Matilda, appeared, leaning on the arm of the stranger. You may conceive the extreme agitation of my soul at a spectacle like this; unhappily revenge was, at the instant, the predominating emotion, and rushing forward with my sword, I called upon the villain, as I then thought him, to defend himself.—Shocked by the suddenness of the attack, and the wild impetuosity of my manner, Matilda fell insensible on the earth, and only recovered recollection at the moment when my sword had pierced the bosom of the stranger, through whose guard I had broken in the first fury of the assault. With shrieks of agony and despair she sprang towards the murdered youth, and

falling on his body exclaimed, "my brother, my dear, dear brother!"

Had all nature fallen in dissolution around me my astonishment and horror could not have been greater than what I felt from these words. The very marrow froze in my bones, and I stood fixed to the ground an image of despair and guilt. Meantime the life-blood of the unhappy Walsingham ebbed fast away, and he expired at my feet, and in the arms of his beloved sister, who, at this event, perhaps fortunately for us both, relapsed into a state of insensibility. My own emotions, on recovering from the stupor into which I had been thrown, were those I believe of frenzy, nor can I now dwell upon them with safety, nor without a partial dereliction of intellect. Suffice it to say, that I had sufficient presence of mind left to apply for assistance at the nearest cottage, and that the hapless victims of my folly were at length conveyed to the habitation of Matilda. Another dreadful scene awaited her, the recognition of her husband as the murderer of her brother;—this, through the attention of my friends, for I myself was incapable of acting with rationality, was for some time

postponed; it came at length, however, through the agonies of my remorse and contrition, to her knowledge, and two months have scarce elapsed since I placed her by the side of her poor brother, who, at the fatal moment of our rencounter, had not been many months returned from the Indies, and was in person a perfect stranger to your friend. Beneath that marble slab they rest my Courtenay, and ere this, I believe, and through the medium of my own lawless hand, I should have partaken of their grave, had not my beloved sister, my amiable and gentle Caroline, stepped in, like an angel, between her brother and destruction.

Singular as it may appear, the greatest satisfaction I now receive, is from frequent visits to the tomb of Matilda and her brother; there, over the reliques of those I have injured, to implore the mercy of an offended deity; such however are the agonies I suffer from the recollection of my crime, that even this resource would be denied me were it not for the intervention of the powers of Music; partial I have ever been to this enchanting art, and I am indebted to it for the mitigation and repression of feelings that would otherwise

exhaust my shattered frame. You have witnessed the severe struggles of remorse which at times agitate this afflicted heart, you have likewise seen the soothing and salutary effects of harmony. My Caroline's voice and harp have thus repeatedly lulled to repose the fever of a wounded spirit, the workings nearly of despair. A state of mind friendly to devotion, and no longer at war with itself, is usually the effect of her sweet and pathetic strains; it is then I think myself forgiven; it is then I seem to hear the gentle accents of my Matilda in concert with the heavenly tones; they whisper of eternal peace, and sensations of unutterable pleasure steal through every nerve.

When such is the result, when peace and piety are the offspring of the act, you will not wonder at my visits to this melancholy ruin; soon as the shades of evening have spread their friendly covert, twice a week we hasten hither from our cottage; a scene, similar to what you have been a spectator of to night, takes place, and we retire to rest in the little rooms which we have rendered habitable in the Dormitory. In the morning very early we quit the house of penitence and prayer, and such is the dread

which the occasional glimmering of lights, and the sounds of distant music have given birth to in the country, that none but our servant who is faithful to the secret, dare approach near the place; we have consequently hitherto, save by yourself, remained undiscovered, and even unsuspected.

Such, my friend, is the history of my crimes and sufferings, and such the causes of the phenomena you have beheld to night,—but see, Courtenay, my lovely Caroline, she to whom under heaven I am indebted for any portion of tranquillity I yet enjoy, is approaching to meet us. I can discern her by the whiteness of her robes gliding down yon distant aisle."

Caroline had become apprehensive for her brother, and had stolen from the Dormitory with the view of checking a conversation which she was afraid would prove too affecting for his spirits. Edward beheld her, as she drew near, rather as a being from the regions of the blest, the messenger of peace and virtue, than as partaking of the frailties of humanity. If

the beauties of her person had before interested him in her favour, her conduct toward the unhappy Clifford had given him the fullest conviction of the purity and goodness of her heart, of the strength and energy of her mind, and from this moment he determined, if possible, to secure an interest in a bosom so fraught with all that could exalt and decorate the lot of life.

He was now compelled, however, though greatly reluctant, to take leave of his friends for the night, and hasten to remove the extreme alarm into which his servants had been thrown by his unexpected detention. They had approached, as near as their fears would permit them, to the Abbey, for to enter its precincts was a deed they thought too daring for man, and had there exerted all their strength, though in vain, in repeatedly calling him by his name. It was therefore with a joy, little short of madness they again beheld their master, who as soon as these symptoms of rapture had subsided, had great difficulty in repressing their curiosity, which was on full stretch for information from another world.

It may here perhaps be necessary to add, that time, and the soothing attentions of his beloved sister, restored at length to perfect peace, and to the almost certain hope of pardon from the deity, the hitherto agitated mind of Clifford.—I can also add, that time saw the union of Caroline and Edward, and that with them, at the hospitable mansion of the Courtenays, Clifford passed the remainder of his days.

NUMBER XXIV.

Sweet is the odour of the Morning's flower,
  And rich in melody her accents rise;
Yet dearer to my soul the shadowy hour,
  At which her blossoms close, her music dies—
For then, while languid Nature droops her head,
She wakes the tear 'tis luxury to shed.

HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

SOME of the sweetest passages in the productions of the poets ancient or modern, may be drawn from their descriptions of evening and night scenery, and many of these elegant sketches have been committed to memory for their peculiar truth and beauty. Even when the delineation is merely that of inanimate nature, still the pensive train of thought which we usually associate with the decline of a fine day, or the tranquil lustre of a moon-light night, brings with it a fascinating charm; but when with these are mingled or contrasted the

passions of the human breast, an interest of a stronger kind is excited, and the picture becomes complete. What can harmonise better with the sensations of love or friendship than those delicious tints which a setting sun frequently diffuses over the face of nature, or what more congenial to the gentlest emotions of the heart than the landscape lighted up by the soothing splendor of an autumnal moon. How are the tortures of an agonised mind, the wilder passions of the soul, heightened by the contrast of scenery such as this! When sorrow, disappointment and despair exert their energy surrounded by images of the most beautiful repose, they rush upon the eye in so bold and prominent a style as instantly and forcibly to arrest our feelings and compel our keenest attention.

Omitting therefore those evening and night pieces however celebrated, which include not the play of human passions, I shall confine myself to the selection of a few of the most exquisite specimens where the affections of the heart are mingled or contrasted with the adjacent scenery, confident that the passages adduced will amply reward those who cultivate

a taste for elegant literature and pathetic imagery.

In the *Argonautics* of APOLLONIUS RHODIUS a description of this kind, in which the inquietude of Medea is opposed to the tranquillity of all around her, has been justly admired, and may indeed be considered as one of the most highly finished scenes in the poetry of antiquity. It has been thus happily translated:

Night on the earth pour'd darkness; on the sea,
The wakesome sailor to Orion's star
And Helice turn'd heedful. Sunk to rest
The traveller forgot his toil; his charge
The centinel; her death-devoted babe
The mother's painless breast. The village dog
Had ceas'd his troublous bay. Each busy tumult
Was hush'd at this dead hour; and darkness slept,
Lock'd in the arms of silence. She alone,
Medea slept not.

Numerous imitations have been given of these beautiful lines, though not one, perhaps, has attained to the excellence of the original. The "*Nox erat, et placidum carpebant fessa soporem*" &c. &c. of Virgil, and the similar

passage in the *Gerusalemme Liberata* of Tasso may be mentioned as approaching nearest to the Grecian model.

The pangs of remorse and despair as contrasted with the sublime and splendid repose of a setting sun, are no where so admirably drawn as in the *Robbers* of SCHILLER, a drama that does honour to Germany, and to modern genius. Moor, the principal character, and Captain of a band of ferocious banditti, gifted by nature with every amiable, every generous propensity, is plunged into a state of absolute misanthropy and despair through the villainy of his nearest relatives. Thus situated he embraces the idea of fatalism, and conceives himself destined to pour upon others the vengeance of an irritated God; he indulges therefore, a gloomy and terrible delight in the execution of what he deems his dreadful mission, believing, however, that for the punishment of his own sins he is thus condemned to act a part that shall blast his name with infamy, and consign his soul to hell. From such a character the most excruciating remorse might be expected, and the art of the poet is in no portion of the piece more exqui-

sitely displayed than in the following scene, where the employment of evening imagery will readily be acknowledged, by every critic, powerfully to heighten the effect. An engagement has just taken place between the Bohemian Dragoons and the banditti, in which the latter proved victorious.

SCENE, THE BANKS OF THE DANUBE.

THE ROBBERS STATIONED ON A HEIGHT, WHILE THEIR HORSES ARE GRASING ON THE DECLIVITY BELOW,

MOOR.

"I must rest here. *(He throws himself on the ground)* My joints are shook asunder;—my tongue cleaves to my mouth—dry as a potsherd.—I would beg of some of you to fetch me a little water in the hollow of your hand from yonder brook, but you are all weary to death. *(While he is speaking, Switzer goes out unperceived, to fetch him some water.)*

GRIMM.

How glorious, how majestic, yonder setting sun.

MOOR.

(Lost in contemplation) 'Tis thus the hero falls;—'tis thus he dies,—in god-like majesty!

GRIMM.

The sight affects you, Sir.

MOOR.

When I was yet a boy,—a mere child,—it was my favorite thought,—my wish to live like him! *(Pointing to the sun)* Like him to die. *(Suppressing his anguish)* 'Twas an idle thought, a boy's conceit!—

GRIMM.

It was so.

MOOR.

(Pulling his hat over his eyes) There was a time.—Leave me, my friends—alone—

GRIMM.

Moor! Moor! 'Sdeath! How his countenance changes!—

RASMAN.

Zounds! what is the matter with him?—Is he ill?

MOOR.

There was a time, when I could not go to sleep, if I had forgotten my prayers!—

GRIMM.

Have you lost your senses? What! yet a school-boy!—'Twere fit indeed such thoughts should vex you!

MOOR.

(Resting his head on Grimm's bosom) Brother! Brother!

GRIMM.

Come, come—be not a child, I beg it of you—

MOOR.

A child! O, that I were a child once more!

GRIMM.

Fy, fy! Clear up that cloudy brow! Look yonder, what a landscape! what a lovely evening!

MOOR.

Ay, my friend! that scene so noble!—this world so beautiful!

GRIMM.

Why, that's talking like a man.

MOOR.

This earth so grand!

GRIMM.

Well said!—That's what I like!

MOOR.

And I so hideous in this world of beauty—and I a monster on this magnificent earth—the prodigal son!

GRIMM.

(*Affectionately*) Moor! Moor!

MOOR.

My innocence! O my innocence!—See how all nature expands at the sweet breath of spring.—O God! that this paradise—this heaven—should be a hell to me!—When all is happiness—all in the sweet spirit of peace—the world one family—and it's Father there above!—who is not my Father!—I alone the outcast—the prodigal son!—Of all the children of his mercy, I alone rejected. (*Starting back with horror*) The companion of murderers—of viperous fiends—bound down, enchained to guilt and horror!

RASMAN.

'Tis inconceivable! I never saw him thus moved before.

MOOR.

(*With great emotion*) Oh! that I could return once more into the womb that bare me!

that I hung an infant on the breast! that I were born a beggar—the meanest hind—a peasant of the field! I would toil till the sweat of blood dropt from my brow, to purchase the luxury of one sound sleep, the rapture of a single tear!

GRIMM.

(To the rest) Peace, O peace!—the paroxysm will soon be over.

MOOR.

There was a time when I could weep with ease.—O days of bliss!—Mansion of my fathers! O vales so green, so beautiful! scenes of my infant years, enjoyed by fond enthusiasm! will you no more return? no more exhale your sweets to cool this burning bosom!—Oh never, never shall they return—no more refresh this bosom with the breath of peace. They are gone! gone for ever!"*

There cannot be a nobler subject for a picture than the preceding scene. The figure of Moor agitated by remorse, yet characterised by a wild and terrible grandeur, surrounded

* Schiller's Robbers, p. 72. edition of 1795.

by a set of banditti savage as the beasts of the desert, and who are stationed on a rugged cliff contemplating the beauty of the setting sun, and the landscape tinted by its beams; the Danube rolling at their feet, and their horses grasing on its verdant banks!—The pencil of Salvator Rosa could alone do justice to the conception of the poet.

No bard, however, has exceeded, or, perhaps, equalled OSSIAN in the frequency and felicity of delineation of this kind. His evening and night scenery abound with the most accurate painting, and are generally mingled or contrasted with pathetic sentiment and description. They soften, and powerfully appeal to the heart, by exciting its most simple and natural emotions. In the beautiful poem of *Dar-Thula* where Nathos, with whom the Daughter of Colla had fallen in love and had fled, is driven back by adverse winds on that part of the coast of Ulster where Cairbar, his inveterate enemy, had encamped with his army, he exclaims on landing:

"I will go towards that mossy tower, to see who dwells about the beam. Rest, Dar-thula,

on the shore! rest in peace, thou lovely light! the sword of Nathos is around thee, like the lightning of heaven!"

"He went. She sat alone; she heard the rolling of the wave. The big tear is in her eye. She looks for returning Nathos. Her soul trembles at the blast. She turns her ear towards the tread of his feet. The tread of his feet is not heard. 'Where art thou, son of my love! The roar of the blast is around me. Dark is the cloudy night. But Nathos does not return. What detains thee, chief of Etha? Have the foes met the hero in the strife of night?'

He returned, but his face was dark. He had seen his departed friend! It was the wall of Tura. The ghost of Cuthullin stalked there alone: The sighing of his breast was frequent. The decayed flame of his eyes was terrible! His spear was a column of mist. The stars looked dim through his form. His voice was like hollow wind in a cave: his eye a light seen afar. He told the tale of grief. The soul of Nathos was sad, like the sun in the day of mist, when his face is watry and dim."

'Why art thou sad, O Nathos?' said the lovely daughter of Colla. 'Thou art a pillar of light to Dar-thula. The joy of her eyes is in Etha's chief. Where is my friend, but Nathos? My father, my brother is fallen!"*

Nathos and his two brothers, after contending bravely with their numerous opponents, are at length slain; Nathos however, is represented as having, previous to the engagement, exclaimed, "O that the voice of Cona, that Ossian, might be heard in my praise! then would my spirit rejoice in the midst of the rushing winds."

"And my voice shall praise thee, Nathos," sings the enthusiastic bard, "the voice of Ossian shall rise in thy praise, son of the generous Usnoth! Why was I not on Lena, when the battle rose? Then would the sword of Ossian defend thee, or himself fall low!"

"We sat, that night, in Selma round the strength of the shell. The wind was abroad, in the oaks. The spirit of the mountain

* Ossian's Poems, vol. i. p. 357, 8vo. edit. of 1784.

roared. The blast came rustling through the hall, and gently touched my harp. The sound was mournful and low, like the song of the tomb. Fingal heard it the first. The crowded sighs of his bosom rose. 'Some of my heroes are low,' said the grey haired king of Morven. 'I hear the sound of death on the harp. Ossian, touch the trembling string. Bid the sorrow rise; that their spirits may fly, with joy, to Morven's woody hills!' I touched the harp before the king, the sound was mournful and low. "Bend forward from your clouds," I said, "ghosts of my fathers! bend. Lay by the red terror of your course. Receive the falling chief; whether he comes from a distant land, or rises from the rolling sea. Let his robe of mist be near; his spear that is formed of a cloud. Place an half-extinguished meteor by his side, in the form of the hero's sword. And, oh! let his countenance be lovely, that his friends may delight in his presence. Bend from your clouds," I said, "ghosts of my fathers! bend!" ‡

Dar-thula is one of the sweetest compositions

‡ Ossian's Poems, vol. i. p. 369.

of the Caledonian Bard, and the deaths of the sons of Usnoth, and that of Dar-thula are the vehicles of so much pathetic imagery and tender sentiment, that, though unconnected with the subject of this sketch, I cannot repel the temptation of enriching my paper with passages so truly in the spirit of the highest poetry.

"The sons of Usnoth fell in blood. They fell like three young oaks, which stood alone on the hill: The traveller saw the lovely trees, and wondered how they grew so lonely: the blast of the desert came, by night, and laid their green heads low; next day he returned but they were withered, and the heath was bare!" *

Dar-thula having secretly armed to assist her lover, is wounded by an arrow in the side, and drops dead upon the body of the fallen Nathos.

"Daughter of Colla! thou art low!" said Cairbar's hundred bards. "Silence is at the blue streams of Seláma. Truthil's race have failed. When wilt thou rise in thy beauty,

* Vol. i. p. 372.

first of Erin's maids? Thy sleep is long in the tomb. The morning distant far. The sun shall not come to thy bed and say, 'Awake Dar-thula! awake thou first of women! the wind of spring is abroad. The flowers shake their heads on the green hills. The woods wave their growing leaves.' Retire, O sun! the daughter of Colla is asleep. She will not come forth in her beauty. She will not move in the steps of her loveliness!" ‡

The impatience and tender anxiety of Dar-thula, the darkness of the night, the roaring of the blast, and the rolling of the sea, as she rests forlorn upon the beach, and listening for the return of her lover, are drawn with a masterly hand, and the spectre of Cuthullin and the pathetic exclamation of Dar-thula—"Where is my friend but Nathos? My father, my brother is fallen!" compleat the description. This, however, is shortly afterwards followed by the night scene in the hall of Fingal, than which nothing can be more striking and impressive, nothing more fully prove of what

‡ Vol. i. p. 373.

vast importance to poetry are the superstitions, the offspring of popular fancy or fear.

So many indeed are the night-pieces in Ossian which are mingled with pathetic emotion, and glow with vivid colouring, that to collect them all would require a volume. The opening however of the poem on the *Death of Cuthullin*, exhibits a specimen so admirable, so illustrative of the subject of this paper, that it necessarily demands insertion. Bragéla, the Wife of Cuthullin, is represented on the sea shore lamenting the absence of her hero.

"It is the white wave of the rock, and not Cuthullin's sails. Often do the mists deceive me for the ship of my love! when they rise round some ghost, and spread their grey skirts on the wind. Why dost thou delay thy coming, son of the generous Semo? Four times has autumn returned with its winds, and raised the seas of Togorma, since thou hast been in the roar of battles, and Bragéla distant far! Hills of the isle of mist! when will ye answer to his hounds? But ye are dark in your clouds. Sad Bragéla calls in vain! Night comes rolling down. The face of ocean

fails. The heath-cock's head is beneath his wing. The hind sleeps with the hart of the desert. They shall rise with morning's light, and feed by the mossy stream. But my tears return with the sun. My sighs come on with the night." *

Though the situations of Dar-thula and Bragéla possess much of what is similar, both being placed during night on the sea-shore and waiting the return of a beloved object, yet is the imagery beautifully diversified. In the quotation from *The Death of Cuthullin*, the deception arising from the mists of the ocean, and the picturesque introduction of the heath-bird and the hind, have great merit, and strongly impress the imagination. Ossian and his immediate successors seem to have paid very accurate attention to the phænomena of the long nights in Autumn, and which, in the north of Europe, abound with objects, and rapid transitions in the atmosphere, well calculated for poetic detail. The little poem of *The Bards* translated by Macpherson in a note appended to the *Croma* of Ossian, entirely

* Vol. i. p. 377.

consists of description of this kind, and it is astonishing what variety the vicissitudes of one night could afford to the attentive observer of nature. These autumnal sketches however partaking little of those emotions which display the tenderer feelings of the heart, it will not be necessary in this place to quote them.

There is nothing in which Ossian more excels than in painting the effects of Music, and as these, especially in the works of our northern bard, are generally of a plaintive kind, and in a few instances combined with the most delicious night scenery, I have selected one which probably for pensive imagery has no parallel in the annals of poesy.

"This is no time," replied the bard, "to hear the song of joy: when the mighty are to meet in battle, like the strength of the waves of Lego. Why art thou so dark, Slimora! with all thy silent woods? No star trembles on thy top. No moon-beam on thy side. But the meteors of death are there: the grey watry forms of ghosts. Why art thou dark, Slimora! with thy silent woods?" He retired, in the sound of his song. Carril joined his

voice. The music was like the memory of joys that are past, pleasant and mournful to the soul. The ghosts of departed bards heard it on Slimora's side. Soft sounds spread along the wood. The silent vallies of night rejoice."*

"What a figure would such imagery and such scenery have made," observes Dr. Blair, "had they been presented to us adorned with the sweetness and harmony of the Virgilian numbers."‡

With one passage more from the poem entitled *The Battle of Lora*, I shall conclude this selection of scenes, which, were not the few I have extracted, sufficient to illustrate the purport of my paper, might be greatly extended.

"Lorma sat, in Aldo's hall. She sat at the light of a flaming oak. The night came down, but he did not return. The soul of Lorma is

* Vol. i. p. 380.

‡ Critical Dissertation on the Poems of Ossian, vol. ii. p. 412.

sad! 'What detains thee, hunter of Cona? Thou didst promise to return. Has the deer been distant far? do the dark winds sigh round thee on the heath? I am in the land of strangers, who is my friend but Aldo. Come from thy sounding hills, O my best beloved!'

"Her eyes are turned toward the gate. She listens to the rustling blast. She thinks it is Aldo's tread. Joy rises in her face! But sorrow returns again, like a thin cloud on the moon. 'Wilt thou not return, my love! Let me behold the face of the hill. The moon is in the east. Calm and bright is the breast of the lake! When shall I behold his dogs, returning from the chace? When shall I hear his voice, loud and distant on the wind? Come from thy sounding hills, hunter of woody Cona!' His thin ghost appeared, on a rock, like a watry beam of feeble light: when the moon rushes sudden from between two clouds, and the midnight shower is on the field! She followed the empty form over the heath. She knew that her hero fell. I heard her approaching cries on the wind, like the mournful voice of the breeze, when it sighs on the grass of the cave.

"She came. She found her hero! Her voice was heard no more. Silent she rolled her eyes. She was pale and wildly sad! Few were her days on Cona. She sunk into the tomb. Fingal commanded his bards; they sung over the death of Lorma. The daughters of Morven mourned her, for one day in the year, when the dark winds of autumn returned!" *

Of the passages I have now given, two; one from APOLLONIUS RHODIUS, and one from SCHILLER, beautifully display the effect of contrast arising from the emotions of sorrow, disappointment and remorse, as opposed to the tranquillity of nature during the dead hour of midnight, or to the calm and glowing splendor of a setting sun: whilst the night scenery drawn from OSSIAN is mingled with the tenderest passions of the heart, and powerfully aids the impression which the poet wishes to inspire.

Homer, Virgil, Tasso, Camöens and Milton have many celebrated descriptions of night and evening scenery, though, except in the imitations alluded to from the Rhodian, not suffi-

* Vol. i. p. 402.

ciently mingled or contrasted with pathetic emotion to become objects of quotation in this paper. They are, for the most part, pictures in Natural History, or still life, and though remarkable for their faithful delineation, or the propriety of their introduction, involve little that may call forth the tear of pity. I must be understood here, however, as speaking only of such occasional descriptions of the evening or night as are interwoven into the body of epic composition, for a considerable portion of the machinery and business of these poems is frequently carried on during the night, and often includes much of the pathetic, as the episode of the destruction of Troy in Virgil, &c. the incidents however of these episodes have little or no connexion with the natural phenomena of the period during which they pass. From Shakspeare also, many apposite specimens might have been taken, but being so popular an author, and these passages almost committed to memory, I preferred selecting from sources less known. Of smaller poems, the Elegy of Gray may be considered as the most exquisite and finished example in the world of the effect resulting from the intermixture of evening scenery and pathetic reflection.

For numerous and varied instances of combination of this kind, however, the works of Ossian are almost inexhaustible, and though the novelty of his style, or rather of the dress in which the Translator has thought proper to clothe him, will at first revolt, yet with due attention the cadences will become familiar, and the imagery, though crowded, no longer distract the mind: it is then that his characters, his descriptive powers, the sublimity and pathos of his sentiments will be accurately and distinctly felt, and enthusiasm take place of inattraction and fatigue.

NUMBER XXV.

——Hail, ye mighty masters of the lay,
Nature's true sons, the friends of man and truth!
Whose song, sublimely sweet, serenely gay,
Amused my childhood, and inform'd my youth.
O let your spirit still my bosom sooth,
Inspire my dreams, and my wild wanderings guide!
Your voice each rugged path of life can smooth;
For well I know, where-ever ye reside,
There harmony, and peace, and innocence, abide.

BEATTIE.

It is the remark of an author of exquisite taste that "the moderns have perhaps practised no species of poetry with so little success, and with such indisputable inferiority to the ancients, as the Ode."* Greatly as I respect the abilities and critical acumen of Dr. Warton, I am tempted in this instance to form a very dif-

* Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope, vol. i. p. 64.

ferent judgment, and shall endeavour to rescue the poets of this island at least, from an imputation they probably have not merited. This ingenious writer conceives their want of success to be owing to the harshness and intractability of the language they have had the misfortune to compose in; now, though it may be readily conceded that the English in sweetness and smoothness must, in general, yield to the Greek, and sometimes even to the Latin, yet have we, especially among our later poets, many specimens of versification, and of selection of language, peculiarly musical and harmonious, and fully adequate to prove that all its asperities may be worn down by the judicious application of the file, and rendered sufficiently terse and polished for the more delicate effusions of the lyre. Could it be indeed for a moment supposed that mere smoothness of diction constituted the sole, or even the principal merit of lyric poetry, it might justly be deemed the most worthless of all the branches of literature, and entirely dependent on mere melifluence of cadence; on the contrary, however, it will probably be admitted that those combinations of phrase, those felicities of diction, those expressions of

a lyric hue, the words that breathe and burn, so essential to this department, are the creations of the poet, and through the medium of genius may be drawn from the bosom of any language. Conceiving, therefore that excellence in lyric composition is attached to no peculiar tongue, but the product of ability working even on the most rugged materials, and by condensation and selection, subduing them to its purpose, an oppressive idea, impeding all effort to excel, is removed, and we may cheerfully proceed to compare, and to rank the productions of the modern lyric bard with the more applauded ones of the ancient.

Under the classes of the *Sublime*, the *Pathetic*, the *Descriptive*, and the *Amatory*, may be arranged most of the productions of the lyric muse. To the first belong vivid enthusiasm, richness of imagery and metaphor, abruptness of transition, and a peculiar warmth and impetuosity of diction. To excel in this species of Ode demands a felicity and strength of genius that has seldom been attained; all the higher beauties of poetry, vastness of conception, brilliancy of colouring, grandeur of sentiment, the terrible and the appalling must

combine, and with mysterious energy alarm and elevate the imagination. A lightning of phrase should pervade the more empassioned parts, and an awful and even dreadful obscurity, from prophetic, or superhuman agency, diffuse its influence over the whole. Of the lyric poetry of the greeks a small portion only has descended to posterity, and of the productions of PINDAR, all whose remaining odes fall under the present class, most probably the noblest part has been buried in the gulph of time. What we have, however, is dear to the man of poetic taste, though, perhaps, not fully equal to the ideas formed of it from the praises of his contemporaries, and their relation of its effects upon the minds of his countrymen; a circumstance that leads to the supposition that the pieces lost were of superior merit to those we possess. Had his dithyrambics been preserved our opinion of this celebrated poet had, in all probability, corresponded with that of the ancients, as a more enthusiastic, a more independent and vigorous tone were, it is said, their characteristic. As it is, no piece can now be selected from his works that can justly come into competition with the *Bard* of GRAY; over this inimitable ode a tinge so wildly aw-

ful, so gloomily terrific is thrown, as without any exception to place it at the head of lyric poetry. If any effusions of the Grecian muse approach it in these respects, the choruses of ÆSCHYLUS may be adduced; these certainly possess much of that tremendous painting, that mysterious solemnity, so vital in this lofty sphere of imagination, for to Æschylus perhaps adheres a peculiar character, a kind of savage and gigantic sublimity which stands alone amid the literary records of Greece, and has only been rivalled by the war songs of the northern Scalds. The Gothic and Celtic superstitions indeed, possess imagery peculiarly appropriate to the higher efforts of lyric composition, and several of our poets have, with admirable effect, availed themselves of these sources of the sublime. What can exceed the thrilling horror of Gray's celebrated odes from the Norse, which first opened to English poetry a mine of the most wild yet terrific mythology! Since their appearance the fictions of the *Edda* have been seized upon with more freedom and avidity, and in the epic, dramatic and lyric productions of HOLE and SAYERS appear with renovated lustre. The features of the Celtic are certainly not of so striking a form,

yet the dreadful rites of Druidism, and the noble imagery of Ossian, afford valuable materials for the lyric bard; the chorus of MASON, the songs of RICHARDS, and some of the sketches of Sayers are masterly specimens of what they can effect. The more common superstitions too of modern Europe, the agency of ghosts and fairies and beings of another world, have thrown a solemn and a singularly impressive hue over many of our best pieces. Mr. Hole's Ode to Terror, and Miss WILLIAMS's fine fragment, "*Rise winds of Night*" with COLLINS's Ode on the Popular Superstitions of the Highlands, evince their powerful operation on the mind, and their successful employment in this province of the art. Now, as the ancients had confessedly no superstition or mythology which in wild sublimity or sportive fancy, can be compared with that of the Goths and Celts, the moderns have in the higher walks of poetry, and especially in the ode, which demands so much enthusiasm, a manifest and decided superiority, so far as a more poetic and exalted superstition can be supposed to confer it. But even laying aside those compositions which are dependent on these more appropriate systems of fabling, it

will still, I think, be granted, that from neither Pindar nor HORACE can be selected an ode, in beauty of colouring or strength of conception more estimable than Gray's on the Progress of Poetry, or Collins's to The Passions.* In the ode of Gray indeed there are several imitations of Pindar, and one entire stanza almost literally translated from him, and the whole piece may in fact be considered as an admirable copy of, or attempt to rival his manner and style, yet such a one as Pindar would have been proud to own. As to Horace, I know not that from his large collection one ode truly sublime can be produced; many may be found that possess true grandeur of diction, and

* From the following passage in a letter of this exquisite poet, written to Dr. Hayes, Professor of Music in the University of Oxford, it would appear that he had composed another Ode for Music under the title of *The Music of the Grecian Theatre.* He thus speaks of this production after noticing the honour which had been conferred upon him at Oxford in selecting his former poem on *The Passions:* "I could send you one written on a nobler subject, and which, though I have been persuaded to bring it forth in London, I think more calculated for an audience in the University. The subject is the Music of the Grecian Theatre, in which I have, I hope naturally introduced the various characters with which the chorus was concerned, as Œdipus, Medea, Electra, Orestes, &c. &c. The composition too is probably more correct, as I have chosen the ancient Tragedies for my models, and only copied the most affecting passages in them."

Seward's Anecdotes of Distinguished Persons.

much elevation of idea, as when he spiritedly bursts forth

Quem virum, aut heroa, lyrâ vel acri.

or when describing the genius of Pindar

Pindarum quisquis studet æmulari.

but the finger of criticism cannot be placed upon one that fully dilates and astonishes the mind by the boldness and magnitude of the conception, or on one that with an unremitting blaze of splendor pours forth thoughts that "scatter wild dismay." Felicity of diction and versification, artful insinuation of moral, exquisite allusion to and description of the joys of love and wine, and an accurate perception of character, are the prominent features of this poet in his lyric capacity, who is, and ever will be, the favourite of cultivated taste. Not that he is devoid of enthusiasm, for several of his odes, and especially the fourth of the third book, powerfully convince every reader of the contrary; all we can affirm is this, that it is not of the highest tone, nor can he rank with a Pindar, a Gray, or a Collins. On the celebrated Ode of DRYDEN great and merited applause has been bestowed; much of it is certainly written with a glow and vigour of fancy

nearly unparalleled; it has the freedom and animation attributed to the ancient dithyrambic, and the imagery almost starts into existence, but I am far from conceiving it a perfect production, or agreed in allowing it to take the lead in modern lyrics: its language in many parts is defective and inharmonic, it preserves not the dignity so essential to the ode of this species, and even sometimes descends to the familiarity of a common drinking song. The phrases and lines alluded to it is unnecessary here to point out, as they are quoted and commented upon in a very ingenious paper in the Winter-Evenings of Dr. Knox, with whom in his estimate of the general merit of the poem I perfectly concur. Two or three of the odes of AKENSIDE may be also mentioned as exhibiting some nervous and well selected description; his odes to Lord Huntingdon and on Lyric Poetry claim alike from Liberty and the Muse the meed of immortality; the general cast however of his style in this department is of a kind far inferior to the two productions just mentioned, and by no means of the genuine lyric hue.

After taking this short view, and I trust

with impartiality, shall we still confess our inferiority to the ancients? Shall we not rather be tempted to place Gray and Collins at the head of lyric poetry in Europe ancient or modern?—Pindar, Æschylus and Horace have already been noticed, and modern Italy, and France can bring no competitors; *Petrarca*, *Metastasio*, *Fulvio Testi*, *Rousseau* or *Gresset* having few or no pretensions to the loftier tones of the lyre. Among the Germans indeed some powerful candidates have lately started, and *Klopstock* is renowned for the spirit and sublimity of his lyric effusions, but they are not yet sufficiently familiar in this country to admit of comparison.

Were we to gather our lyric pieces and dispose them into their different classes, a collection might be made that would, I think, bid defiance to competition. In pursuit of this idea, therefore, I shall throw together under each division of the sublime, the pathetic, the descriptive and amatory, the first lines and authors' names of those odes which have particularly struck me for their excellence.

ODES, CLASS I.

SUBLIME.

1. 'Twas at the royal feast for Persia won — Dryden.
2. Thou! to whom the world unknown — Collins.
3. When Music, heavenly Maid! was young - - - - - - - - - - - Collins.
4. As once, if not with light regard - Collins.
5. Once more I join the Thespian quire — Akenside.
6. Thy spirit, Independence, let me share! - - - - - - - - - - Smollet.
7. Daughter of Jove, relentless power — Gray.
8. Ruin seize thee, ruthless King! - Gray.
9. Awake, Æolian lyre, awake - - - - Gray.
10. Now the storm begins to lower - - Gray.
11. Uprose the King of Men with speed — Gray.
12. Had I but the torrent's might - - Gray.
13. Owen's praise demands my song - Gray.
14. Oppression dies: the Tyrant falls — Mason.
15. Hark! heard ye not yon footstep dread - - - - - - - - - - - Mason.
16. Beneath the beech whose branches bare - - - - - - - - - - - Warton.
17. Bound for holy Palestine - - - Warton.
18. Stately the feast and high the cheer — Warton.
19. Rise winds of Night - - - - - - Williams.
20. Farewell, dear Land! thou gallant seat — Sargent.
21. Rise, might of Erin! rise! - - - Brooke.

22. King of Gods on shining throne - Sayers.
23. When from the foe's bright spear Sayers.
24. Around me night and silence reign Hole.
25. Hail Melancholy! whom of yore - Hole.
26. What mean these dreadful sounds that rise - - - - - - - - - - - - Hole.
27. Hence, to the realms of Night, dire Demon hence - - - - - - Rogers.
28. Spirit, who sweepest the wild harp of Time - - - - - - - - - - - Coleridge
29, Where restless Teign with many a surge - - - - - - - - - - - Anon.

It is not possible to move a step in this discussion without deeply regretting the destructive ravages of time. In the pathetic ode the Greeks possessed an inestimable treasure; had the poems of SAPPHO and SIMONIDES descended to us uninjured we may conceive, from the few fragments that remain, with what exquisite delight we should have hung over this invaluable deposit; mourning therefore its diminished state, and adopting the quotation of Addison, we may exclaim

O suavis anima! qualem te dicam bonam
Antehac fuisse, tales cum sint reliquiæ.

PHÆDRUS.

The pieces of Sappho, however, now left us, being principally of the amatory kind, I shall defer any further notice of them, except in one instance, until that species of ode comes under review, and of Simonides so little has been preserved that though celebrated for his pathetic powers, the fragment happily snatched from oblivion by Dyonisius is the only proof of the truth of the assertion. This indeed is beyond all praise, for the lamentation of *Danae* is pregnant with those touches of nature which pass directly to the heart. Had the works of these authors been entire, the inferiority of the moderns in this branch of lyric poetry had most probably been felt; fortunately for their reputation, setting aside the fragment of Simonides, they are rescued from comparison, the beautiful ode of Sappho ranking under another class. The choruses of SOPHOCLES and EURIPIDES indeed occasionally possess pathetic passages, especially in the *Philoctetes* of the former, but their peculiar merit is that of description and appropriate moral. Turning then to the master of the latin lyre, it will, I should imagine, be readily conceded that he has touched the strings of pity with a sparing hand; he seldom paints to the heart; the ten-

derest sympathies are not awakened; few tears have dropt upon the leaves of Horace. The most pathetic morsel I recollect closes the sixth ode of the second book addressed to Septimus.

Ille te mecum locus, et beatæ
Postulant arces; ibi tu calentem
Debita sparges lacryma favillam
Vatis amici.

These blest abodes, these chosen bowers,
Shall gild with joy life's fleeting hours.
Here, when my days shall end,
Bathe my lov'd ashes with a tear,
And cherish, with regret sincere,
Thy poet, and thy friend.

BOSCAWEN.

How sweet, how exquisite the sensations these lines call forth, how preferable to the merely elegant or voluptuous ode! and what regret must dwell upon the recollection that the poet did not more frequently indulge in such a style. One peculiar beauty however, attends the voluptuous odes of Horace which produces a most striking contrast, and breathes a spirit of pensive morality. Amid all the delights of love and wine, the closing scene of

life is not forgotten, death rises in the distant view.

> Linquenda tellus, et domus, et placens
> Uxor; neque harum, quas colis, arborum,
> Te, præter invisas cupressos,
> Ulla brevem dominum sequetur.
>
> Lib. ii. Od. xiv.

A short review shall now be taken of our own poets who have excelled in the pathetic ode, and I hesitate not in constituting COLLINS High Priest in the Temple of Pity. Nothing can exceed the sweet pathos, the tender imagery of his pieces, accompanied by a wild romantic warmth of fancy that exalts the feelings he is solicitous to convey. His Dirge on Fidele, and his ode on the death of Colonel Ross seize powerfully upon the heart, and speak in the very tones of nature. It is only within these few years that due attention has been paid to his merits, and the high station he occupies among our lyric bards acknowledged. The complaint of Scott of Amwell is at length superseded.

> While Folly frequent boasts the insculptur'd tomb,
> By Flattery's pen inscrib'd with purchas'd praise,

While Rustic Labour's undistinguish'd doom
Fond Friendship's hand records in humble phrase,

Of Genius oft and Learning worse the lot,
For them no care, to them no honour shown:
Alive neglected, and when dead forgot,
Even COLLINS slumbers in a grave unknown.

A tomb has been erected at Chichester adorned by the sculpture of Flaxman and the poetry of Hayley,* and there

By fairy hands "his" knell is rung;
By forms unseen "his" dirge is sung;
There "Fancy" comes "at twilight" grey,
To bless the turf that wraps "his" clay;
And "Pity" shall awhile repair
To "mourn," a weeping "pilgrim" there.

GRAY too, in whose bosom dwelt the most refined sensibility, who was, "mark'd by Melancholy for her own," has in his odes to Spring and on Eton College, whether we consider the sweetness of the versification, or its delicious strain of plaintive tenderness, rivalled every lyric effort of ancient or of modern date. There is a terseness also, a

* Vide No. iii. p. 67, vol. i of this work.

classical elegance in his composition to which the english ode had, previous to his productions, been a stranger. To these let us add the Monody of LYTTLETON, and the Address to the Nightingale by SHAW; of the man who could peruse the latter without being deeply affected I should entertain an unfavorable opinion. Some pieces by MASON and COWPER, and others of a still more recent date, challenge our applause, and will be introduced into the list subjoined to these remarks, which pretends to enumerate a few only of the various pieces that might lay claim to admission, those, for instance, which more immediately interested the selector, and which memory first suggested. He, however, who shall glance his eye over the collection, imperfect as it may appear, will, I should conceive, not hesitate in drawing a conclusion favorable to the poets of his native isle; here the tones of the Grecian lyre have almost failed upon the ear, and the haughty genius of Imperial Rome shrinks from the contest, for the most strenuous champion of ancient superiority will not probably presume upon an appeal to his Horace in a question that must be decided by the prevalence of pathetic powers.

ODES, CLASS II.

PATHETIC.

1. Blow, blow, thou winter wind - Shakspeare
2. Ætherial race, inhabitants of air - Thomson.
3. At length escaped from every human eye - - - - - - - - - - Lytleton.
4. O thou! the friend of man, assign'd Collins.
5. While lost to all his former mirth Collins.
6. In yonder grave a druid lies - - Collins.
7. To fair Fidele's grassy tomb - - Collins.
8. How sleep the brave who sink to rest Collins.
9. Sweet bird! that kindly perching near - - - - - - - - - - Shaw.
10. Yet do I live? O how shall I sustain Shaw.
11. Lo! where the rosy-bosom'd hours Gray.
12. Ye distant spires, ye antique towers Gray.
13. Daughter of Jove, relentless Power Gray.
14. Ye green-hair'd Nymphs, whom Pan's decrees - - - - - - Mason.
15. Ah, cease this kind persuasive strain Mason.
16. When in the crimson cloud of Even Beattie.
17. Come, peace of mind, delightful guest Cowper.
18. Oh happy shades! to me unblest - Cowper.
19. The rose had been wash'd, just wash'd in a shower - - - - - - - Cowper.
20. Thou lone companion of the spectred night - - - - - - - Wolcot.
21. Dark, dark is Moina's bed - - Sayers.

22. O! Synge untoe mie roundelaie - Chatterton
23. Not for the promise of the labour'd field - - - - - - - - - Anon,
24. Mahali dies! O'er yonder plain Edwards.
25. I wish I were where Helen lies! Pinkerton.
26. Pale wither'd wanderer, seek not here Roberts.
27. O! that the chemist's magic art Rogers.
28. Come, melancholy Moraliser, come! Southey.
29. Come smiles, come gay attire and hide Anon.
30. I wish I was where Anna lies - - Gifford.

The purely descriptive ode, which luxuriantly indulges in the delineation of rural imagery, seems to have been little known to the ancients. Their Tragedians indeed, have introduced abundance of mythological description, and some pictoresque sketches into their choruses, more or less connected with the texture of their story, but there are few detached odes of greek or latin fame, which can properly take their rank in this class. It is probable, however, that SAPPHO had written several pieces of this kind, as an exquisitely descriptive fragment of an ode to Evening has reached us, and excites our deepest sorrow that time should not have spared strains of such delicious flavour. It is preserved by Demetrius Phalereus and merits quotation.

Εσπερε παντα φερεις.
Φερεις οινο', φερεις αιγα,
Φερεις ματερι παιδα.

Vesper omnia fers;
Fers vinum, fers capram,
Fers matri filiam.

There are several passages in the Carmina of HORACE also, which display much elegant colouring of the illustrative kind, but very few entire odes that can with propriety be termed descriptive, that is, whose sole purport it is to dwell upon rural and pictoresque beauty. The second of his Epodes

Beatus ille qui procul negotiis,

the fourth ode of the first book, the thirteenth of the third Ad Fontem Blandusiæ, and one or two more may be mentioned which are nearly or altogether of this kind. Several of his odes likewise commence with vivid and well drawn scenery; at the fifth line, for instance, of the fourth of the third book, and the seventh and twelfth odes of the fourth book.

Dismissing, however, any further considerations of the Roman, we will now pass forward

to our own poets, among whom MILTON may be esteemed the model of, and the first who excelled in, what I would term the pictoresque ode. His *L'Allegro ed Il Penseroso* are the most exquisite and accurately descriptive poems in his own, or any other, language, and will probably for ever remain unrivalled. There is an unity in their design so admirably sustained, the imagery is so rich, and at the same time so well supported, that from its accumulation they operate an effect which scarce any other poem of the same class has successfully aspired to. In the *Grongar Hill* of DYER we have, likewise, a lyric effusion equally spirited and pleasing, and celebrated for the fidelity of its delineation; the commencement however is obscure and even ungrammatical, and his landscape not sufficiently distinct, wanting what the artist would term, proper keeping. It is nevertheless a very valuable poem, and has secured to its author an envied immortality. Let us now, once more adverting to the genius of COLLINS, remark, that in his address to Evening he has presented us with the first fortunate specimen of the blank ode. Nothing but his own ode on the Popular Superstitions of the Highlands

of Scotland can exceed the fine enthusiasm of this piece; the very spirit of Poussin and Claude breathe throughout the whole, mingled indeed with a wilder and more visionary train of idea, yet subdued and chastened by the softest tones of melancholy, Since its publication many productions in lyric blank verse have been given to the public, and some possessed of very considerable merit; Mrs. BARBAULD's beautiful *Ode to Spring* may be considered as one of the happiest attempts toward the introduction of this species of metre. Collins's ode on the *Popular Superstitions*, after due precedence to that on the Passions, I esteem the noblest effort of his pen, but as I shall have occasion to quote it in a future sketch, and with some additional observations, I now proceed to mention a few other pieces which fall under this division. The *Il Bellicoso* and *Il Pacifico* of MASON are respectable imitations of Milton, especially the former which abounds in nervous and strongly painted scenery, and the ode on the approach of Summer, commencing, *Hence, iron-scepter'd Winter haste*, is another most admirable composition of the same school. The ode too of GRAY as finished by Mason, on the *Pleasure*

arising from Vicissitude is one of the choicest products of the lyre, a specimen of classical composition which the more it is studied will please the more. The lines on *Solitude* by GRAINGER, and SMOLLET's little poem on *Leven Water* have likewise a claim to particular distinction. Of the lyric works of our late POET LAUREAT, and of his classical BROTHER OF WINCHESTER, the odes entitled "*The Hamlet,*" "*The First of April,*" and "*To Fancy,*" assume a distinguished rank in our catalogue, and are replete with characteristic and well selected touches of description. These, with a few additional pieces, when thrown together, will form a tissue of descriptive lyric poetry highly honourable to the taste and genius of our Bards.

ODES, CLASS III.

DESCRIPTIVE.

1. Hence, loathed Melancholy - Milton.
2. Hence vain deluding joys - - Milton.
3. On Leven's banks, while free to rove - - - - - - - Smollet.
4. Silent Nymph with curious eye Dyer.
5. If ought of oaten stop or pastoral song - - - - - - - - Collins.

6. Home thou return'st from Thames whose Naiads long - - - Collins.
7. O Solitude, Romantic maid - Grainger.
8. Now the golden morn aloft - Gray & Mason.
9. Hence dull lethargic Peace - - Mason.
10. Hence pestilential Mars - - - Mason.
11. A muse unskill'd in venal praise Beattie.
12. O Parent of each lovely muse Warton Joseph
13. Hail meek-eyed maiden, clad in sober grey - - - - - - Warton J.
14. The hinds how blest, who ne'er beguil'd - - - - - - - - Warton T.
15. With dalliance rude young Zephyr woos - - - - - - Warton T.
16. As evening slowly spreads his mantle hoar - - - - - - Warton T.
17. Ah mourn, thy love retreat! no more - - - - - - - - - Warton T.
18. O Thou, the Nymph with placid eye! - - - - - - - - Barbauld.
19. Sweet daughter of a rough and stormy sire - - - - - - - Barbauld.
20. Hence, iron-scepter'd Winter, haste - - - - - - - - Anon.
21. Bright stranger, welcome to my field - - - - - - - - Wolcot.
22. Born in yon blaze of orient light Darwin.
23. Gay child of summer who on burnish'd wings - - - Sayers.
24. Bright is the eastern sky—Aurora mounts - - - - - - - Sayers.

Love, that sweetest of all passions, has given birth in every age and nation to the strains of poesy; it has smoothed the asperities of the most rugged language, and taught even the savage to choose the most harmonious terms in expressing the tender tumult of his soul. From some specimens of the love songs of the Laplanders it is astonishing with what beauty of diction, with what exquisite pathos they have called forth the softest emotions of desire, and added also a charm which heightens all the rest, a simplicity, a naïveté peculiar to the first stages of society. Among the Greeks the expression of amatory feeling has been cultivated with the happiest success, and the delicious remains of SAPPHO, which Venus

Quinta parte sui nectaris imbuit

will for ever exist without a rival, for the melting harmony of her style, the warmth of her colouring, the tender and voluptuous languor with which they are imbued, render these fragments inimitable. Her ode, so well known to the latin, french and english reader by the translations of Catullus, Boileau and Philips, I need not mention, but there is a fragment of hers quoted by Dr. Warton, which is of such superlative beauty that I cannot avoid placing

it upon my paper; "it represents," observes the Doctor, "the languor and listlessness of a person deeply in love; we may suppose the fair author looking up earnestly on her mother, casting down the web on which she was employed, and suddenly exclaiming" †

Γλυκεια μαλερ, ου τοι
Δυναμαι κρεκειν τον ιϛον,
Ποθω δαμεισα παιδος.
Βραδιναν δι' Αφροδιταν.*

Dulcis mater! non
Possum texere telum
Amore victa pueri,
Per acrem Venerem.

a striking subject for the pencil of the Artist! who might display his abilities in delineating the expression of voluptuous thought and tender sentiment in the speaking features of the love-sick Sappho.

In ANACREON there is little of tenderness; but an easy and a joyous gaiety, the enthusiasm

† On the Writing and Genius of Pope, vol. i.

* Inter novem illustr. fœmin. fragmenta. Edit. a Fulvio Ursino, Antwerp.

of the grape, pervade his songs; his descriptions likewise are delicate and just, yet his numerous imitators have usually sought for grossness of allusion, and the vulgar rant of intoxication, as sources of resemblance. It not being my intention, however, to arrange pieces of this kind, but rather those of a plaintive and more empassioned species, I pass on to notice the pathetic though licentious CATULLUS, whose sweetness and simplicity of style have been frequently and deservedly admired. Many of his poems breathe the very spirit of amorous satiety; he was profoundly skilled in grecian literature, and drew from thence his choicest stores; that Sappho was his favorite may be presumed from the version he has given us of her celebrated ode, and with what complacence must he have dwelt upon the compositions of Simonides! for that the most refined and tender feelings were familiar to the bosom of Catullus, his *Sirmio* and his elegiac pieces fully evince. As his poetry, however, will be the subject of another paper, I shall only further observe that he has been copied by Gallus, by Joannes Secundus, by Muretus, &c. and in the *Lydia* of the first

of these poets may be found the origin of that exquisite song of Fletcher,

Take, O take those lips away—&c.

Hide, O hide those hills of snow, &c.

the passages in question have been rendered in so elegant a manner by the Translator of Secundus, that with a slight alteration, I shall beg leave to introduce them along with their originals, to which however they are far superior.

Pande, Puella, geneas roseas,
Perfusas rubro purpureæ tyriæ.
Porrige labra, labra corallina;
Da columbatim mitia basia:
Sugis amentis partem animi.

GALLUS.

Let a warmer crimson streak
The velvet of thy downy cheek:
Let thy lips, that breathe perfume,
Deeper purple now assume,
Give me now one humid kiss,
Now repeat the melting bliss:
Soft, my Love!—my Angel, stay!—
Soft!—you suck my breath away.

Sinus expansa profert cinnama;
Undique surgunt ex te deliciæ.

Conde papillas, quæ me sauciant
Candore, et luxu nivei pectoris.
GALLUS.

Again, above its envious vest,
See, thy bosom heaves confest!
Hide the rapt'rous, dear delight!
Hide it from my ravish'd sight!
Hide it!—for thro' all my soul
Tides of madd'ning transport roll.

In HORACE, the gaiety of Anacreon, the empassioned strains of Sappho, and a vein of poetry peculiar to himself, are mingled, and with an effect that has given to enraptured taste, some of the most elegant and beautiful odes of antiquity. His *Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa* is, as Scaliger has justly observed, *Merum Nectar*, and the *Cum tu, Lydia, Telephi* has imbibed much of the spirit and sweetness of the fair Lesbian. Over the eleventh ode of the third book, the celebrated Dialogue of Horace and Lydia, what reader has not hung enamoured! it is a poem consecrated to the Graces, a flower from the Paradise of the Muses bathed in their most fragrant dew.

If in any branch of lyric poetry the inferiority of the moderns be evident, it is in this,

and it must be confessed that we can bring forward no production in merit equal to the ode of Sappho; yet shall we be able to collect some little pieces of high value to the lover of nature and simplicity. A few of our early poets have greatly excelled in the amatory song, and HARRINGTON, better than two centuries ago, published one, which is entitled to very distinguished praise. The talents too of GEORGE WITHER, which are much undervalued, were employed in this department with success, and the stanzas inserted by Dr. Percy in his *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*,

Hence away, thou Syren, leave me,
Pish! unclasp these wanton arms, &c. &c.

are the offspring of no inferior genius. FLETCHER'S little song I have already mentioned, descending, therefore, to a more recent period, the pathetic strains of THOMSON, PERCY and GOLDSMITH arrest our notice and claim our warmest admiration. Some pieces of Mrs. BARBAULD'S also, and the *Braes of Yarrow* by LOGAN will be highly relished; the fourth stanza of the latter poem is strikingly beautiful and tender.

His mother from the window look'd
  With all the longing of a mother;
His little sister weeping walk'd
  The green wood path to meet her brother;
They sought him east, they sought him west,
  They sought him all the forest thorough;—
They only saw the cloud of night,
  They only heard the roar of Yarrow!

ODES, CLASS IV.

AMATORY.

1. Whence comes my love, O hearte, disclose - - - - - - - - Harrington
2. Hence away, thou Syren, leave me Wither.
3. Drink to me only with thine eyes - Jonson.
4. Ask me why I send you here - - Carew.
5. Take, O take those lips away - - Fletcher.
6. The heavy hours are almost past - Lyttleton.
7. O Nightingale, best poet of the grove Thomson.
8. Tell me, thou soul of her I love - Thomson.
9. Thy fatal shafts unerring love - Smollet.
10. When Sappho tun'd the enraptur'd strain - - - - - - - - - - Smollet.
11. Too plain, dear Youth, these tell-tale eyes - - - - - - - - - - Jenyns.
12. When lovely woman stoops to folly Goldsmith.

13. O Nancy wilt thou go with me - Percy.
14. Ah! the shepherd's mournful fate Hamilton.
15. If in that breast so good, so pure - Moore.
16. Thy braes were bonny, Yarrow stream Logan.
17. Come here, fond youth, whoe'er thou be - - - - - - - - - - - Barbauld.
18. Sister of Phœbus, gentle Queen - Miss F***
19. From thy waves, stormy Lannow, I fly - - - - - - - - - - Seward.
20. What tho' I 'm told that Flora's face Sayers.
21. Once more, enchanting girl, adieu! Rogers.
22. Sweet flowers! that from your humble beds - - - - - - - - Gifford.
23. Say, have you in the valley seen - Anon.
24. I have a silent sorrow here - - Sheridan.

I have thus, in a brief manner, considered the merits of our English lyric poets, and attempted to prove, that in the *Sublime*, *Pathetic* and *Descriptive Ode* they are *not inferior* to the ancients, and in the *Amatory* make a *near* approach to their models. For this purpose, under their respective departments, I have enumerated many of our best productions, and it will not, I should imagine, be disputed, that they form together a body of lyric poetry of undoubted excellence,

Together dart their intermingled rays
And dazzle with a luxury of light. *
GRAY.

As an humble appendage to these strictures, I have ventured to introduce an original ode. It opens with a very bold prosopopæia, but which will not, the author trusts, be thought too daring for the subject.

* In drawing the comparison between ancient and modern lyric poetry, I have not thought it necessary to notice, except in the instances of Secundus and Gallus, the modern writers of latin verse. I cannot conclude this sketch however, without declaring that many of the Odes of CASIMIR SORBIEWSKY are worthy of the genius of Horace. I select the following as a specimen, and append to it the very elegant translation of Mr. Heald.

AD SUAM TESTUDINEM.

Sonori buxi filia sutilis,
Pendebis alta, barbite, populo;
Dum ridet aer, et supinas
Solicitat levis aura frondes.
Te sibilantis lenior halitus
Perflabit Euri: me juvet interim
Collum reclinasse, et virenti
Sic temerè jacuisse ripa.
Eheu! Serenum quæ nebulæ tegunt
Repente cœlum? quis sonus imbrium?
Surgamus. Heu semper fugaci
Gaudia præteritura passu!

Lib. ii.

THE STORM.

AN ODE.

Heard ye the Whirlwind's flight sublime,
Swift as the rushing wing of Time;
The Demon rag'd aloud!
Vaunting he rear'd his giant form,

In the high-towering poplar thus swinging
My lyre, hang suspended at ease:
Thy strings, at wild intervals, ringing,
When swept by the breath of the breeze.

The blue vault its full beauty displaying,
Not a cloud the pure ether o'ershades,
And in sighs his soft wishes betraying,
The green foliage fond zephyr pervades.

Thus I leave thee to murmur and quiver,
As whispers the slow-rising wind;
While here, stretch'd on the banks of the river,
I repose, in light slumbers reclin'd.

Ha! along yon horizon dark scowling,
What tempest-fed shadows appear!
Clouds! clouds! rise incessantly rolling;
Hark! the show'r, whistles loud on mine ear.

O my harp, my companion, my treasure,
Let us rise, let us hasten away:
'Tis thus flies the phantom of pleasure,
With quick step ever hasting away.

HEALD.

And tower'd amid the gath'ring storm,
Borne on a murky cloud;
Vast horror shook the dome of heav'n,
As 'neath him far with fury driv'n,
The viewless depths of air,
Stern o'er the struggling globe he past,
While pausing Nature shrank aghast,
And thro' the troubled gloom wild yell'd the
fiend Despair.

Servant of God! destructive Power!
Whilst due to wrath the direful hour,
Thou warn'st a guilty world,
When bursts to vengeance heav'n's blest Sire,
When lightens fierce the Almighty's ire,
On sin-struck nations hurl'd;
Thy terrors load my trembling shell,
Dread as the madd'ning tones that swell
O'er yonder bleak domain,
Where heaves thy deep, incessant roar,
That shakes the snow-topt mountain hoar,
And with resistless ruin strews th' affrighted
plain.

Ah! what of hope's delicious ray,
As slow the Pilgrim takes his way,
Shall sooth his sinking soul,

As round him forms infernal rise,
Of ghastly hue, whose hideous cries
Thro' the vext ether roll,
And mingling in each surf-worn cave,
Fell spirits from the murderer's grave,
The deed of horror hail;
Saw ye the redd'ning meteor gleam?
Heard ye, with harsh and hollow scream,
Far o'er the dim cold sea the birds of ocean wail?

Fierce o'er the darkly-heaving waves,
The storm with boundless fury raves,
The Sailor starts aghast,
His helm, to ruthless vengeance giv'n,
O'er the vast surge speeds idly driv'n,
As shrieks the hurrying blast:
Cease, Emma, cease to hope in vain,
Thou e'er wilt view thy Lord again,
He never shall return!
Pale on the desert shore he lies!
No Wife belov'd to close his eyes,
No Friend in pitying tones his wave-drench'd limbs to mourn!

Hark! how the rough winds madd'ning sweep,
Bare the broad earth, and drifting deep,
The boreal deluge raise!

Here mountains shoot their wreath-tipt heads,
Here lo! far sunk, the valley spreads
Her drear, her wild'ring maze!
O come, let's brave the northern blast,
Let's mark stupendous nature cast
In many a form sublime,
I care not if, where Hecla towers,
Where wrapt in tempests Winter lowers
Stern on her ice-clad throne, I trace the hoary
clime.

Protect me heav'n! 'neath yon huge drift,
Where to the clouds the wild winds lift
The waste in horror pil'd,
See, where yon shiv'ring female lies!
Lo! on her fainting bosom dies
Cold, cold, her infant child!
Daughter of woe! then doubly dear!
O'er thy sad fate how many a tear
The hapless mother shed!
And must we, cried she, must we part?
Then clasp'd thee to her shudd'ring heart,
Whilst in convulsive sighs thy little spirit fled.

O thou, who rul'st the fleeting year,
Who giv'st to roll the varied sphere,
Amid the vast of heav'n,

Now Father bend thine awful ear!
O bless me with a parent's care,
To thy protection giv'n;
Whether on ocean's bosom thrown,
Or plung'd where snow-clad mountains frown,
If thou my hallow'd guide
I heed not, let the tempest roar,
Let Havoc and wild Winter hoar,
And Terror's giant form the dark–brow'd Whirlwind ride.

NUMBER XXVI.

Tantum parva suo debet Verona CATULLO
Quantum magna suo Mantua Virgilio.

THIS celebrated poet, notwithstanding his licentious freedoms, will ever rank high in the estimation of the elegant scholar. It is indeed to be regretted that among poems which boast the utmost felicity of diction, and breathe the most tender and delicious sentiment, should be intermixed pieces which not only tinge the cheek of modesty, but repel every reader by their gross physical impurities. It were devoutly to be wished that his late ingenious Translator,* instead of presenting the public with the entire works of Catullus, had formed a collection of those productions only which are free from these defects. I will venture to

* Vide Poems of Caius Valerius Catullus in English Verse, Printed for Johnson, 1795, 2 vol. 8vo.

affirm that all that is valuable in this poet would then have been preserved, and a volume, unparalleled perhaps for its amatory and pathetic excellence, opened to every age and to both sexes, At present this translation unpurged as it is from the disgusting improprieties of the original, can only meet a partial circulation. Voluptuous ideas in a young poet when clothed in fascinating language will, as in Catullus, receive pardon, but to conception at which even Swift would have sickened, what mercy can be conceded! Let the Translator, whose version, if we overlook some inaccurate rhymes, possesses very considerable merit, but exercise his taste in selection, and with occasional notes, parallel passages, and imitations, of which latter great numbers truly excellent exist, he will assuredly form a work equal in bulk to his present, and of universal attraction.

In spite of the blemishes we have alluded to in many of these compositions, and which the unrestrained customs and manners of antiquity in some measure mitigate, Catullus possessed a very amiable and feeling heart, greatly loved,

and was equally beloved by, his friends, was a dutiful son, and a most affectionate brother.

Sweetness and perspicuity of style, tenderness and simplicity of thought, a naïveté of manner peculiarly his own, and often a vividity and minuteness of description truly delightful, are the characteristics of the better portion of his works. I cannot however, with his Translator, esteem his satirical effusions excellent, much less that this mode of composition was his forte. They abound in the coarsest invective, and are generally levelled at the personal deformities and nauseous defects of those whom he hated. With the exception of about half a dozen pieces they are alike disgraceful to the poet and the man.

His elegiac, descriptive, and the greatest part of his amatory poetry make however ample amends. A warm lover of Grecian literature, he has thrown into his style many of the beautiful expressions and idioms of that noble language; these melt with so much sweetness into the texture of his composition, so aptly express the impassioned ideas of his amorous muse, that they have given a pecu-

liarly delicate and mellow air to his diction, and for this, probably, more than for any other quality, he obtained, among his contemporaries, the appellation of *doctus*.

Sappho, *Simonides* and *Callimachus* appear to have been his chief favourites; from the former he has translated the ode so well known in the version of Phillips, and to the pathos of Simonides he has borne testimony in his lovely *Carmen Ad Cornificium*, a gem of such exquisite water that I am under the obligation of introducing it to the reader's admiration.

AD CORNIFICIUM.

Male est, Cornifici, tuo Catullo;
Malè est mehercule, et laboriosè:
Magìsque, et magìs, in dies et horas.
Irascor tibi: sic meos amores?
Quem tu, quod minimum facillimúmque est,
Quâ solatus es adlocutione?
Paulum quidlibet adlocutionis,
Mæstius lacrymis Simonideis.†

These lines, his Translator has thus happily given:

† Carm. 35.

TO CORNIFICIUS.

Hard, Cornificius, I declare,
Hard is the lot I 'm doom'd to bear!
And ev'ry day, and ev'ry hour,
I live but to endure the more!
My injur'd heart indignant burns;
Why meets my love such cold returns?
Say tho' thy words can sweetly flow,
Have they once sooth'd my bosom's woe?
Words, moving as those tearful lays
Which sang the sad Simonides!

From *Callimachus*, the poet of Verona has taken his *Coma Berenices*, and his *Carmen De Aty* is most probably a translation from the Greek, and the only specimen we have in Latin of the *Galliambic* metre; it is written with so much energy and enthusiasm that Dr. Warton does not hesitate to place it at the head of Roman poetry, and in this opinion he is supported by the suffrage of Mr. Gibbon.‡ To do justice to a composition so pregnant with poetic fire, and upon a subject so peculiarly delicate and singular, calls for powers of no

‡ See the Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope, and Gibbon's Roman Empire, vol. ii. chap. xxiii. note 18.

common construction, not only for great fertility and vigour in poetic expression, but for great skill and address in naturalizing an incident so difficult to detail with dignity and grace. Mr. Beloe was the first, I believe, who attempted to transfuse into English the beauties of this striking production;* his version is very elegant, but though designedly a paraphrase the licence has been carried too far, and the poem consequently falls somewhat short of the strength and spirit of the original. The last translator has perhaps, in point of energy and compression, succeeded better. The complaint of Atys when awakened to the recollection of his misery is certainly unequalled in the compass of Roman literature; grief the most impassioned reigns throughout his speech, and strongly excites the commiseration of the reader. A small, but very beautiful portion of this plaintive poem, with the translation of 1795 I shall insert here as a specimen of the unique original, and of the merits of the version. Atys is represented on the sea-shore overwhelmed with sorrow and remorse, and casting his eyes, bathed in tears,

* Vide Beloe's Miscellanies. vol. I.

over the ocean, thus addresses his native country:

Patria ô mea creatrix, patria ô mea genetrix,
Ego quam miser relinquens, dominos ut herifugæ
Famuli solent, ad Idæ tetuli nemora pedem!
Ut apud nivem, et ferarum gelida stabula forem,
Et ut omnia earum adirem, furibunda, latibula:
Ubinam, aut quibus locis te positam, patria rear?
Cupit ipsa pupula ad se sibi dirigere aciem,
Rabie ferâ carens dum breve tempus animus est.
Egóne à meâ remota hæc ferar in nemora domo?
Patria, bonis, amicis, genitoribus abero?

Dear, parent soil! from whence I 've dar'd to roam,
Like some poor slave that flies his master's home;
Wretch that I am! have madly dar'd to go
Where lurid forests frown on Ida's brow,
Mid snows, and where fierce beasts in dampness dwell,
Seeking, infuriate, each wild monster's cell:
O where dost thou, my native country, lie?
Thee in what distant spot shall fancy spy?
Fain, for that little space from madness free,
Would mine eyes fix their straining balls on thee:
O lost, O banish'd from my pleasing home!
These foreign woods must I for ever roam?
Quit all I have, my friends, my natal earth,
Distant from those who gave my being birth?

Few productions of Catullus place in a more striking light the tender and affectionate dispo-

sition of their author than the *Carmen ad Sirmionem Peninsulam.* The pleasure he expresses on returning to his little villa, and on the prospect of again reclining on his accustomed couch; his invocation to the Peninsula, and his fond request that every thing he has should join in welcoming him home, are strong indications of the domestic virtues. His poem *De Nuptiis Pelei Et Thetidos*, the most elaborate in the collection, is worthy of the genius of Virgil, and displays much accurate description, and much pathetic and impassioned incident. The episode of Theseus and Ariadne has been justly admired; her lamentations when ungratefully abandoned by Theseus as she slept, are the very dictates of Love and Nature. The Carmina *De Acme Et Septimis*, and *Ad Calvum De Quintilia*, as well as most of the pieces addressed to *Lesbia*, have as amatory and tender effusions never been surpassed. The lines addressed to Calvus, for the originality and beauty of the thought, merit transcription.

AD CALVUM DE QUINTILIA.

Si quicquam mutis gratum acceptúmve sepulchris
  Accidere à nostro, Calve, dolore potest,

Cùm desiderio veteres renovamus amores,
  Atque olim missas flemus amicitias;
Certè non tanto mors immatura dolori est
  Quintiliæ, quantùm gaudet amore tuo.†

TO CALVUS, ON QUINTILIA.

If ever to the dumb, sepulchral urn
  The tribute of a tear could grateful prove;
What time each recollected scene we mourn,
  Each deed of ancient friendship, and of love:

Less sure, fond youth, must thy Quintilia grieve
  That she by death's cold hand untimely fell;
Than joys her parted spirit to perceive
  How much her Calvus lov'd her, and how well!

Many of the poems of Catullus possess likewise the sportive and convivial spirit of Horace; I would particularly point out the following:—*Ad Fabullum. Ad Calvum Licinium. Cæcilium Invitat. Ad Licinium. Ad Camerium.*

The *Julii Et Manlii Epithalamium*, and the *Carmen Nuptiale* have just claims to distinguished praise; the two similies in the latter

† Carm. 91.

poem commencing "*Ut flos in septis secretus nascitur hortis,*" and "*Ut vidua in nudo vitis quæ nascitur arvo,*" do the highest honour to the poet's genius, and shew the utmost felicity in the choice and management of diction and versification. The two poems also *Ad Seipsum* are elegantly plaintive, but no Carmina in the collection interest so deeply the feelings of the reader, and impress him with equal esteem for the Bard as those addressed *Ad Hortalum, Ad Manlium,* and the little effusion *De Inferiis Ad Fratris Tumulum.* Here pure affection clothed in the most exquisite poetry laments the loss of a beloved brother. So beautifully tender are these charming passages, and so admirably have they been translated, so much honour do they confer upon the author's head and heart, and so greatly therefore will they operate in his favour, that to decorate my pages by their insertion becomes almost an indispensable duty.

It was during the expedition of Catullus into Bithynia that his brother died, and was buried on the Trojan promontory of Rhæteum, famed as the Sepulchre of Ajax Telamon. The following lines were sent to *Hortalus* accompanied

by a translation from Callimachus which Catullus had for some time neglected finishing on account of his brother's death.

Etsi me assiduo confectum cura dolore
  Sevocat à doctis, Hortale, virginibus:
Nec potis est dulces Musarum expromere fœtus
  Mens animi; tantis fluctuat ipsa malis:
Namque mei nuper Lethæo gurgite fratris
  Pallidulum manans alluit unda pedem;
Troïa Rhæteo quem subter litore tellus
  Ereptum nostris obterit ex oculis.—
  Nunquam ego te, vitâ frater amabilior,
Aspiciam posthac? at certè semper amabo,
  Semper mæsta tuâ carmina morte legam:
Qualia sub densis ramorum concinit umbris
  Daulias, absumpti fata gemens Ityli.†

O, Hortalus! with wasting cares opprest,
  I live sequester'd from the tuneful Nine;
Nor can the Muse, while sorrow racks my breast,
  Prompt the gay thought, or form the flowing line.

I a fond brother's heart-felt loss deplore,
  Whose clay-cold feet dark Lethe's waters lave;
Beside fam'd Rhætium, on the Trojan shore,
  Rest his cold relicks in the peaceful grave.

† Carm. 62.

E'en than my life, O brother, dearer far!
  Say, never shall I view thy form again?
In love at least thou wilt be always dear;
  Still shalt thou live in sorrow's tender strain.

Still will I sing thee, as the bird of eve
  Sings sweetly-lorn upon her tufted seat;
Mid shades of darkest foliage pleas'd to grieve,
  To mourn unhappy Ity's barb'rous fate!

In the elegy to Manlius, which is certainly a first-rate production the poet refers again to his fraternal loss as an excuse for not sending to his friend some of the sportive effusions he had petitioned for; he observes

Tempore quo primùm vestis mihi tradita pura est,
  Jucundum cùm ætas florida vir ageret,
Multa satìs lusi: non est dea nescia nostrî,
  Quæ dulcem curis miscet amaritiem.
Sed totum hoc studium luctu fraterna mihi mors
  Abscidit. O misero frater adempte mihi!
Tu mea tu moriens fregisti commoda, frater;
  Tecum unà tota est nostra sepulta domus:
Omnia tecum unà perierunt gaudia nostra,
  Quæ tuus in vitâ dulcis alebat amor.
Cujus ego in interitu totâ de mente fugavi
  Hæc studia, atque omnes delicias animi. †

† Carm. 65.

When manhood's vest that boasts no blushing hue
  I first put on, in life's fresh blooming spring:
Then the delicious pangs of love I knew;
  Of rapture much and various did I sing.

But, O, my much-lov'd brother, since thou 'rt dead,
  No more my leisure these gay trifles grace!
With thee the train of rosy pleasures fled,
  With thee too fled the glories of our race!

Perish'd with thee are all those dear delights,
  Nurs'd by thy tender friendship's holy flame;
Each fav'rite study now no more invites,
  No more of rapture's softest bliss I dream.

Introducing the story of Laodamia and Protesilaus, he is led to mention the celebrated siege of Troy; this recalling his brother's untimely fate, he bursts forth into the following animated and pathetic exclamation:

Troia nefas, commune sepulchrum Asiæ Europæque,
  Troia virûm et virtutum omnium acerba cinis;
Quæ nempe et nostro lethum miserabile fratri
  Attulit hei misero frater adempte mihi!
Hei misero fratri jucundum lumen ademptum!
  Tecum unà tota est nostra sepulta domus;
Omnia tecum unâ perierunt gaudia nostra,
  Quæ tuus in vitâ dulcis alebat amor.
Quem nunc tam longè non inter nota sepulcra,

Nec prope cognatos compositum cineres,
Sed Troiâ obscænâ, Troiâ infelice sepultum
Detinet extremo terra aliena solo.*

Accursed Troy, of Europe's sons the grave,
Of Asia's noblest chiefs the common tomb!
Where sleep the ashes of the wise, and brave;
Where a lov'd brother met an early doom!

Ah, long-lost brother, whom I yet bewail!
With thee the glories of our race are o'er;
And each fond hope that in life's tearful vale
Thy tender friendship cherish'd, is no more!

No kindred urn thy honour'd ashes boast;
Beside no lov'd relation art thou laid;
On Troy's ill-fated, Troy's detested coast,
Far from thy country sleeps thy hapless shade!

On the return of our Bard from Bithynia into Italy, he paused at the tomb of his brother, and with unfeigned sorrow offered his sacrifices to the manes of the deceased. The celebration of the melancholy rite he has immortalised in a lovely little poem, and with this affectionate oblation to the memory of the lamented youth we close our quotations from Catullus.

* Carm. 65.

DE INFERIIS AD FRATRIS TUMULUM.

Multas per gentes, et multa per æquora vectus
  Advenio has miseras, frater, ad inferias;
Ut te postremo donarem munere mortis,
  Et mutum nequicquam alloquerer cinerem;
Quando quidem fortuna mihi te te abstulit ipsum:
  Heu miser indignè frater adempte mihi!
Nunc tamen interea prisco quæ more parentum
  Tradita sunt tristes munera ad inferias,
Accipe fraterno multùm manantia fletu;
  Atque in perpetuum, frater, ave, atque vale.†

ON THE FUNERAL CEREMONIES AT HIS BROTHER'S TOMB.

Thro' various realms, o'er various seas I come,
  To see that each due sacrifice be paid,
To bring my last sad offering to the tomb,
  And thy mute dust invoke, fraternal shade!

Yes, hapless brother! since the hand of fate
  Hath snatch'd thee ever from my longing sight;
As us'd our ancestors, in solemn state
  I 'll bring each mystic gift, each funeral rite.

With many a tear I will the ground bedew——
  Spirit of him I lov'd, those tears receive!
Spirit of him I valued most, adieu!
  Adieu to him who sleeps in yonder grave!

† Carm. 96.

Ireland and Britain may boast of two poets who have rivalled Catullus in the most amiable part of his character, in the beauty and tenderness of their tributes to fraternal friendship. GOLDSMITH addresses his admirable poem, *The Traveller,* to his Brother, The Rev. Henry Goldsmith, "a man," he says, "who despising fame and fortune, had retired early to happiness and obscurity, with an income of forty pounds a year." To this worthy disciple of the humble Founder of Christianity the following lines will bear merited testimony as long as the language of our island shall exist.

Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wand'ring Po;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste expanding to the skies;
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee,
Still to my brother turns with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a length'ning chain.
Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend;
Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire;
Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair:

Blest be those feasts, with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.

In the *Pleasures of Memory* by MR. ROGERS, a production, which in sweetness of versification and beauty of imagery may vie with any effort of the modern muses, the poet thus pathetically invokes the Spirit of his departed brother:

Oh thou! with whom my heart was wont to share
From reason's dawn each pleasure and each care;
With whom, alas! I fondly hop'd to know
The humble walks of happiness below;
If thy blest nature now unites above
An angel's pity with a brother's love,
Still o'er my life preserve thy mild controul,
Correct my views, and elevate my soul;
Grant me thy peace and purity of mind,
Devout yet cheerful, active yet resign'd;
Grant me, like thee, whose heart knew no disguise,
Whose blameless wishes never aim'd to rise,
To meet the changes Time and Chance present,
With modest dignity and calm content.
When thy last breath, ere Nature sunk to rest,
Thy meek submission to thy God express'd;

When thy last look, ere thought and feeling fled,
A mingled gleam of hope and triumph shed;
What to thy soul its glad assurance gave,
Its hope in death, its triumph o'er the grave?—
The sweet Remembrance of unblemish'd youth,
The inspiring voice of Innocence and Truth!

No poet has been honoured with more imitators than Catullus. Among the ancients, *Propertius*, *Tibullus*, *Ovid* and *Martial;* among the moderns, *Joannes Secundus*, *Bonefonius*, *Flaminio* and *Dorat*, have greatly benefited by his labours. "In Flaminio," pronounces an elegant and accomplished critic, "we have the simplicity and tenderness of Catullus, without his licentiousness. To those who are acquainted with his writings, it will not be thought extravagant to assert, that many of them, in the species of composition to which they were confined, were never excelled. The question addressed by him to a friend respecting the writings of Catullus *Quando leggete—non vi sentite voi liquefare il cuore di dolcezza?* may with confidence be repeated to all those who are conversant with his works." *

* Roscoe's Life of Lorenzo Di Medici the Magnificent.

The *Basia* of Secundus have many beauties and are written in the spirit of the Veronese poet; Basium iii. and Basium xiv. are truly delicious. The fragment also *Ad Lydiam* attributed to Cornelius Gallus and published with the poems of Secundus, breathes all the ardors and tumultuous wishes of the lover in language exquisitely sweet and polished.

Various imitations too, translations and paraphrases of the more pleasing Carmina of Catullus are to be found dispersed through numerous collections of English poetry, and among the opuscula of many of our poets. Between twenty and thirty years ago, a work was published under the title of *Sentimental Tales* and which contains many very elegant and spirited versions from Catullus. The author has with much ingenuity woven the loves of Catullus and Lesbia into a well connected but fictitious story, and in 1793 Mr. Kendall of Exeter presented the public with a volume of poems of considerable merit, among which are several happy translations from the Bard of Verona.

From the specimens now given we may

without danger of contradiction, assert of Catullus, that no writer of ancient Italy possessed a greater facility of awakening the sweetest emotions of pity and of love; and that his descriptive powers would not suffer by a comparison with those of Lucretius and Virgil, might be proved, had we leisure, from his Carmen *De Nuptiis Pelei et Thetidos* which is of high value for its circumstantial and pictoresque imagery.

That a volume so estimable in many respects, should be disgraced by the *coarsest* obscenity and the *most* impure allusion, will ever be a cause of regret, but that these should be thought deserving of a translation, is, assuredly, to adopt the mildest language, a gross error of judgment. Let it be repeated therefore, that the Translator would confer no small obligation upon the public by presenting it with an edition freed from these disgusting blemishes.*

* I have lately received a letter from the ingenious translator, who informs me, it is his intention, should another edition be called for, to pursue the plan recommended in this Essay.

NUMBER XXVII.

Oh thou! who sleep'st where hazle bands entwine
The vernal grass, with paler voilets drest,
I would, sweet girl! thy humble bed were mine,
And mine, thy calm and enviable rest.
For never more, by human ills opprest,
Shall thy soft spirit fruitlessly repine:
Thou canst not now thy fondest hope resign
Even in the hour that should have made thee blest.
Light lies the turf upon thy "gentle" breast;
And lingering here, to love and sorrow true,
The youth, who once thy simple heart possest;
Shall mingle tears with April's early dew;
While still for him, shall faithful Memory save
Thy form and virtues from the silent grave.

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

May 15, 1790.

It is three years since I resided at the village of Ruysd—le, a few hamlets pictoresquely situated on the banks of the rapid Sw—le. Here, under a humble roof, and hard by the

village church, dwelt the worthy but unfortunate Frederick Arnold, the curate of a simple flock, and Maria, the gentle and modest Maria, his only daughter. Frederick, when I first knew him, was near sixty, a man of considerable judgment, and great sensibility of heart; his religion was pure and rational, and his charity extensive, for although the curacy was but small, yet, by temperance and œconomy, he contrived to bestow more than those of thrice his property. His manners were mild and engaging, his features expressive, and, when he spoke to the distressed, his eyes beamed a sweetness I shall never forget. By this mode of conduct he became the father of the village, not a soul within it but would willingly have sacrificed his happiness to oblige my amiable friend. Methinks I see him now walking across the green that spreads from the parsonage to the water's side; here, if the morning proved a fine one, would the young men and maidens of the village assemble to salute their pastor, and happy were they who, in return for a few flowers, or any other little testimony of their esteem, received a nod, a smile, or phrase of gratulation. Here also would his daughter often come, attendant on

her father, whom if, in my veneration for his character, I could accuse of any fault, it was in a too doating fondness for this lovely girl, who, had she not been blessed with an excellent disposition, would certainly have been injured by it. Maria Arnold was then eighteen, and though not handsome, yet was there a softness and expression in her countenance far superior to any regularity of feature; her eyes were dark, full, and liquid; her lips red and prominent; her hair of a deep brown; her complexion pale, but, when rather heated, a delicate suffusion overspread her cheek; and her person, although somewhat large, was elegant and well-formed. To these external graces were superadded the much more valuable ones of suavity of disposition and tenderness of heart. Maria wept not only at the tale of fiction, at the sufferings of injured beauty, or of graceful heroism; her pity and her bounty were extended to the loathsome scenes of squalid poverty and pale disease. Behold yon little cot, the woodbine winding over its mossy thatch! how often in that little cot have I seen her sooth the torture of convulsive agony; see! one hand supports that old man's hoary head; his languid eyes are fixed on hers, and feebly, as

the gushing tear pours down his withered cheek, he blesses the compassionate Maria. Thou gentle being! ever in the hour of pensive solitude, when fled from cares that vex my spirit, ever did I call to mind thy modest virtues; even now, whilst musing on the scenes of Ruysd—le; even now my fancy draws the very room, where, when the evening closed the labours of the weary villager, the conversation or the music of Maria added rapture to the social hour. It was plain, I remember, but elegant, and ornamented with some sketches of Maria's in aqua tinta; at one end stood her harpsichord, and near it a mahogany case of well-chosen books; one window looked upon the green, and the other, the upper panes of which were overspread by the intermingling fibres of a jessamine tree, had the view of a large garden, where the fortunate combination of use and pictoresque beauty took place under the direction of my friend. Here, the window-shutters closed, and the candles brought in, would Arnold, sitting in his arm-chair, and the tear of fondness starting in his eye, listen to the melting sweetness of Maria's voice, or conversing on subjects of taste and morality, instruct, whilst he highly entertained his willing auditors.

It was in one of these solitary moments of reflection, when the mind feeds on past pleasure with a melancholy joy, that I determined to take the first opportunity of once more seeing my much-loved Arnold and his daughter, and it is three weeks since, having prepared every thing for the purpose, I left my house early in the morning; my heart throbbed with impatience, and full of anticipation, I promised myself much and lasting happiness. Occupied by these flattering ideas, I arrived on the afternoon of the third day within a mile of Ruysd—le. It had been gloomy for some time, and during the last hour, there fell much and heavy rain, which increasing rapidly, and the thunder being heard on the hills, I rode up to a farm house within a few paces of the road. Here I met with a cordial welcome from the master of the humble mansion, whom I had known at Ruysd—le, and for whom I had a sincere regard; he shook me heartily by the hand, and sate me down to his best fare; and having dried my cloaths, and taken some refreshment, I told him the purport of my journey, that I had come to see the good curate and his daughter. Scarce had I finished the sentence when the poor man burst into

tears, "Thomas," I exclaimed, "what is the matter? you alarm me!"

'Ah, your honour, I must needs give way to it, else my heart would break; we 've had sad work, I 'm sure your honour would never have gotten over it; master Arnold—' "What of Arnold, is he ill?" 'No, your honour.' "What then?" 'But Miss Maria—' "What of her?" 'Miss Maria, your honour, poor Miss Maria, is to be buried to morrow morning, there is not a dry eye in the village; she was so kind and charitable to the poor, and spoke so sweetly that we all loved her as if she had been our own child. Ah! many a time and oft have I seen her weep when poor folks were distressed and ill. Thomas, would she say, for she often came down, your honour, when my wife lay badly, Thomas, how does Mary do? don't be out of spirits, for what with my nursing and yours, Thomas, she 'll soon be better. And then she would sit down by the bed-side and speak so sweetly that I cannot help crying when I think on 't. God knows! she has been cruelly dealt by, and, if your honour will give me leave, I 'll tell you all about it.' I bowed my head, and the farmer

went on with his relation. 'About a twelvemonth after your honour left us, 'Squire Stafford's lady, of H—t—n hall died, and the young Miss being melancholy for want of company, Miss Maria went to stay there some time; they were fast friends and very fond of each other. Now, Mr. Henry, the young 'Squire, who came from college on his mother's death, and who, to say the truth, is the handsomest and best natured gentleman I ever set eyes on, what should he do but fall in love with Miss Maria, and wanted to marry her; but the old gentleman, who, as I hear, never had a good word in the country, and who, God forgive me! I believe is no better than he should be, fell into a violent passion, and stamped and raved like a madman, and made Mr. Henry promise not to think any thing more about it. So all remained quiet for a great while; but Miss Maria was not forgot, your honour, for whilst she was upon a second visit at the 'Squire's, about four months ago, Mr. Henry tried to carry her off, but the servants were too nimble for them, and they were brought back again, and then there were sad doings indeed: Miss Maria fell into fits; and Mr. Henry, after having had a terrible

quarrel with his father, was sent to Dover the next morning, and ordered to embark for France. A very short time, your honour, after Mr. Henry had been gone, poor Miss Maria was discovered to be with child, and the 'Squire, in spite of all the tears and entreaties of his daughter, turned Miss Maria out of doors, nor would he let her have the chaise, but locking up Miss Stafford, obliged her to walk home by herself, and your honour knows, it is ten long miles. All this was done in such a hurry that nobody knew of it here, and one fine sunshiny evening, as we were dancing upon the green before the parsonage-house, for it was always our custom, as your honour knows, a young woman very neatly dressed appeared at one end of the village; she was faint and weary, and sitting herself down began to cry; we all left off dancing and went to see what was the matter: but alas! who should it be but poor Miss Maria,—oh, I shall never forget it the longest day I have to live; her hands were clasped together, and her eyes were turned towards heaven; she looked like an angel, your honour; we none of us could speak to her, but we all wept, and then she gave a great sigh and fell upon the ground. But, alack a day!

whilst we were endeavouring to bring Miss Maria to life again, somebody having told Mr. Arnold, he came running breathless and almost distracted to the place, and taking his daughter in his arms, he looked upon her in such a manner, and then upon us, and then towards heaven, that it almost broke our hearts, for he could not speak, your honour, his heart was so full he could not speak, but just at this moment Miss Maria opened her eyes, and seeing her father, she shrieked and fell into strong fits; he started, and snatching her hastily up, ran towards the parsonage, and here, the fits continuing, she miscarried. As for poor Mr. Arnold, he was quite overcome, and he wept and took on so sorely that we thought he would never have got the better of it. 'Oh my Maria,' he said, 'you have killed your poor father,' you have bowed him with sorrow to the grave;' and then he knelt down by the bed-side, 'forsake me not my God,' he cried, 'in mine old age, when I am grey-headed, forsake me not when my strength faileth me.' He then got up to comfort Miss Maria, but she would not be comforted, and kept crying, her dear father could not forgive her; but he said he could, and kissed her, and then she

wept a great deal and was quiet. All the village, by this time, had got round the parsonage, and there was not a single soul, your honour, but what was in tears; we all put up our prayers for her, but they would not do, she never got the better of it; she every day grew worse, and would sometimes call upon Mr. Henry, and complain of the cruelty of his father, and then she would fall down upon her knees and ask forgiveness of poor Mr. Arnold, who was almost distracted at the sight; but it is all over, your honour, she is now at rest, and may heaven reward her as she deserves.'

What my sensations were during this recital, it is impossible to describe; I can only say, that I felt myself so overpowered by the sudden and shocking piece of information, that, void of strength, I sank into a chair, faint, and unable to express the agony of my mind. The rapturous ideas of happiness with which I had fondly heated my imagination, were now no more: in their place, a scene, of all others the most distressing to my heart, presented itself, the image of my worthy Arnold stretched weeping on the body of his Maria, of that Maria, whose innocence and simplicity were

so dear to me. Even now my soul shudders at the recollection of this dreadful moment. Accursed be the wretch that brought thee low, thou gentlest of the forms of virtue! may anguish torture his corrupted heart! little wert thou able to contend with misery such as this, with the pang of disappointed love, and the brutal violence of unfeeling passion, for thou wert mild as

——————Patience, "who,"
Her meek hands folded on her modest breast,
In mute submission lifts the adoring eye
Even to the storm that wrecks her.

MASON.

When the poignancy of grief was abated, I mingled my tears with the honest farmer's, whose sensibility of heart, the genuine effusion of pity and affection, had strongly impressed me in his favour. I spent the night under his roof, and in the morning bidding him a melancholy farewel, I rode on to Ruysd—le, with an intention of seeing my afflicted friend, and of being present at the awful ceremony; for, in the state of mind I was then in, it was a pensive luxury I would not have foregone on any consideration.

When I came within sight of the parsonage, my sensations nearly overcame me; here, I once fondly hoped to have found the same domestic felicity and contentment I had formerly experienced; but, mark the mutability of human bliss! this spot, so lately the abode of happiness and of innocence, now appeared the seat of silence and of solitude, of sorrow and of death. Scarce had I resolution to approach the house, for although I well knew the resignation and the piety of Arnold, yet I dreaded to recall those scenes, the recollection of which would only give edge to his sufferings and fresh misery to his painful task. The villagers were assembled on the green, dressed in their neatest cloaths, and those who could afford it, in black. There was not a whisper heard among them, the tear rolled down their honest cheeks, and on their features dwelt the sentiments of pity and regret. A lane was formed for me as I passed along; we interchanged not a word; I cast my eyes upon the ground; They wept aloud. I was so much affected I could scarce sit upon my horse, and leaving it at a small cottage when I got through them, I went to the parsonage on foot. I entered, and meeting a servant in the hall, he

pointed to the parlour and retired. I advanced towards it, the door was half open, and sliding softly in, a spectacle presented itself whose impression will never be erased from my memory. In the middle of the room was placed the coffin of Maria, the lid was taken off, and beside it, in his robes, knelt the unfortunate Frederick Arnold, Maria's lifeless hand was locked in his, and on her clay-cold corse were fixed his streaming eyes. A considerable shade was thrown over the room, the windows looking upon the green being closed up, but through the garden window the sun broke in, and shone full upon the features of Arnold; his countenance was pale, languid, but remarkably interesting, and received a peculiar degree of expression from the tint of the morning light, and his hair, which had early become white, was scattered in thin portions over his temples and forehead. I stood impressed with awe, my soul was filled with compassion, and I wished to indulge my sorrow, but as Arnold did not perceive me, I thought it best not to interrupt him, and was therefore going to retire, when suddenly rising up, he exclaimed, 'Farewel, my Maria, thou that wert the solace of mine age, farewel! oh, if thy unembodied

spirit still hovers o'er this scene of things, be present to thy afflicted father, pour comfort into his wounded bosom, sure to do this will be thy paradise, Maria, and sure thou hast met with thy reward. What, if unavailing regret still tortures this distracted heart, still brings thy injured form to view, yet, through the mercies of my God, will I look forward with hope; I will meet thee, O, my daughter, in heaven. God of mercies hear me!' "He will, he will, thou good old man," I cried, "he will listen to thy prayer." Arnold started; 'Is it thou, my son?' he said, and, falling upon my neck, he wept; then presently recovering himself, he advanced with composure towards the coffin: 'Come hither,' he cried, 'and view the remains of fallen innocence and beauty; see, my son, what one step from rectitude of conduct has produced; see the unfortunate Maria.' I advanced, and, kneeling down, kissed the pale hand of Maria; a sweet serenity dwelt upon her features, and she seemed to be asleep; I would have spoken, but I could not, I sighed in a convulsive manner, for the tumult of my spirits quite oppressed me; and Arnold observing this, seized my arm, and ordering the coffin to be

screwed down, conveyed me into another room. Here, in a little time, I recovered some calmness of mind, and Arnold, taking me by the hand, desired me to collect all my fortitude. 'I go to bury my Maria,' he said, 'but let not the murmurings of discontent break in upon the sacred rite; to Providence, not to us, the chastenings of mortality are given.' Having said this, he quitted the room, and, giving orders for the procession, proceeded to the church. In a few minutes the coffin was carried out upon the green; it was covered with black velvet, over which was thrown a pall of white sattin, and here half a dozen young women, dressed in white supported it, whilst as many in the same habit walked two and two before, and the like number behind it. They sang a dirge adapted to the occasion, and with slow and solemn steps went forward to the church. The whole village followed, and never was sorrow better painted than in the features of this mournful group. I loitered at a little distance, absorbed in the melancholy of my own reflections.

———————————the bell
Of death beat slow!————

> It paused now, and now with rising knell
> Flung to the hollow gale its sullen sound.
>
> MASON.

The wind sighed through the yew-trees, and the face of nature seemed to darken with oppressive gloom. We entered the church, where after all things had been duly arranged, the ceremony was begun. A calm resignation was apparent in the countenance of Arnold; and as he pronounced the sublime and pathetic language of the service, a kind of divine enthusiasm lightned from his eyes. Now and then his speech would faulter, and the tear would trickle down his cheek, and I witnessed many an effort to suppress the tender emotions of his soul; but a high sense of the duty of his office kept within restriction the feelings of the father. He had now proceeded a considerable way in the service, and the corse was made ready to be laid into the earth, when suddenly the folding doors of the church were thrown open, and a young man, in mourning, rushed vehemently in; his aspect was hurried and wild, and he exclaimed in a loud but convulsive tone of voice, "Where is my Maria, think not to wrest her from me, I will see her

once more; I come to die with thee, my love. Stand off, ye inhuman wretches, off, and give me way," He then broke through the crowd, which had opposed him, and seeing the coffin, he started some paces backwards; "Help me, she is murdered," he exclaimed, "My gentle love is murdered;" and throwing himself on the coffin he became speechless with agony. It was with the utmost difficulty we tore him from it; he struggled hard, and his eyes darted fire; but at length, having liberated himself, he paused a moment; then, striking his forehead with his hand, he muttered, "I will—'tis fit it should be so," and darting furiously through the aisle, disappeared. But scarce had we time to breathe, before he again entered, dragging in a man advanced in years; "Come on, thou wretched author of my being," he exclaimed; "come see the devastation thou hast made!" and compelling him to approach the coffin; "look," he said, "see where she bleeds beneath thy ruthless arm! Oh! my deserted love; seest thou not how she supplicates thy mercy! perdition——but I will not curse thee, O my father, I will not curse thee;" and saying this he threw himself on the coffin. The old man, in the mean time, became the

very picture of horror; his hair stood erect, his face was pale as death, and his teeth struck each other; he looked first upon the coffin, and then upon his son, and, racked with pity and remorse, he at last burst into tears: 'Have compassion on me, my son;' he cried, 'kill not thy father.' "It is enough," said the youth, slowly lifting up his head; "it is enough, my father;" and being now more calm, we prevailed upon him to arise; and Arnold, after some time, concluded the ceremony.

Our consternation during this dreadful scene, may be readily conceived, and how much it would shock the feelings of the worthy curate; who, after the first tumult of surprise had ceased, conducted himself with all that dignity and mildness of manner so peculiarly engaging in his character. Old Stafford, and his son, who was with difficulty persuaded to quit the church, were now led to the parsonage. Their appearance had been occasioned by a letter written by Miss Stafford to her brother, mentioning the situation of Maria, her miscarriage, indisposition, and the treatment she had met with; and, irritated to the highest degree, he immediately left the continent, and arrived at

his father's house early on the same day Maria was buried. Her death was unknown at H—t—n hall, and Henry insisted upon his father's accompanying him immediately to the curate's, as his presence would be necessary for the satisfaction of both parties. Mr. Stafford was much averse to the measure; but as his son's health had been lately upon the decline, and his present agitated state of mind contributed greatly to increase his complaint, he reluctantly complied with his request, still hoping to avoid so unprofitable a connection. Upon their arrival at Ruysd—le, they drove to the parsonage, and being there informed of the death of Maria, and that the burial service was then actually performing, the carriage was ordered to the church, and Henry rushed in, in the manner above mentioned.

The Staffords, having continued a couple of days at the parsonage, returned to H—t—n Hall. Young Stafford's health is much impaired, and it is apprehended he will fall a sacrifice to the unfeeling tyranny of a father, whose remorse is now as excessive as it is fruitless.

I purpose remaining a few months with my worthy friend, until time hath in some degree mitigated the pressure of his misfortune. I find also a melancholy pleasure in visiting the many scenes in this neighbourhood, whose romantic and sequestered beauty gave employment to the pencil and the taste of Maria, and I am now finishing this hasty sketch on the banks of the rapid Sw—le, and under the shelter of an oak, whose antique branches throw a broad and deep shade athwart his surface; turbulent he pours along beneath yon scowling precipice, he rises from his bed, and wild his gloomy spirit shrieks. Here can I indulge the fervor of my imagination; here can I call up the fleeting forms of fancy; I can here hold converse with Maria; and, yielding to the pensive bias of my mind, enjoy the torrent and the howling storm.

HORACE,

BOOK II. SATIRE VI.

IMITATED.*

Hoc erat in votis, &c. &c.

'Twas oft my earnest wish some Knight or Peer
Would give me just three hundred pounds a
year,
Some easy rectory, or some snug retreat,
With pleasant parsonage, not too small or great;
That, and still more, the bounteous fates have
sent,
And given that first best blessing of content.
Brib'd by no pension, tempted by no place,
I spurn at riches purchas'd with disgrace;
Nor yet to passion, or to pride a slave,
Have wasted all the little wealth they gave,
Nor idly wish my lucky stars to grant
Some hidden treasure more than what I want.

* For this very spirited and pleasing Imitation of Horace, I am indebted to my friend the Rev. Francis Drake, B. D. Fellow of Maudlin College, Oxford.

When from the Town I seek the sylvan shade,
The Muse shall lend me all her magic aid;
'Midst the cool grove, nor love of pomp, or
power,
Nor party rage disturb my happier hour;
The Muse alone my constant guide and friend,
Of all my joys, beginning and the end.
Forc'd by some friend's importunate request,
To give up all my love of peace and rest,
Obliged to jostle thro' the crowded street,
And elbow every mortal that I meet,
Push thro' the courts, and hasten without fail,
For some poor client to give bond or bail;
The motley mob with sneers mistake my case,
And think me pushing for some stall, or place;
Thus while I bustle thro' the busy town,
An hundred cares disturb me—not my own:
One begs at early hour I would support
His cause to morrow at the public court;
Another urging will take no denial,
And cites me as a Witness at his trial:
While others rudely pull me by the coat,
And loudly ask my interest and my vote.

'Tis now some years, since first a noble Peer
Wou'd take my hand, and whisper in my ear;

Ask me to dine, commend some pleasant spot,
And talk of trifles which are soon forgot,
As who acts best in Reynold's last new play,
Or what the news, and rumour of the day:
Say can the Spaniards join the gallic fleet,
Or will at length the proud Direct'ry treat?—
When I protest I know no more than they,
They think me wond'rous sly, and walk away.–

Thus do my hours insipid steal along,
While this is still the burden of my song.—
Hail, far-fam'd Maudlin! when will heaven please
'Midst thy cool groves to indulge my love of ease?
In active indolence amuse my time,
And pass the peaceful hours with books and rhyme.
Sooth the dull cares, and tumults of my breast,
And gently lull the sober soul to rest.—
Or, when at home, my neighbouring friends regale,
A social circle, with my nut-brown ale,
Or good old port, while every welcome guest
Without controul just drinks as he likes best.
No trifling subjects our discourse engage
Of Opera Dancers, or the Comic Stage,

What this fine palace, that proud villa cost,
But what concerns each serious mortal most.
Does real bliss from wealth, or virtue flow?
What makes, and keeps men happy here below;
What best our mutual friendship will maintain,
What yields most pleasure, and what gives
least pain?

Should some old friend with honest rage
relate,
How starving Elways gain'd his vast estate,
The gentle Shenstone wou'd begin a tale,
As thus——In some remote and lonely vale
There liv'd a sober mouse, whose homely board
Could every day one frugal meal afford;
A pamper'd mouse resolv'd one day to spend
A few spare hours and visit this old friend;
With hearty welcome he receives his guest,
And opes his cup-board to provide the best,
Serves him at table with officious care,
And heaps his plate with lumps of country fare;
The civil mouse with delicate disgust
Nibbles some cheese, or gnaws some mouldy
crust;
When thus he cries, too long you have endur'd
Within this dismal cave to live immur'd;

Leave these dull scenes, unknowing and un-
known,
And taste with me the pleasures of the Town;
Short is our life, the coward and the brave
Alike descend beneath the silent grave.
Thus said, with eager haste they post away,
And reach the city at the close of day.
There in a palace with rich carpets spread,
They lie luxurious on a silken bed;
There joyous revel 'midst the luscious store
Of costly dainties left the day before.—
The well-bred mouse his rustic guest attends,
Tastes every dish, their qualities commends,
While the poor cull with secret joy elate,
Smiles, and indulges in his change of state.
When lo! the doors unlock with jarring sound,
A motley rabble fills the room around,
Half dead with fear the trembling culprits stole
To seek for safety thro' some lucky hole,
While thus the rustic as in haste he flies,
With scorning sneer, adieu, kind Sir, he cries,
Your taste is much more elegant than mine,
I like not so much company to dine,
Content with coarser bill of fare to dwell,
Secure from danger in my humble cell.

NUMBER XXVIII.

Ill-fated Poesy! as human worth,
Prais'd, yet unaided, often sinks to earth;
So sink thy powers; not doom'd alone to know
Scorn, or neglect, from an unfeeling Foe,
But destin'd more oppressive wrong to feel
From the misguided Friend's perplexing zeal.
Such Friends are those, who in their proud display
Of thy young beauty, and thy early sway,
Pretend thou 'rt robb'd of all thy worth sublime,
By the benumbing touch of modern Time.

HAYLEY.

MANY critics more querulous than just, have lately employed themselves in depreciating the efforts of the modern muses, and several of our literary and periodical publications have teemed with reflections on the sterility, and want of genius apparent in the present cultivators of this enchanting art. They insist with rapture on the beauties of our ancient poets, and are willing to believe that the invention

and imagery of their contemporaries are puerile and absurd. Should a single poem make its appearance whose style is tumid and glittering with meretricious ornament, not satisfied with reprobating the individual attempt, they launch forth into extravagant encomia on the simplicity of a former age, and pass undiscriminate and unqualified censure on what they term the prevailing taste. Even some men of acknowledged genius from an undue bias to antiquity, have inadvertently given into this sweeping mode of criticism, than which nothing can be more futile and absurd. These *laudatores temporis acti*, who dwell so much upon the general and superior merit of our poetry in the ages of Elizabeth and the Charles's, would do well to reflect that in those periods the language was extremely incorrect; that beauty of arrangement, propriety of selection, and delicacy of sentiment were, for the most part, unknown, and it may, without any hazard of contradiction, be asserted, that from these boasted eras no one production can be drawn possessing an uniform chastity of style and thought. Even our three great poets, Spenser, Shakspeare, and Milton, are clogged with materials that press heavy on the patience of the critical

reader, and certainly abound in quaintnesses, puerilities and conceits which would blast the reputation of any poet of the present day. Not to mention many cantos of Spenser which, I am afraid, must be pronounced both tedious and disgusting, the Paradise Lost would be greatly diminished were its metaphysic and abstruse theology, surely no proper ornaments of an epic poem, entirely expunged. The third book, its exquisite invocation, and a few other passages excepted, is more worthy the genius of Thomas Aquinas than of Milton, and of Shakspeare it may justly be affirmed that many of his plays are barely tolerated out of deference to the excellencies of his happier productions. The beauties of these writers are, however, above all praise, and I am accustomed to approach their works with an admiration almost bordering upon idolatry. But let not their faults, the faults, in a great measure, of the age in which they existed, be thrown into the shade for the purpose of enhancing the lustre of their genius when placed in competition with that of their disciples. They want no such injudicious aid, nor does the negative praise of avoiding their blemishes constitute the sole merit of our present race of

poets; it will be found perhaps ere the subject be concluded, that an emulation of their inventive powers, as well as a solicitude to escape their errors, is the proper foundation of their fame. As to the various poets who were coexistent with our three immortal bards, though they occasionally exhibit very brilliant passages, yet are they mingled with such a mass of obscurity, vulgarity, obscenity and colloquial barbarism, that he must be a very hardy critic indeed, who can venture to station them on a level with the modern votaries of the muse.

Simplicity of language in a rude age, or in one approximating towards civilization, is merely casual, for as Dr. Aikin has justly observed, "a simple age is never sensible of the merit of its own simplicity, but on the contrary, is fond of laying on with profusion all the ornament it possesses." * That exquisite selection of style and thought, which stamps such attraction on many of the first-rate productions of our own period, is the result of systematic refinement, and of the pro-

* Letters from a Father to his Son, p. 21.

gress of language toward perfection. It would be no difficult task to prove, that in the art of composition, with regard to purity of diction and felicitous structure of sentence, the present reign is greatly superior to any former era, and as to poetry, I believe we can produce no truly correct poet before the lyric Gray, for even Pope has illegitimate rhymes, and gross grammatical inaccuracies. Nor will it be an arduous attempt to convince the unprejudiced, that in vigour of conception, in warmth and boldness of imagery, our chief poets for the last forty or fifty years have little reason to shrink from competition with their predecessors.

In the very ingenious introduction by Mr. Headley, to the *Select Beauties of Ancient English Poetry*, and which contains many very elegant and acute remarks, I have ever been astonished at the following unqualified assertion. "That Key," says the author, "which is most beautifully feigned by the poet* to have been given by Nature to Shakspeare, and which was likewise in the hands of some few

* Gray, Ode v. The Progress of Poesy.

of his contemporaries, 'that oped the sacred source of sympathetic tears,' *seems now, and has done for a century past irrecoverably lost.*"‡ The chief scope indeed of the Essay from whence this is taken, is to inculcate a decided preference for the poetry of the age of Elizabeth and Charles, yet it is scarcely to be imagined that any person, especially one so well versed in our literature as Mr. Headley indisputably was, could have failed to recollect that some of our most pathetic poets have flourished since these reigns. Not Shakspeare himself can vie with Otway in eliciting the tear of pity, and had Mr. Headley forgotten the *Isabella* of Southern, and the *Fatal Curiosity* of Lillo; had he forgotten the *Eloisa* of Pope, the pathetic pieces of Collins and the *Night Thoughts* of the melancholy Young, and above all had he forgotten the poems ascribed to Rowley and to Ossian, the latter the most pathetic of all bards, for I must consider both these collections as modern? nay even whilst quoting Mr. Gray he seems totally to have thrown into oblivion his inimitable elegy.

‡ Vide Introduction, p. 28,

In another part of the same Introduction he gives us a list of poets from the accession of Elizabeth inclusively to the restoration of Charles the second, a period of ninety-one years, and considers these as forming a constellation in poetic lustre far superior to any that can be exhibited from that time to this, a space amounting to nearly a century and a half.

Now, without any recurrence to poets of a date anterior to 1755, I hope to be able to shew that so far from our poetical genius having degenerated, a cluster of names may be formed during the lapse of less than half a century, which perhaps, with the exception of a single individual, the unrivalled Shakspeare, will rise superior, not only to the phalanx Mr. Headley has arranged, but to the entire previous body of our poetry should it be mustered in opposition to the product of the period we have assigned. Before entering however into any disquisition relative to our modern luminaries, it will be necessary to place before the reader the table of Mr. Headley, and a few strictures on its contents.

Elizabeth began to reign in 1558.

Epic Poets.	*Philosophical and Metaphysical.*	*Dramatic.*	*Historical.*
Spenser. Milton. Davenant.	Sir J. Davies. Phin. Fletcher. Giles Fletcher. H. More.	G. Gascoyne. Shakspeare. Massinger. Jonson. Beaumont and Fletcher. Shirley.	Niccols. Sackville. Daniel. Drayton. May. I. Beaumont.
Satyrical.	*Pastoral.*	*Amatory and Miscellaneous.*	*Translators.*
Hall. Marston. Rowlands. Donne.	Warner. Drayton. Browne. Fairfax.	Raleigh. Drummond. Marlowe. Cowley. Carew. Corbet. King. Habington. Cartwright. Randolph. Suckling.	Fairfax. Sandys. Crashawe.

Such is the list which the elegant Collector of the *Ancient Beauties of English Poetry* esteems unrivalled. That a very splendid and valuable poetic mass is here accumulated

within less than a century cannot be denied, but if we withdraw the names of Shakspeare and Milton, the rest will be totally unable, I conceive, to support the contest even with the poets of the last forty or fifty years, Let us now however briefly notice the principal members in the order of their arrangement, and in the first place, with regard to Spenser it may be asserted that though possessing a splendid imagination and much accurate descriptive painting, abounding in strong personification, and displaying great tenderness of heart, yet is his *Fairy Queene*, from its allegorical form, its want of unity and compression, nearly devoid of interest, and to many of his readers, I apprehend, proves not unfrequently very tedious. He who has once read Spenser through, will not probably be induced to repeat the entire perusal, but marking the more brilliant passages will again and again, and with undiminished pleasure, have recourse to his selection. His style too, is affectedly obsolete, but there is occasionally a naïveté in his diction and manner that is peculiarly fascinating, and though some of his cantos might be lost without a sigh, yet will his work be ever valued as a store-house of bold and circumstantial imagery.

If Milton in sublimity has never been exceeded, though it will be found hereafter that some authors of the present day have made a near approach to his excellencies in this department, yet in the pathetic and the beautiful he will frequently be obliged to yield the palm. His chief deficiencies are in the third and twelfth books, and his fable involves no close or national interest. Nothing can well be more erroneous than the opinion of Addison when, speaking of the interest of the Iliad and Æneid as arising from national subjects, he observes, "Milton's poem is admirable in this respect, since it is impossible for any of its readers, whatever nation, country, or people he may belong to, not to be related to the persons who are the principal actors in it."* 'One should hardly have supposed' remarks our Poet Laureat, 'that Addison could have been ignorant of the obvious truth, that every affection is exactly weakened in proportion to its becoming general. There is no distinction so great in civil life as that between a man and any other animal, and yet I never knew a person proud of this last distinction, though

* Spectator, No. 273.

there is no elevation of rank so inconsiderable as not to have awakened pride in some bosoms. The same thing happens to the other passions. We are strongly affected by a tale of private distress, even if not extending to danger or death; but we read without any emotion, of'

In one great day, on Hockstet's fatal plain,
French and Bavarians, twenty thousand slain,
Push'd through the Danube to the shores of Styx;
Squadrons eighteen, battalions twenty-six.

PRIOR.†

Of the fragment of Davenant it will be sufficient to observe, that his mode of versification, and his total rejection of machinery were of themselves adequate to produce neglect. It has however its beauties, though not of the first order, and these have met with elucidation in the elegant critique of Dr. Aikin.

Under the next class we find the names of Sir I. Davies and the two Fletchers, authors of the *Nosce Teipsum*, *The Purple Island* and *Christ's Victory*, poems from which may be

† Pye's Commentary on the Poetic of Aristotle, p. 163.

detached a few morsels of exquisite simplicity and descriptive beauty, but when taken in the mass, criticism, if impartial, must pronounce them insufferably tedious and quaint. The anatomy of the human body is a subject little calculated for poetry, and would weigh down the first abilities; nor is the theology of Giles Fletcher in the least better adapted to the decorations of the Muse. The production of Davies has more terseness and perspicuity, but in poetical genius he is inferior to the two brothers.

In the dramatic department occurs the mighty name of Shakspeare; but as with him all competition is hopeless, I shall only remark, that his *Macbeth*, *Lear* and *Tempest*, will perhaps to the remotest period of time, continue unrivalled. It is possible, however, to conceive that the genius of Shakspeare may be combined with the chastity and correctness of Sophocles, but the birth of such a prodigy is scarcely to be expected.

There was a period when the productions of Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher were preferred to those of Shakspeare. We are now

astonished at the miserable taste of our ancestors, for of Jonson, the celebrated but pedantic Jonson, if we except two or three of his comedies, there is little commendatory to be said. His tragedies are tame and servile copies from the ancients, and though in his comedies of the *Fox*, the *Silent Woman* and the *Alchemist* the characters are strongly cast, and have both wit and humour, they are of a kind by no means generally relished or understood, nor would they now, nor probably will they hereafter, have any popularity on the stage.

Massinger, Beaumont and Fletcher have certainly many beauties, but I question whether they possess a single piece which a correct taste could endure without very great alteration, and they are loaded with such a mass of obscenity and vulgar buffoonery, that compared with them Shakspeare is chaste and decorous in the extreme. It may justly be said, I think, that their tragedies fall far, very far short indeed, of the energy and all-commanding interest of Shakspeare's, and their comedies, I suspect, are even greatly inferior to Jonson's both in plot and humour. They

are certainly however superior in genius to Jonson: they have more simplicity and pathos, and their blank verse has very frequently a peculiar felicity of construction. The madness of the Jailor's Daughter in the *Two Noble Kinsmen* of Beaumont and Fletcher approximates very closely to the manner and style of Shakspeare, and their *Philaster* can boast of many tender and beautifully expressed scenes. The *Bloody Brother* too of these authors is conducted with much art and dramatic effect. Fletcher indeed, seems to have possessed an exquisite sensibility, and had he not sacrificed so much to the degrading propensities of his age, might, as the British Euripides, have attained a most honourable station in the Temple of Pity.

Historical poetry is little susceptible of the highest beauties of the art, being too rigidly confined to allow room for the imagination to expand; it has therefore, save when it has assumed the dramatic form, seldom been popular. The *Mirror for Magistrates* is now almost, and perhaps deservedly, forgotten, for if we except the Induction of Sackville, which is undoubtedly an exquisite piece of allegory

and a few passages by Niccols, it is a compilation more remarkable for dulness than for any other quality. Daniel can lay claim to good sense, to perspicuity of style, and smoothness of diction, but these alone will not constitute a poet, and the author of the *Civil Warres* must be content with the character of mediocrity. Of Drayton the best parts are pastoral, and these are indeed truly excellent; his *Legends*, however, his *Heroical Epistles* and his *Barons Warres* contain many pathetic passages, but his most elaborate work the *Poly-Olbion* exhibits much more of the Antiquary than of the Poet. Drayton is frequently a pleasing but never a great poet. Of May and Beaumont it is not necessary to say much, the former is occasionally nervous and energic, and their national subjects might enhance their reputation; their poems however are little superior to gazettes in rhyme.

In the column allotted to Satire are four names, and of these Hall, in my opinion, is alone entitled to celebrity. His satires are in truth, for the period in which he wrote, wonderful productions, and evince great knowledge of character and great spirit and harmony in

versification.* As to Donne, if it be true, that the purport of poetry should be to please, no author has written with such utter neglect of the rule. It is scarce possible for a human ear to endure the dissonance and discord of his couplets, and even when his thoughts are clothed in the melody of Pope, they appear to me hardly worth the decoration.

I have already in a paper on pastoral poetry given my opinion at some length on that delightful species of composition, and have mentioned Warner as entitled to no small share of fame. His simplicity of style and thought is often exquisitely appropriate, but his *Albion's England* is a bulky work, and were his pastoral beauties detached, which unfortunately form but a small portion of the whole, the rest must be given up as a compound of dulness and prolixity. The entire poem, however, as I have before observed, should be republished, as a single couplet in this author is sometimes peculiarly pleasing. Drayton too will be preserved from oblivion

* See an excellent piece of criticism on this author in Heron's Letters of Literature.

solely by his pastoral genius; though not equal perhaps to Warner he has numerous sweet passages which highly merit preservation. Had Browne paid due attention to simplicity and selection, he had been a favourite poet as long as the language he had written in should endure. He has accumulated a vast store of rural imagery, but his style and manner are so fantastic, so very quaint and puerile, that he is deservedly hastening to oblivion.

In noticing the catalogue of poets ranged under the title of *Amatory and Miscellaneous* it is impossible not to be struck with the mutability of popular applause. Cowley and Cartwright were the favourites of their times, were considered as the first of poets, celebrated by their literary contemporaries in loud and repeated panygerics, and their names familiar in every class of society. What is now their fate? To be utterly neglected, and, except to those who justly think it necessary to be intimate with every stage of our literature, nearly unknown. Have they deserved this? Let the patient reader wade through their numerous works, and he will probably answer, yes. The selection from Cowley by Dr. Hurd

has in some measure respited the unhappy poet, but even in these small volumes the judicious critic will prefer the prose to the poetry. Indeed in the whole of this list it appears to me that there is but one author, and that Drummond, whose poetry merits much praise. His sonnets are delicious and deserve the encomium that has been bestowed upon them. To say of Carew that he is superior to Waller is saying nothing, for if every line of Waller were lost, I know not that poetry would have any thing to lament. The works of both however should be preserved, and I hope ever will be, as necessary to mark the progress of our language toward refinement. It may be added that Corbet had wit, and that Raleigh had he made poetry a serious study might have attained to excellence. To expatiate on the merits of the remaining poets of this column would be as frivolous as to commence a discussion on the beauties of Spratt or Stepney, Duke or Yalden; we will therefore proceed to the Translators of this period, and of these Fairfax is entitled to great applause. I question whether any late attempt to naturalize the beautiful epic of Tasso can be considered as superior either in energy or

fidelity to this old but admirable version. In many places the diction of Fairfax is peculiarly pleasing, and he greatly excels in transfusing the rural imagery of his author, and which sometimes receives even improvement from his colouring. Had Mr. Brooke, however, lived to finish his translation of the Gerusalemme Liberata, of which unfortunately we have but three books, he would certainly have surpassed both Fairfax and Hoole. What he has given us is executed with so much taste and spirit, that it unavoidably excites acute regret that the worthy author was not permitted to complete an undertaking so happily commenced. From the specimen however with which Miss Watts has lately favoured the public, we have reason to expect a version that will probably leave little to wish for. Crashawe possessed the requisites of a genuine poet, enthusiasm and sublimity, but he never undertook any grand or original work. His choice of Marino, a poet abounding in concetti, was injudicious, and though his translation has several passages which challenge admiration, yet as a whole it is far from being pleasing. Many of his images are disgusting and absurdly gigantic, and tend rather to call up ludicrous than

terrible ideas. Of Sandys it will suffice to observe, that though his Ovid cannot now be read with any satisfaction, it had at the time of its publication, considerable merit; few poets, unless their powers be very great, who either write or translate before their language has received a due polish, and a regular construction, can hope to merit the attention of posterity.

NUMBER XXIX.

Free the young Bard from that oppressive awe,
Which feels Opinion's rule as Reason's law,
And from his spirit bid vain fears depart,
Of weaken'd Nature and exhausted Art!
Phantoms! that literary spleen conceives!
Dulness adopts, and Indolence believes!

HAYLEY.

HAVING in the preceding number commented on the arrangement of Mr. Headley, I shall now give a somewhat similar table of the poets who have honoured their country for the last forty or fifty years, offer some observations on the individuals who compose it, and contrast them, as I proceed, with those who have filled the more extended period from the accession of Elizabeth to the restoration of Charles.

In constructing this table it must be obvious that names only of prominent and acknowledged excellence could be inserted. It is probable, however, that some poets, who possess a legitimate claim to admission, may have been overlooked. To introduce these, when pointed out, will not only add strength to the object of this paper, but will impart a real pleasure to its author.

Epic.	*Dramatic.*	*Lyric.*	*Desriptive.*
Ossian.	Hoadley.	Gray.	Cowper.
Hole.	Moore.	Mason.	Hurdis.
Cumberland.	Mason.	Warton J.	Gisborne.
Southey.	Walpole.	Warton T.	Bidlake.
	Home.	Sayers.	Sotheby.
	Murphy.	Hole.	Burges.
	Colman.	Richards.	Bloomfield.
	Cumberland.	Coleridge.	
	Jephson.	Sargent.	
	Sheridan.	Whitehouse.	
	Chatterton.		
Didactic.	*Satyric.*	*Miscellaneous.*	*Translators.*
Mason.	Churchill.	Goldsmith.	Warton J.
Hayley.	Anstey.	Beattie.	Colman.
Downman.	Wolcot.	Hayley.	Mickle.
Polwhele.	Gifford.	Barbauld.	Potter.
Darwin.	The Author of The Pursuits of Literature.	Burns.	Hoole.
		Langhorne.	Jones Sir W.
		Cawthorne.	Boyd.
		Penrose.	Polwhele.
		Scott.	Cowper.
		Pratt.	Beresford.
		Williams Helen.	Brooke.
		Smith Charlotte.	Boscawen.
		Bowles.	Carlysle.
		Seward.	Sotheby.
		Pye.	
		Rogers.	
		Radcliffe.	
		Maurice.	
		Polwhele.	
		Campbell.	

The epic is confessedly the most elevated and difficult province of the poetic art, and requires both consummate genius, and an intimate knowledge of the science, literature, manners and customs, not only of the age in which the poet writes, but of the period also from whence he draws his fable. Homer, Virgil, Tasso and Milton seem to have possessed all the knowledge requisite for their elaborate and immortal productions, and though Ossian, supposing these poems to have the antiquity they claim, lived in an era comparatively barbarous, he was certainly the best informed and most ingenious chieftain of his age, and enjoyed the great advantage of describing scenes in which he himself was actually an important agent. The descriptions throughout the works of this bard are so undeviatingly correct and simple, so appropriate to the period in which he is supposed to have existed, that with many this alone is considered as an irrefragable proof of their antiquity; and indeed, should it ever be fully ascertained that these poems are the entire produce of the present century, Mr. Macpherson must not only be esteemed as one of the first poets, but as exhibiting an attention and skill in the preservation of costume hitherto

unparalleled. Ancient or modern, however, these poems must be viewed as pregnant with beauties of the highest rank; uniformly mild and generous in manners and sentiment, uniformly simple, pathetic and sublime, vivid and pictoresque in imagery, in diction rapid, nervous and concise, they are alike calculated to melt and meliorate the heart, to elevate and fire the imagination. I do not hesitate to affirm that, if in sublimity the palm must be allowed, and I think it must, to our great countryman, yet in the pathetic the Caledonian is far superior, not only to Milton, but to every other poet. Conceiving therefore, as I firmly do, that *Fingal* and *Temora* are solely indebted to Mr. Macpherson for their form, and for probably, a very considerable portion of their matter, and as the bard under whose name they are now published was totally unknown till within these forty years, I have placed them, and wish indeed there to place the whole collection which is in fact truly epic, at the head of the first department, where I am confident they need not fear comparison with any specimens of our elder poetry.

The gothic mythology which as an instru-

ment in the hands of Tasso and Shakspeare produced such wonderful effects, has until very lately little attracted notice. Gray indeed gave us a few spirited versions from the Edda, but since his death a taste for the wild and the terrible has been more cultivated and Wieland* and Bürger in Germany, and in our

* In a note to page sixty-three, volume the first, of this work, I have expressed regret that the *Oberon* of this poet had not assumed an English dress. Since that note was written a translation from the pen of William Sotheby, Esq. has made its appearance. My acquaintance with this admirable poem being hitherto through the medium of a very indifferent French version, it was with much pleasure and expectation, I took up the volumes of Mr. Sotheby; nor have I been disappointed. The versification is usually free and harmonious, and the diction in many places glows with a curious felicity of expression. The various descriptions of female beauty, and the numerous sketchings in landscape with which the Oberon abounds are given *con amore*. The elegant and happy machinery too of this poem, unfolding to so much advantage the luxuriant and sportive imagination of Wieland, has been transfused with energy and ease. As specimens of the success with which this attempt has been conducted, I shall transcribe a couple of passages; the first, descriptive of the wild illusions of the mind during disturbed sleep, the second, of pious abstraction from all worldly solicitude and thought. The delusive imagery arising from the night-mare is thus singularly drawn:

There, for example, I remember well,
When forth I went to saunter, free from care,
Heaven knows from whence, a black and bristly bear
Rush'd out before my path-way, grim as hell!
I, mute with horror, grasp my trusty blade,

island, Hole in his Epic of *Arthur*, Sayers in his *Dramatic Sketches of Northern Mythology*,

> Pull, pull in vain!—my limbs no longer aid—
> Down drop my slacken'd joints—the monster there
> Grows as I gaze—jaws widen—eyeballs glare!—
> I cannot fight, nor fly, by viewless force delay'd!
>
> Another time, when, from your evening meal
> You dream that home returning, by the way
> Where an old mansion totters in decay,
> As fearfully along the gloom you steal,
> At once a little window shutter rings,
> And looking, out a nose of giant springs
> Long as your arm! where'er you strive to fly,
> Before, behind, strange phantoms fix your eye,
> Loll out a length of tongue, and dart their fiery stings.
>
> Then while in deadly fright you breathless glide,
> And sideways press against the wall, behold
> A wrinkled hand with skinny finger cold,
> From a round hole at once is felt to slide
> Chill down your back, and fumbles you about
> From rib to rib, to pinch you well, no doubt:
> Up starts each bristling hair; to bar your flight
> The street still narrower grows before your sight,
> Colder the hand of ice, longer the giant snout!
>
> Canto iv.

The following picture of holy resignation cannot be too much admired.

> Now, bowed with years, his lov'd companion died—
> Alone remain'd the hermit, yet the more
> His spirit turn'd to that celestial shore,
> Where all he lov'd did with their God reside—
> There dwelt his soul—a wandering stranger here—

and a few authors of Romance, among whom Mrs. Radcliffe‡ holds a distinguished place,

'Mid the still night when objects disappear,
And bodies, as external senses die,
In their first nothing seem again to lie,
Oft on his cheek he felt a breathing spirit near.

Then his half-slumbering ears in trance perceive,
With shuddering rapture heard, the groves among,
Angelic harmonies, at distance sung,
For him the inexpressive chorus weave:
And as he lists he feels earth's slender wall,
That parts him from his friends, about to fall:
His spirit swells, a flame celestial bright
Burns in his breast, while rob'd in heavenly light
Shapes of the viewless world his soul responsive call.

These yet remain, when softly laid in sleep
His eyelids close, and in the morning's rays
When the wide world its theatre displays,
Still o'er his sense the warbled echos sweep;
A soul-felt glance of heavenly joy supreme
Gilds all around, the groves and mountains gleam;
And, over all, he sees the form divine,
The Uncreated in his creatures shine,
Bright as in drops of dew the sun's reflected beam.

Canto viii.

A table of contents prefixed to each canto should not be forgotten in a second edition; it is a desideratum, which, when supplied, will give a clear and connected view of the texture and conduct of this inimitable fable.

‡ I am happy to perceive that the very learned and ingenious author of *The Pursuits of Literature* entertains an opinion of this lady similar to

have spread a wider canvas and touched it with a glowing hand. *Arthur or the Northern Enchantment*, which has deservedly given Mr. Hole a place in our epic arrangement, has considerable merit in the construction of its fable. The agency of the northern *Parcæ* or Weird Sisters on the one side, and of Merlin on the other, forms a bold and well chosen system of machinery, whilst the human characters are pencilled with vigour and discrimination. Its interest, however, as already observed in a preceding number, would have been greater, had an appeal to the heart been more frequently introduced. The versification is free and varied, the poet having happily avoided that monotony which in works of length usually awaits the employment of the couplet.

that expressed in Number 17 of this work. These are his emphatic words, when censuring the common race of Novel-writers: "Not so the mighty magician of THE MYSTERIES OF UDOLPHO, bred and nourished by the Florentine Muses in their sacred solitary caverns, amid the paler shrines of Gothic superstition, and in all the dreariness of enchantment: a poetess whom Ariosto would with rapture have acknowledged, as the

La nudrita
Damigella Trivulzia AL SACRO SPECO." Orland. Furios. c. 46.

Vide Seventh Edition, p. 58.

Of the *Calvary* of Mr. Cumberland I have already given an analysis of considerable length, and shall here therefore only say, that he has so successfully emulated the spirit and sublimity of Milton, that his work will probably descend to remote ages, and when the name of our divine bard shall be sounded by admiring posterity, that of Cumberland will not be distant far.

Mr. Southey's *Joan of Arc*, though incorrect, and written with inexcusable rapidity, reflects great credit on his genius and abilities; the sentiments are noble and generous, and burn with an enthusiastic ardour for liberty; the characters, especially that of his Heroine, are well supported, and his visionary scenes are rich with bold and energetic imagery. His fable, however, I cannot but consider peculiarly unfortunate, as directly militating against national pride and opinion; most epic writers have been solicitous to acquire popularity by aggrandizing the heroic deeds and bold emprise of their respective nations, but in *Joan of Arc* the tide of censure falls upon one of our most gallant Kings, and who has ever been a favourite with the multitude. It is true that

the votaries of ambition scatter desolation in their train, and merit the indignant reprobation of every friend to humanity, but had Mr. Southey consulted his own fame and popularity he had chosen a different subject as the vehicle of his sentiments. The versification of this poem is in many parts very beautiful, and would have been altogether so, had the author condescended to bestow more time on its elaboration.† In his promised epic on the Discovery of America by Madoc, the ingenious poet, it is hoped, will apply more care and assiduity to the necessary work of perfecting and polishing.

Now, if we may be allowed to place Ossian in opposition to Milton, inferior in sublimity perhaps, though certainly infinitely more pathetic, our epic column will stand firm upon its base, and, rearing its majestic shaft, attract, through distant ages, the eye of genius and of taste.

† Since these observations were made Mr. Southey has published a second edition of the *Joan of Arc* in which many and great alterations, and, for the most part, highly to the advantage of the work, have taken place.

The Drama in the sixteenth, and during a great part of the seventeenth century was written with little attention to the rules of composition, and, except in the hands of Shakspeare, was for the most part either monstrous or abortive. The plays of Massinger, Beaumont and Fletcher abound with the wildest incongruities both in matter and form, and though Jonson was infinitely more regular yet he wanted the essential of genius. Succeeding poets have however made nearer approaches to the perfectibility of art, and few tragedies have been produced within the present century without due regard to mechanism of fable, to decorum of scene, and propriety of style. But as attention to the dictates of criticism will not alone constitute a good play, it is necessary to shew that the poets within our prescribed period want not what is otherwise vital and requisite to their art. In tragedy, as was observed before, we must avoid entering the lists with Shakspeare, but with his contemporary bards we can court comparison in triumph. With this exception who can produce a tragedy from the bosom of the sixteenth, or prior half of the seventeenth century, that, in genuine dramatic excellence, shall rank

with the *Grecian Daughter* or *Gamester* of Moore, the *Douglas* of Home, the *Elfrida* and *Caractacus* of Mason, or the *Mysterious Mother* of Walpole. Though the subject of this last piece be singularly horrid and almost disgusting, yet the fable is conducted with such inimitable skill, that it may in this respect be considered as approximating nearer to perfection than any other drama extant, the Œdipus Tyrannus of Sophocles even not excepted. Some of the scenes in Douglas are of admirable pathos and beauty, and its diction has been justly and generally approved. The classical productions of Mason would have done honour to Athens in her most refined period, and the tragedies of Moore have been bathed with the tears of thousands. If we turn to comedy the superiority of modern genius is decisive, for, I imagine, it will readily be conceded that the *Suspicious Husband*, the *Jealous Wife*, the *Clandestine Marriage* and the *School for Scandal* are perfectly unrivalled. The comedies of Mr. Cumberland likewise possess very considerable merit, especially his *West Indian* and *Wheel of Fortune*. Comedy has in every nation been slow in attaining perfection. Aristophanes, more remarkable for scurrility

than for wit and humour, was contemporary with Euripides, and though Shakspeare has many characters of the most genuine humour, he has not furnished us with an instance of legitimate comedy, unless indeed the *Merry Wives of Windsor* may be termed such. In fact before the time of Congreve and Cibber pure and unmixed comedy was nearly unknown, and only acquired its more polished and perfect state when the drama of Colman and Sheridan appeared.

Lyric poetry may be said to have had no existence among us before Dryden composed his celebrated ode, for the Pindarics of Cowley have small pretensions to the title. Mr. Headley therefore could appropriate no part of his table to this sublime province of the art, and which has indeed only attained its highest excellencies in the productions of Collins and Gray. As I have, in another place, entered largely into the merits of our English lyric poets, nothing more is here necessary than to remark, that the names collected under this department would do honour to any age or country, and would alone be adequate to prove that the spirit and genius of our poetry have

liberally partaken of those energies which, in the present period, have been so powerfully directed through the walks of science and the depths of oriental literature.

The naturalist and the poet are not in frequent combination; an unwearied attention to the features of nature, and, at the same time, a power of selecting the more striking circumstances, and of so vividly impressing them on the mind of the reader that the original shall even seem tame in the comparison, are faculties which have fallen to the lot of few. Lucretius, Virgil and Thomson enjoyed however this happy union of talents, and it is with peculiar pride and pleasure that in our day we can point to the name of a poet who equally excels in these particulars, and to an exquisite felicity of diction superadds the most pathetic morality, and a vein of original and justly applied satire. As long as a taste for simplicity and energy of style, for the charms of Nature, of Virtue and of Religion shall exist, so long will the *Task* of *Cowper* continue a favourite with the public. Mr. Gisborne's *Walks in a Forest*, have also a title to particular notice as possessing just claims to original description.

The varied operation of the seasons on Forest scenery, much accurate painting in natural history, and a number of pictoresque minutiæ that have escaped the notice of preceding delineators, render this work peculiarly attractive, nor is it deficient in pathetic incident or digressional decoration. It is obvious that a great source of novelty to our poetry may be derived from the improved state of natural history and many of our writers seem willing to avail themselves of the treasure. In the pieces of Mr. Hurdis are to be found several faithful draughts from nature, beautifully coloured, and unoccupied by any preceding artist. Sotheby's *Tour through Wales*, and Bidlake's *Sea* display also much that is valuable both in design and execution, and, upon the whole, we may assuredly say that in no period has descriptive poetry been cultivated with more success.

In the age of Elizabeth, Didactic poetry had not received its most regular and perfect form, that is, no poem had been written on the plan of the Georgics. Since that reign, however, numerous have been the labourers in this department; Phillips, Somerville, Pope, Dyer, Akenside and Armstrong have by their respec-

tive attempts erected unperishable monuments of their genius and talents, and during the portion of time now under consideration stands foremost the name of Mason whose *English Garden* I must consider as the most finished and interesting specimen we possess of this mode of composition. The subject is alluring, "a theme once bless'd by Virgil's happy choice"

Atque equidem, extremo ni jam sub fine laborum
Vela traham, et terris festinem ad vertere proram:
Forsitan et pingues hortos quæ cura colendi
Ornaret, canerem, &c.

Georg. 4.

and the diction and versification have the charm of sweetness and simplicity. The great attraction however of this beautiful poem consists in its so frequently and powerfully appealing to the tender feelings; through the whole runs a vein of pathetic reflection, and the story of Nerina, which occupies the fourth book and indirectly continues the precept, is narrated in so masterly a manner and with so many genuine strokes of nature that few persons I should hope are to be found who could peruse it without the tribute of a tear. It has indeed

been objected by Mr. Pye‡ that it is too pathetic for the species of poem in which it is placed; but if this be an error, it is of a kind that will readily be allowed for by those who have felt the influences of pity, and who lament departed worth and beauty.

The epistles of Mr. Hayley on Painting, History and Epic poetry would perhaps more properly have been thrown under the title *Historical*, had I thought it worth while thus to designate a column for the admission of a single writer. They inculcate however so much elegant and judicious criticism, and diffuse so much light over their respective subjects, that they may not unaptly find a place in the didactic compartment. The versification of these pieces is peculiarly smooth, correct and flowing, but not unfrequently deficient in energy and compression. The characters are in general justly drawn and several display a warmth of fancy, and a beauty in illustration highly worthy of applause. I would particularly instance those of *Herodotus* and *Livy*, *Virgil*, *Lucan* and *Ariosto*. The

‡ Commentary on the Poetic of Aristotle, p. 164.

addresses likewise to *Romney*, *Gibbon* and *Mason* are well conceived, impressive and appropriate, and as proofs of pathetic powers, the *Death of Chatterton*, and the author's *Apostrophe* to his mother, may ever be appealed to with triumph.

The *Infancy* of Dr. Downman has several splendid passages, and some interesting episodic parts, but the subject is certainly an unhappy one; the details of the nursery and the rules for the preservation of infantine health being little accommodated to the genius of poetry. There is merit however in encountering a difficulty almost insuperable, and the Doctor perhaps has rendered his work as inviting as the nature of his theme would permit.

The *English Orator* embraces a more fertile field, and Mr. Polwhele has developed the principles of eloquence and their application to the Bar, the Senate and the Pulpit in very harmonious verse. The little narratives introduced by way of elucidation have much that is beautiful in their conception and execution, and in the fourth book the episode of *Villicus the Curate* is particularly pleasing.

Dr. Darwin has lately favoured the world with a poem perfectly original in its design, and whose versification is the most correct and brilliant in our language. Nothing can exceed the exquisite taste with which the diction of the *Botanic Garden* is selected, and the facility which the author enjoys of describing, without the smallest injury to the polish and melody of his lines, the most intricate objects of nature and of art, is truly astonishing. A playfulness of fancy, an unbounded variety of fiction, an imagination wild and terrific as that of Dante or Shakspeare, and an intimate knowledge of every branch of science and natural history, conspire to render this poem perfectly unique. Scripture narrative, ancient mythology, gothic superstition and the miracles of philosophy are drawn in to decorate or elucidate the history or metamorphoses of his plants, and the bold and beautiful personifications which every where start forward, and with a projection which indicates the hand of genius, infuse life and vigour through the work. The destruction of the armies of Cambyses and of Senacherib, the prosopopæia of the Ague and of the Night-mare, the scene of Medea and her Children, and the group of wild animals drinking are, I

verily think, for strength of imagination, and vivacity and richness of colouring unequalled. Impartial criticism, however, compels us to observe that the Botanic Garden is not without defects; two leading ones may be mentioned; a monotony in the versification arising from its uniform and excessive splendour, and a want of due connection between the different parts of the poem; the descriptions are nearly insulated, that is, they are deficient in that kind of combination which is necessary to form a concording and interesting whole.

Who can contrast these didactic poets with the philosophical and metaphysical ones of the age of Elizabeth, and for an instant hesitate where to bestow a decided preference!

As it is presumed that no person can possess a taste so singular, and I may add, so perverted, as to esteem Donne, Marston or even Hall, superior to Churchill and Anstey any considerable comment on this province of the art will be readily dispensed with. To the energy and severity of Churchill, and the playful humour of the *Bath Guide* we may also add the poignant effusions of Peter Pindar,

the elegant and well timed satire of Gifford and the powerful, nervous and sometimes sublime strains of the unknown author of *The Pursuits of Literature*. This last production though in a few places unnecessarily caustic and querulous, and too indiscriminate in the objects of its literary censure, is the product of extensive erudition, and of a wish to befriend the noblest efforts of patriotism and religion. The poet has brought to his task powers alike vigorous and multiform, and has given to his country in the hour of difficulty and danger certainly no trifling, no unimportant aid. Several smaller anonymous productions of acknowledged excellence in this department have within the last thirty years been presented to the public. To enumerate these would occupy too much room. The *Heroic Epistle* however, *to Sir William Chambers*, the *Archaelogical Epistle to Dean Milles*, and the *Probationary Odes*, as possessing very prominent and distinguished merit, should not be passed in silence.

In a late elegant critique in the *Monthly Review*, and which forms an exception to the complaint at the commencement of the pre-

ceding number, occur the following judicious observations: "That the human mind is not at all times adequate to every customary exertion,—or that, while it is in a progressive state with respect to its general attainments, some one of its energies should necessarily droop and degenerate—are not among the doctrines which we hold; and though it has been common to apply such a strain of speculation to the works of fancy, in a period distinguished for scientific improvements, we are fully convinced, from the productions that come under our survey, that the theory is not founded in fact. *In particular, the experience of a few past years has abundantly proved to us, that never was there a time in which English poetry was cultivated with more genius, nor with happier effect.*"* These remarks will apply in full force to our column of *Miscellaneous Poets*, which, considering the period of time we have limited ourselves to, has never been equalled, and probably never will be excelled. What can be more exquisite than the poetry of Goldsmith, whose versification is, without any exception, more sweet and harmonious

* Vide Monthly Review for July 1797, p. 278.

than that of any other poet, and whose sentiments and imagery are equally beautiful and pathetic. Dr. Beattie has observed that "several cantos might be mentioned of the *Fairy Queen*, the preservation of which would not compensate the loss of *The Castle of Indolence*."‡ with yet greater propriety might this be affirmed as to the supposed loss of his own charming poem *The Minstrel*, whose delightful pictures of nature, whose pensive morality and fascinating simplicity of expression render it inexpressibly dear and interesting; indeed he who can read it without sensations of rapture must be lost as the dead to harmony and feeling. *The Pleasures of Memory*, by Mr. Rogers is another effort of the modern muses which calls for admiration; the subject is happily chosen, and its polished flow of verse and tender sentiment have justly made it a favourite with the public. Hayley's *Chef d' œuvre*, *The Triumphs of Temper*, must be also noticed in this place, as I have not been able to class it under any of the preceding heads, and indeed, it seems well entitled to the honour

‡ Beattie on the Usefulness of Classical Learning, p. 499.

of forming a new species of poetry, for in structure and design it differs materially from what has been denominated the Heroi-comic poem. Its visionary scenes are drawn and tinted with a masterly pencil, and do great credit to the Italian school, in whose spirit and style they have been conceived and executed, and his Heroine, all gentle and interesting, fully developes the magnetic influence of that sweetest of all possessions, an amiable temper. It would occupy too much room, and would indeed be superfluous, to dwell at large upon all the excellent productions of this class, popular as most of them are. When to those already mentioned we can add the *Sympathy* of Pratt, the *Louisa* of Seward, the *Peru* of Williams, the *Sonnets* of Charlotte Smith and Bowles, the *Country Justice* of Langhorne, the *Influence of Local Attachment* by Polwhele, the *Poems* of Burns, and a variety of other productions of no less merit, the opinion of the monthly critic will be sufficiently justified, and the vast superiority of our miscellaneous poets over those of the Elizabethan period incontrovertibly established.

To institute any comparison between the

Translators of the two ages would be futile and even absurd; let the reader cast his eye over the opposed columns, and he will not for an instant demand it. I shall therefore confine myself to a very few observations, and shall in the first place remark that translation, both in prose and poetry, has been extensively and very successfully cultivated during the present reign. Among the names which form our catalogue, are to be found some of the first literary characters in the nation, and their attempts to transfuse the beauties of their originals have improved the public taste, and opened to the mere English scholar a wide field of amusement. The Georgics of Virgil have received new attractions in the translation of Warton. The elegant simplicity of Terence has met with an admirable vehicle in the well chosen and familiar blank verse of Colman; Horace assumes a more pleasing national garb from the assiduities of Mr. Boscawen, and the gigantic sublimity of Æschylus is preserved in all its force in the bold and nervous diction of Potter. Though Cowper has been too literal in his Homer, and too inattentive to the melody of his versification, yet has he infused much more of the simple majesty and manner

of the divine bard than his predecessor Pope, whose splendid and highly ornamented paraphrase is more adapted to the genius of Ovid than of Homer. It may with truth also be affirmed of Mr. Cowper's work, that where the Grecian takes his boldest flights, his Translator follows with a vigourous wing, and has given the sublimer portions of the Iliad in a manner equally faithful and spirited. That satiety too which is so frequently experienced in reading any considerable quantity of Pope's couplets, is not felt from the blank verse of his last translator, which possesses a manifest superiority in its variety of pause and rhythm. In fact, that plainness of diction which in the perusal of Cowper has given such offence to the fastidious, has been the result of mature judgment, for that the poet knew how to impart the most exquisite polish to his lines is evident from the specimens quoted by Mr. Hayley of his version of the Latin and Italian poetry of Milton, than which nothing can be more musical and finished.

Of the Italian poets we possess also some good translations; the Ariosto of Hoole I

think much superior to his Tasso, and the *Inferno* of that wonderful genius Dante‡ is well laid open to the curiosity of the public by Mr. Boyd; but no poet perhaps has ever been so greatly indebted to a Translator as Camöens, whose *Lusiad* in the very elegant and spirited version of Mr. Mickle, has perfectly the air of an English original; its defects are concealed or mitigated, while its beauties catch double lustre from the British dress.

A taste for Arabic and Persian poetry has been acquired through the labours of the

‡ In this their primal poet, observes the Author of The Pursuits of Literature, there is an originality and a hardihood of antiquity. His soul was dark and sullen; it was proud and full of his wrongs. Frons læta parum et dejecto lumina vultu. He passed through imaginary realms without the sun, to the confines of light and hope. The day shone full upon him, and the beams were from on high. His draught of men and their passions is eternal. His language was like himself, deep and full of matter: its strength and harmony may be best expressed by his Tuscan brother: *

Aspro concento, orribile armonia
D'alte querele, d'ululi, e di strida,
Instranamente concordar s'udia.
Ariosto O. F. cant. 16.

* Pursuits of Literature, Introductory Letter, p. 26.

Asiatic Society, and Sir William Jones† has particularly distinguished himself by several incomparable translations of, and acute criticisms on the poets of the east. For many elegant Arabian poems also we are highly indebted to Professor Carlyle; unacquainted with the originals I am incompetent to judge of their fidelity, but as beautiful and exquisitely finished pieces they are entitled to warm commendation.

Upon comparing the arrangement we have thus given of the chief poets in the two periods,

† The death of this great man is an irreparable loss to christianity, to science and to literature.

He—whom Indus and the Ganges mourn,
The glory of their banks, from Isis torn,
In learning's strength is fled, in judgment's prime,
In science temp'rate, various and sublime;
To him familiar every legal doom,
The courts of Athens, or the halls of Rome,
Or Hindoo Vedas taught; for him the Muse
Distill'd from *every* flow'r Hyblæan dews;
Firm, when exalted, in demeanour grave,
Mercy and truth were his, he lov'd to save.
His mind collected, at opinion's shock
JONES stood unmov'd, and from the Christian rock,
Cœlestial brightness beaming on his breast,
He saw THE STAR, and worshipp'd in the East.

Pursuits of Literature, p. 422.

and of their principal productions, it must strike every reader that Mr. Headley has been greatly too partial to his phalanx of ancients. Let us for a moment reflect what various and exquisite poems only the last forty-five years have produced, and we shall be utterly at a loss to conceive how any author could assert that the "Key that oped the sacred source of sympathetic tears, seems now and has done for a century past irrecoverably lost." It is evident, I think, from the survey just taken, that never was there an age more distinguished than the present for poetic excellence in almost every department of the art, nor can the sternest critic who shall impartially compare the two tables, and recollect that the latter embraces only half the space of time allotted to the former, avoid acknowledging the great merit and lustre of his contemporaries. If in the Drama we confess the superiority of Shakspeare, in the epic field, having an Ossian or rather a Macpherson to produce, we are nearly upon a level, and in every other province a marked and decisive pre-eminence must be granted to the poets of the present reign. In the Lyric, Descriptive, and Didactic columns there can be no competition, nor

can any, I should imagine be hinted at in those appropriated to Satire, Miscellaneous Poets and Translators.

In thus combating the opinions of those who have been solicitous to depreciate our present poetry, I have selected the text of Mr. Headley as conveying the sentiments of the whole body, and more especially as his general good taste might probably for a time even impart weight and consequence to a critical error. Of the Editor of the *Select Beauties of Ancient English Poetry* as a Scholar, a Critic and a Man, I entertain a very high opinion; he was beloved by his friends, I understand, with an enthusiasm which his amiable qualities fully justified, and I have only to lament that his prejudices in favour of our elder poetry should so far have vitiated his judgment as to preclude any fair estimate of the value of modern genius.

NUMBER XXX.

Offspring of other times, ye visions old!
Legends, no more by gentle hands unroll'd,
Magnanimous deceits! where favour'd youth
Finds short repose from formidable truth!
Oh witness if, e'er silent in your praise,
I 've pass'd in vice or sloth inglorious days,
But rais'd for you my firm unalter'd voice,
Fancy my guide, and solitude my choice.

Pursuits of Literature.

THE popular superstitions of every country afford not only amusement to the credulous and inquisitive, but furnish subjects of curious speculation to the philosopher and historian. The genius and manners of a people, their progress in civilization, and even the very character of the country and climate they exist in, may, in a great measure, be ascertained from the nature of their mythological creed. In the early stages of society, where no extensive or complicated union has taken place for

mutual defence and protection, man is exposed to perpetual and numerous dangers; in a state of almost continual warfare with the tribes around him, or employed in the severe and almost equally dangerous toils of the chace for his daily subsistence, he is altogether indebted for life and safety to his own individual exertions; hunger and revenge call aloud for gratification, and occupy every intellectual effort of the Being thus situated, every direction of his muscular strength. Obnoxious to various perils, at one time almost perishing for want of food, at another putting in practice every wily stratagem to entrap a foe or protect himself; ignorant of the causes and effects of all the mighty phenomena of nature which surround him, and conscious from dire experience of his own frequent inefficiency to gratify his appetites, or satiate his resentments, the savage naturally looks for assistance beyond the pale of mortality. Unacquainted however with any rational system of religion, he calls into being, and gives local habitation and a name to, the wanderings of a terrified imagination; the thunder, the lightning, and the whirlwind, the roaring of the mountain torrent, the sighing of the gathering storm, the illusive

meteors of night, and the fleeting forms of clouds and mist, are with him the appalling tones and awful visitations of supernatural beings. He hears the spirit of the whirlwind or the water shriek, and either implores the assistance, or deprecates the wrath of agents whose powers are gigantic, and whose modes of operation are illimitable and unseen. Should he inhabit a country peculiarly rude and gloomy in its aspect, where the almost boundless heath, the stupendous mountain, or the darkening forest form the prominent features of the landscape, where silence and solitude, unbroken but by the harsh screaming of the bird of prey, or the tumults of the rushing tempest, brood over the scene in solemn majesty, his superstitious fears partake of the wild and melancholy sublimity which the objects before him are calculated to inspire, and breathe a much severer spirit than the credulity of a country more fertile and chearful in its produce and appearance could give rise to.

No territory in Europe better exemplifies these observations than Scotland, in which, while a peculiar system of superstition, sublime and awful in its general texture, and strongly

indicative of the country, has long reigned in the *Highlands* of that kingdom, in its *Lowland* districts a mild and more sportive vein of fabling prevails, well adapted to the beautiful and pastoral scenery of that delightful region.

Dr. Beattie has with much felicity of language described these two portions of Scotland, and drawn their discriminative appearances with a masterly pen. With regard to the Highlands, he observes they "are a pictoresque, but in general a melancholy country. Long tracts of mountainous desert, covered with dark heath, and often obscured by misty weather; narrow vallies, thinly inhabited, and bounded by precipices resounding with the fall of torrents; a soil so rugged, and a climate so dreary, as in many parts to admit neither the amusements of pasturage, nor the labours of agriculture; the mournful dashing of waves along the friths and lakes that intersect the country; the portentous noises which every change of the wind, and every increase and diminution of the waters, is apt to raise, in a lonely region, full of echoes, and rocks, and caverns; the grotesque and ghastly appearance of such a landscape by the light of the moon:—

Objects like these diffuse a gloom over the fancy, which may be compatible enough with occasional and social merriment, but cannot fail to tincture the thoughts of a native in the hour of silence and solitude.——Let it be observed also, that the ancient highlanders of Scotland had hardly any other way of supporting themselves than by hunting, fishing, or war, professions that are continually exposed to fatal accidents. And hence, no doubt, additional horrors would often haunt their solitude, and a deeper gloom overshadow the imagination even of the hardiest native.

"What then would it be reasonable to expect from the fanciful tribe, from the musicians and poets of such a region? Strains, expressive of joy, tranquillity, or the softer passions? No: their style must have been better suited to their circumstances. And so we find in fact that their music is. The wildest irregularity appears in its composition: the expression is warlike, and melancholy, and approaches even to the terrible.—And that their poetry is almost uniformly mournful, and their views of nature dark and dreary, will be allowed, by all who admit of the authenticity

of Ossian; and not doubted by any who believe these fragments of highland poetry to be genuine, which many old people, now alive, of that country, remember to have heard in their youth, and were then taught to refer to a pretty high antiquity."*

In the Essay on Gothic superstition we have already observed that the popular creed of the Lowlands of Scotland is nearly, if not altogether similar to the lighter Gothic, for the Picts, in fact, who for eight centuries had possession of the Lowlands were a tribe from the north of Scandinavia; the Saxons emigrated some centuries after from the south, and both spoke a language founded on the Gothic or Scythian. Dropping therefore any further consideration of this species of mythology, we shall confine ourselves to the detail of those traditionary superstitions peculiar to the highlanders, and which, as originating among the Celtæ, the most ancient perhaps of European nations, have no small claim upon our curiosity and attention.

* Beattie on Poetry and Music, p. 169.

These as discoverable in the poems attributed to Ossian and other northern bards of nearly equal supposed antiquity, certainly possess strong marks of the rude society, simple manners, and gloomy credulity of the period to which they have been assigned; for though it be impossible to conceive that poems so elaborate and complete as *Fingal* and *Temora* could be transmitted by tradition through fourteen centuries, yet is it very probable that superstitions which appear in some measure to have been the necessary offspring of the climate and country, and which from their wild and terrible nature would make a powerful impression upon the inhabitants, should descend little changed through a series of barbarous ages; these have been seized upon by the fabricator of Ossian with effect, for notwithstanding the vicissitudes and progress of civilization, it may, I believe, with truth be asserted, that little more than a century ago, nearly all the superstitions of the Fingalian æra existed in full force in the Highlands of Scotland, and consequently could not escape the *researches* of a poet desirous of tinging his productions with the colours of antiquity. The highlander who fed his cattle

on the dark and unfrequented heath, or on the side of some storm-beat mountain, and who was frequently compelled to spend the night exposed to all the inclemencies of the weather, listened with the same emotion to the whistling of the winds, or the dashing of the torrents, saw the same apparitions and meteors, and heard the same portentous shriekings of the spirits of the night, as the hunters of woody Morven, and perhaps even now, amid the less frequented parts of the Highlands, and on the lone shores of the romantic Hebrides, still linger the awful relics of the celtic creed.

With bold imagination warm,
They see the genius of the storm
  Rear on the hill his cloud-built throne,
While trackless as the rushing air,
  The spirits of the dead repair
Nightly to chaunt the song that speaks of worlds
    unknown.

WEST.

As, according to some historians, Odin was the leader of his tribe from the frontiers of Asiatic Sarmatia into Sweden, so was Fingal probably, the conductor of a tribe of Celts from Ireland into Caledonia, and thus the Fingalian race were to the Scots what the

Titanic were to the Greeks, or the Odinic to the Goths.† Nothing, however, can be more distinct or opposed than the gothic and celtic religions; the one breathes the most sanguinary and ferocious spirit, the other, though mingled with a melancholy sublimity, and displaying great wildness of imagination, is yet friendly to the gentler virtues, to the best emotions of the heart. The Halls of Odin and of Fingal, where the spirits of the departed received the rewards due to their glorious actions while on earth, are strikingly illustrative of the contrast between these ancient superstitions. In the former, the votaries of the Scandinavian Deity, after daily cutting each other to pieces for amusement, adjourned to a plentiful feast, and drank ale out of the hollow skulls of their enemies. *Balderi patris in aula*, exclaims the dying Lodbrog, *bibemus cerevisiam ex concavis crateribus craniorum.*‡ In the latter, the warriors of Morven listened in rapture to the praises of their bards, who sung of friendship,

† Vide Pinkerton on the Origin of Scotish Poetry, p. 41 and 47.

‡ See the Epicedium of Regner Lodbrog as translated literally from the Original by Olaus Wormius.

love and heroism, or flew with their friends on clouds, or hovered with protecting influence over those they loved on earth. In the poem of *Berrathon* are two beautiful descriptions of the ideal palace of Fingal; Ossian lamenting the death of Malvina, the daughter of Toscar; thus appositely introduces his first delineation: "Soon hast thou set, O Malvina, daughter of generous Toscar! But thou risest like the beam of the east, among the spirits of thy friends, where they sit, in their stormy halls, the chambers of the thunder! A cloud hovers over Cona. Its blue curling sides are high. The winds are beneath it, with their wings. Within it is the dwelling of Fingal. There the hero sits in darkness. His airy spear is in his hand. His shield, half covered with clouds, is like the darkened moon, when one half still remains in the wave, and the other looks sickly on the field!

His friends sit around the king, on mist! They hear the songs of Ullin: he strikes the half-viewless harp—He raises the feeble voice. The lesser heroes, with a thousand meteors, light the airy hall." *

* Ossian's Poems, vol. ii. p. 195.

The conclusion of this poem is exquisitely pathetic; Ossian is represented aged and blind, and departing to the halls of his fathers; "Lead, son of Alpin," sings the venerable Bard, "lead the aged to his woods. The winds begin to rise. The dark wave of the lake resounds. Bends there not a tree from Mora with its branches bare? It bends, son of Alpin, in the rustling blast. My harp hangs on a blasted branch. The sound of its strings is mournful. Does the wind touch thee, O harp, or is it some passing ghost! It is the hand of Malvina! Bring me the harp, son of Alpin. Another song shall rise. My soul shall depart in the sound. My fathers shall hear it in their airy hall. Their dim faces shall hang, with joy, from their clouds; and their hands receive their son. The aged oak bends over the stream. It sighs with all its moss. The withered fern whistles near, and mixes, as it waves, with Ossian's hair.

Strike the harp, and raise the song; be near, with all your wings, ye winds. Bear the mournful sound away to Fingal's airy hall. Bear it to Fingal's hall, that he may hear the

voice of his son. The voice of him that praised the mighty!

The blast of the north opens thy gates, O king! I behold thee sitting on mist, dimly gleaming in all thine arms. Thy form now is not the terror of the valiant. It is like a watry cloud; when we see the stars behind it, with their weeping eyes. Thy shield is the aged moon: thy sword a vapour half-kindled with fire. Dim and feeble is the chief, who travelled in brightness before! But thy steps are on the winds of the desart. The storms are darkening in thy hand. Thou takest the sun in thy wrath, and hidest him in thy clouds. The sons of little men are afraid. A thousand showers descend. But when thou comest forth in thy mildness; the gale of the morning is near thy course. The sun laughs in his blue fields. The grey stream winds in its vale. The bushes shake their green heads in the wind. The roes bound towards the desart.

There is a murmur in the heath! the stormy winds abate! I hear the voice of Fingal. Long has it been absent from mine ear! "Come, Ossian, come away," he says, "Fingal has

received his fame. We passed away, like flames that had shone for a season. Our departure was in renown. Though the plains of our battles are dark and silent; our fame is in the four grey stones. The voice of Ossian has been heard, The harp has been strung in Selma. Come, Ossian, come away," he says, "come fly with thy fathers on clouds." I come, I come, thou king of men! The life of Ossian fails. I begin to vanish on Cona. My steps are not seen in Selma. Beside the stone of Mora I shall fall asleep. The winds whistling in my grey hair, shall not awaken me. Depart on thy wings, O wind! thou canst not disturb the rest of the bard. The night is long, but his eyes are heavy. Depart, thou rustling blast.

But why art thou sad, son of Fingal? Why grows the cloud of thy soul? The chiefs of other times are departed. They have gone without their fame. The sons of future years shall pass away. Another race shall arrive. The people are like the waves of ocean: like the leaves of woody Morven, they pass away in the rustling blast, and other leaves lift their green heads on high.

Did thy beauty last, O Ryno? Stood the strength of car-borne Oscar? Fingal himself departed. The halls of his fathers forgot his steps. Shalt thou then remain, thou aged bard! when the mighty have failed? But my fame shall remain, and grow like the oak of Morven; which lifts its broad head to the storm, and rejoices in the course of the wind!"‡

These descriptions of the future state of the Caledonian heroes display a system equally sublime and beautiful, and which is altogether free from the fierce and barbarous spirit of the gothic superstition. The terrible Odin, indeed, covered with blood, and glorying in slaughter, whom the rough warriors of Scandinavia invoked as the God of battles and the dispenser of victory, is treated by Fingal with defiance and even contempt. The combat of the Celtic chief with the Spirit of Loda, or Odin, one of the most sublime passages in the poems of Ossian, fully indicates the disapprobation and disbelief of the bard of Cona as to the vaunted agency of this ferocious deity.

‡ Berrathon, vol. ii. p. 205.

"A blast came from the mountain, on its wings was the Spirit of Loda. He came to his place in his terrors, and shook his dusky spear. His eyes appear like flames in his dark face; his voice is like distant thunder. Fingal advanced his spear in night, and raised his voice on high.

"Son of night, retire: call thy winds, and fly! Why dost thou come to my presence, with thy shadowy arms? Do I fear thy gloomy form, spirit of dismal Loda? Weak is thy shield of clouds; feeble is that meteor, thy sword! The blast rolls them together; and thou thyself art lost. Fly from my presence, son of night! call thy winds and fly!"

'Dost thou force me from my place?' replied the hollow voice. 'The people bend before me. I turn the battle in the field of the brave. I look on the nations, and they vanish: my nostrils pour the blast of death. I come abroad on the winds: the tempests are before my face. But my dwelling is calm, above the clouds; the fields of my rest are pleasant!'

"Dwell in thy pleasant fields," said the king.

"Let Comhal's son be forgot. Do my steps ascend, from my hills, into thy peaceful plains? Do I meet thee, with a spear, on thy cloud, spirit of dismal Loda? Why then dost thou frown on me? why shake thine airy spear? Thou frownest in vain: I never fled from the mighty in war. And shall the sons of the wind frighten the king of Morven? No, he knows the weakness of their arms!"

'Fly to thy land,' replied the form; 'receive the wind and fly! The blasts are in the hollow of my hand: the course of the storm is mine. The king of Sora is my son, he bends at the stone of my power. His battle is around Caric-thura; and he will prevail! Fly to thy land, son of Comhal, or feel my flaming wrath!'

He lifted high his shadowy spear! He bent forward his dreadful height. Fingal, advancing, drew his sword; the blade of dark-brown Luno. The gleaming path of the steel winds thro' the gloomy ghost. The form fell shapeless into air, like a column of smoke, which the staff of the boy disturbs, as it rises from the half-extinguished furnace.

The Spirit of Loda shrieked, as, rolled into himself, he rose on the wind. Inistere shook at the sound. The waves heard it on the deep. They stopped, in their course, with fear." *

From this wild but splendid and terrific fiction we learn that Ossian had no idea of a Being immaterial and impassive; the Scandinavian God is wounded, and shrieks with agony, and from the tenor of all his poems it is plain that he considered the souls of men as material and still susceptible of human feelings and passions. It would appear too that he deemed the interference of such agents among mankind, as the Spirit of Loda, improper and officious. In short, if the Bard of Cona believed in the existence of a deity, of which, however, there is no evidence in his works, he conceived him, like the ancient Epicureans, to be indifferent to the concerns of humanity. A firm belief in a future state, such as has been described in Berrathon; in the perpetual visitation of departed spirits, and in the existence of supernatural beings who sported in the elements, and inhabited the

* Caric-thura, vol. i. p. 60.

mountain or the rock, form the outlines of the Celtic mythology as it is drawn in the poetry of Ossian. The complicated and often cruel rites of the Druids, though of Celtic origin, were, according to Macpherson, extinguished by Fingal and his warriors from political motives, and no part of this once powerful superstition suffered to remain, except the order of the Bards, who, however, in the wilds of Morven met with an attention and respect almost approaching to adoration. Magic and divination, therefore, so frequent among the Druids, though occasionally alluded to in the productions of Ossian, have no place in his poems as a part of the popular belief, and though Ossian in his extreme old age might be acquainted with the first missionaries of Christianity in Scotland or Ireland, admitting for a moment Macpherson's æra of the Caledonian to be proved, yet he certainly accepted no portion of their tenets, and even in the beautiful poems lately translated from the Irish by Miss Brooke, in which the son of Fingal is represented as conversing with St. Patrick who lived in the fifth century, he prefers the opinions of his fathers to the religion of the

Saint;* now, of these Irish poems it may be observed that though probably productions of the eighth, ninth or tenth century, yet the universality of the tradition relative to the coexistence of the Saint and Hero is entitled to some consideration, for as the annals of Ireland have an allowed claim to considerable credit from the period of St. Patrick, and these with their poems make Ossian contemporary with the Saint, perhaps we shall do right in preferring this æra for the poet to Mr. Macpherson's, who has placed him towards the close of the third century.

Dismissing, however, a subject over which antiquity has drawn an almost impenetrable veil, we shall proceed to enumerate those various superstitions which took place during the supposed æra of the Fingalian race, and which certainly are of very remote origin. Nor shall we neglect noting the additions made to the popular creed in later times, and which are indeed objects of belief to the superstitious Highlander even in the present day.

* See, in the Reliques of Irish Poetry, Magnus the Great, and the Chace.

Connected as these peculiar opinions are with some of the most exquisite poetry in the world, and unfolding a system with regard to the agency of departed spirits to which even the philosophy of modern times may grant a possibility of truth, and which impresses with almost equal awe the man of letters and the peasant, an hour, perhaps, will not unsatisfactorily be employed in throwing together its scattered members, and in collecting some of the most striking illustrative passages.

No people ever gave such firm credence to the visitation of the spirits of the deceased to their friends, as the Celts of Caledonia, and the ghosts of Ossian are in consequence depicted with an accuracy, with a warmth and force of colouring which, except in Shakspeare, it is in vain to look for elsewhere. "Ossian describes ghosts," says Dr. Blair, "with all the particularity of one who had seen and conversed with them, and whose imagination was full of the impression they had left upon it. He calls up those awful and tremendous ideas which the

———Simulacra modis pallentia miris

are fitted to raise in the human mind; and

which, in Shakspeare's style, harrow up the soul." *

As a specimen of the general manner in which these superhuman beings are pourtrayed by the magic pencil of the Bard of Cona, I shall evoke the spirit of Crugal, and place before the eyes of my reader one of the noblest efforts of a strong and enthusiastic fancy.

"A dark red stream of fire comes down from the hill. Crugal sat upon the beam; he that lately fell by the hand of Swaran, striving in the battle of heroes. His face is like the beam of the setting moon. His robes are of the clouds of the hill. His eyes are like two decaying flames. Dark is the wound of his breast.—The stars dim-twinkled through his form; and his voice was like the sound of a distant stream. Dim, and in tears, he stood, and stretched his pale hand over the hero. Faintly he raised his feeble voice, like the gale of the reedy Lego.—'My ghost, O Connal! is on my native hills; but my corse is on the

* Blair's Critical Dissertation on the Poems of Ossian.

sands of Ullin. Thou shalt never talk with Crugal, or find his lone steps in the heath. I am light as the blast of Cromla. I move like the shadow of mist! Connal, son of Colgar, I see a cloud of death: it hovers dark over the plains of Lena. The sons of green Erin must fall. Remove from the field of ghosts.'— Like the darkened moon he retired, in the midst of the whistling blast." *

It is evident from various passages of this Celtic Homer, that the ancient Caledonians made a distinction between good and bad spirits, the former appearing during the day time, and in pleasant places, the latter only in the night, and on some dreary and deserted heath, or directing the fury of the storm. They conceived also that the spirits of women retained the beauty they possessed while on earth, and moved from place to place with a quick but gliding motion. This appears from the episode of Shilric and Vinvela, where the former returns from battle to his native hills though ignorant of the death of his mistress.

* Fingal, book ii. vol. i. p. 245.

"He returned to his hills, and Vinvela was no more. He leaned on her grey mossy stone; he thought Vinvela lived. He saw her fair moving on the plain: but the bright form lasted not, the sun beam fled from the field, and she was seen no more. Hear the song of Shilric, it is soft but sad!

"I sit by the mossy fountain; on the top of the hill of winds. One tree is rustling above me. Dark waves roll over the heath. The lake is troubled below. The deer descend from the hill. No hunter at a distance is seen. It is mid-day: but all is silent. Sad are my thoughts alone. Didst thou but appear, O my love! a wanderer on the heath! thy hair floating on the wind behind thee; thy bosom heaving on the sight; thine eyes full of tears for thy friends, whom the mist of the hill hath concealed! Thee I would comfort, my love, and bring thee to thy father's house!

"But is it she that there appears, like a beam of light on the heath? bright as the moon in autumn, as the sun in a summer storm, comest thou, O maid, over rocks, over moun-

tains to me? She speaks: but how weak her voice! like the breeze in the reeds of the lake."

'Returnest thou safe from the war? Where are thy friends, my love? I heard of thy death on the hill; I heard and mourned thee, Shilric!'—"Yes, my fair, I return; but I alone of my race. Thou shalt see them no more: their graves I raised on the plain. But why art thou on the desart hill? Why on the heath alone?"

'Alone I am, O Shilric! alone in the winter house. With grief for thee I fell. Shilric I am pale in the tomb.'

"She fleets, she sails away; as mist before the wind! and, wilt thou not stay, Vinvela? Stay and behold my tears? fair thou appearest, Vinvela! fair thou wast when alive!

"By the mossy fountain I will sit; on the top of the hill of winds. When mid-day is silent around, O talk with me, Vinvela! come on the light-winged gale! on the breeze of the

desart, come! Let me hear thy voice, as thou passest, when mid-day is silent around!" ‡

While spirits such as these were gentle in their manners, beautiful in their appearance, and propitious to mankind, others are frequently alluded to which were dreadful in their aspect, and malignant in their disposition.

"He rushed," says the bard, "like the terrible spirit, when he comes, in the roar of a thousand storms, and scatters battle from his eyes. He sits on a cloud over Lochlin's seas. His mighty hand is on his sword. Winds lift his flaming locks! The waining moon half-lights his dreadful face. His features blended in darkness arise to view." † Again in the first book of Fingal,

"Like the shrill spirit of a storm that sits dim on the clouds of Gormal, and enjoys the death of the mariner." *

‡ Caric-thura, vol. i. p. 57.

† The Death of Cuthullin, vol. i. p. 385.

* Vol i. p. 234.

The imagery in this last simile has furnished Mr. Mackenzie with the groundwork of an admirable description in the supplemental stanza he has inserted in Collins's Ode on the Popular Superstitions of the Highlands of Scotland; alluding to the gifted Wizards, he observes, they

——————————list the nightly yell
Of that dread spirit, whose gigantic form
The seer's entranced eye can well survey,
Through the dim air who guides the driving storm,
And points the wretched bark its destin'd prey.
Or him who hovers, on his flagging wing,
O'er the dire whirlpool, that in ocean's waste,
Draws instant down whate'er devoted thing
The failing breeze within its reach hath plac'd—
The distant seaman hears, and flies with trembling haste.

NUMBER XXXI.

The Bards who once the wreaths of glory wore,
Cloathed in translucent veil their wond'rous lore;
The tales they sung a willing age believ'd,
Charm'd into truth, and without guile deceiv'd.
Where'er they rov'd, young Fancy and the Muse
Wav'd high their mirror of a thousand hues;
They gaz'd; and as in varying guise pourtray'd
Aëreal phantoms hov'ring round them play'd,
Gave to each fleeting form, that shot along,
Existence everlasting as their song;
And as by nature's strength the tablet grew,
Rapture the pencil guided as they drew.

Pursuits of Literature.

RESUMING the subject of the preceding paper which, I trust, has not been barren of amusement, and which certainly may be deemed not only highly curious, but, in some degree, instructive, I proceed to remark that it was an article of firm belief among the ancient Scots that every warrior had an attendant spirit who,

on the night preceding his death, counterfeited his form, and shrieking aloud appeared to certain persons in the attitude in which he was doomed to die. This is a species of *Second Sight*, and seems to have been familiar to the heroes of Morven, as the *Voices of Death* so frequently mentioned in the poetry of Ossian were the foreboding shrieks of these apparitions. This superstition has maintained its ground to the present day in the Highlands, where a few persons are supposed to be still endowed with the melancholy property of hearing and discerning these tremendous spectres. They were likewise imagined capable of ascertaining on what spot a death was likely soon to happen from the shrieking of a ghost near the place. "The accounts given, to this day, among the vulgar," observes Mr. Macpherson, "of this extraordinary matter, are very poetical. The ghost comes mounted on a meteor, and surrounds twice or thrice the place destined for the person to die; and then goes along the road through which the funeral is to pass, shrieking at intervals; at last, the meteor and ghost disappear above the burial place." Collins in his Ode on the Popular Superstitions has a passage relative to this power of fore-

seeing death, and remarks the unhappiness which attends the possession of it.

——they whose sight such dreary dreams engross,
With their own visions oft astonished droop,
When o'er the wat'ry strath or quaggy moss
They see the gliding ghosts unbodied troop.
Or if in sports, or on the festive green,
Their piercing glance some fated youth descry,
Who now perhaps in lusty vigour seen
And rosy health, shall soon lamented die.
For them the viewless forms of air obey,
Their bidding heed, and at their beck repair;
They know what spirit brews the stormful day,
And heartless, oft like moody madness stare
To see the phantom train their secret work prepare.

As the celtic nations uniformly held their bards in the highest estimation, and considered them indeed as a sacred order of men, to whom belonged the office of composing and singing the funeral elegy of the deceased, many of their superstitions are built upon the supposed employment of these illustrious characters in another state of being. They entertained an idea, that for three nights preceding the death of a warrior celebrated for his prowess and renown, the ghosts of departed bards sang on

the spot where his tomb was to be erected, and round an aërial representation of his body. In the epic poem of Temora the ghost of the ferocious Cairbar appears to his brother, the generous Cathmor, and forebodes his death by telling him that he hears the bards chaunting their awful summons.

"My form," exclaims the spectre, "is in my father's hall, like the gliding of a terrible light, which darts across the desart, in a stormy night. No bard shall be wanting at thy tomb, when thou art lowly laid. The sons of song love the valiant. Cathmor, thy name is a pleasant gale. *Hark! the mournful sounds arise! On Lubar's field there is a voice! Louder still, ye shadowy ghosts! The dead were full of fame! Shrilly swells the feeble sound!—Ah! soon is Cathmor low!* *

Not only the bards themselves, but their very harps were deemed instrumental in foretelling or ascertaining the death of the hero, for on the night before the fatal event, or at the time when it occurred, the harps of the

* Book iv. vol. ii. p. 90.

bards who resided in the family of the chief, emitted, though apparently untouched, the most wild and melancholy sounds. These were conceived to arise from the *light touch of ghosts.*

"The king took his deathful spear, and struck the deeply sounding shield: his shield that hung high in night, the dismal sign of war! Ghosts fled on every side, and rolled their gathered forms on the wind. Thrice from the winding vale arose the voice of deaths. *The harps of the bards, untouched, sound mournful over the hill.* ‡

The blast came rustling through the hall and gently touched my harp. The sound was mournful and low, like the song of the tomb. Fingal heard it the first. The crowded sighs of his bosom rose. "*Some of my heroes are low*" said the grey-haired king of Morven, "*I hear the sound of death on the harp.*" *

The funeral elegy which we have alluded to above, was one of the most important rites of

‡ Temora, b. vii. * Dar-thula.

ancient Caledonia, and no greater misfortune could occur to a hero than to have it omitted over his tomb; for without this sacred song his soul could claim no admission into the airy halls of his fathers, but was condemned, until this ceremony was performed, to reside amidst the mist of the Lake of Lego. To the vapours of this lake were attributed the most noxious qualities, and many diseases, and even death itself, were supposed to be occasioned by their influence. Hither, however, every spirit hastened on its dismission from the body, and here waited the performance of that elegy which was to render accessible the mansions of the blest. In consequence of this idea of necessary, though partial residence in the mist of Lego, it was deemed the office of the Spirit of the nearest relative to the departed warrior to collect its vapours over his grave.

"From the wood-skirted waters of Lego, ascend, at times, grey-bosomed mists; when the gates of the west are closed, on the sun's eagle eye. Wide, over Lara's stream, is poured the vapour dark and deep: the moon, like a dim shield, is swimming thro' its folds. With this, clothe the spirits of old their sudden

gestures on the wind, when they stride, from blast to blast, along the dusky night. Often, blended with the gale, *to some warrior's grave, they roll the mist, a grey dwelling to his ghost, until the songs arise.*" ‡

When sorrow, and when suffering pressed hard upon the individual, when he was plunged into a state of misery from whence no hopes of extrication could be rationally entertained, and despair seized hold upon the mind, it was then the opinion of the ancient scots that the spirit of the father of the sufferer *called his soul away;* a superstition which is credited among the common people of Scotland even to the present hour. Wild and singular as this conception may at first appear, there is something consolatory in the idea, and the following passage of Ossian places it in a pleasing and pathetic light.

"Spirit of departed Conmor! are thy steps on the bosom of winds? Comest thou, at times, to other lands, father of sad Sul-malla? Thou dost come! I have heard thy voice at

‡ Temora, b. vii.

night: while yet I rose on the wave to Erin of the streams. *The ghosts of fathers, they say, call away the souls of their race, when they behold them lonely in the midst of woe.* Call me, my father, away, when Cathmor is low on the earth! Then shall Sul-malla be lonely in the midst of woe!" †

Another very romantic, yet soothing and delightful portion of the celtic creed consisted in believing that the spirits of their ancestors pursued and enjoyed, in their separate state, the employments and diversions they had been accustomed to in this life, and that they also frequented the hills of their country, and those scenes where they had spent the happiest period of their former existence. "*The children of youth,*" says Oscar, "*pursue deer formed of clouds, and bend their airy bow. They still love the sport of their youth; and mount the wind with joy.*" ‡ A common apellation for a spirit supposed to be in possession of felicity, is, "the ghost of the hills." "Bend thy fair head over the waves, thou lovelier than the ghost of

† Temora, b. iv.

‡ The War of Inis-Thona.

the hills; when it moves, in a sun-beam, at noon, over the silence of Morven!" *

Ideas such as these, so admirably adapted to poetry, which unfold a system fertile in all that is beautiful and wild, could not escape the attention of succeeding bards, for though the works of Ossian, in their present form, were, until lately, unknown, and few moderns pretend to an acquaintance with the originals, yet the superstitious notices they convey have been immemorially known and familiar to the Highlands and Hebrides. In Thomson are many striking features of the celtic mythology; the following exquisite stanza, for instance, alludes to the supposition of ghosts frequenting the scenes of their former life.

As when a shepherd of the Hebrid-Isles,
Plac'd far amid the melancholy main,
Whether it be lone fancy him beguiles,
Or that aërial beings sometimes deign
To stand, embodied, to our senses plain,
Sees on the naked hill, or valley low,
The whilst in ocean Phœbus dips his wain,

* Fingal, b. i.

A vast assembly moving to and fro:
Then all at once in air dissolves the wond'rous show.*

The singular yet pleasing tradition of the souls of the deceased pursuing the chase upon their native hills, is no where described with more spirit and effect than in some noble lines quoted by Dr. Beattie in his Essay on Poetry and Music from a work now neglected and unknown.

E'er since of old the haughty Thanes of Ross
(So to the simple swain tradition tells)
Were wont, with clans and ready vassals throng'd,
To wake the bounding stag, or guilty wolf;
There oft is heard at midnight or at noon,
Beginning faint, but rising still more loud
And nearer, voice of hunters and of hounds,
And horns, hoarse-winded, blowing far and keen.
Forth-with the hubbub multiplies; the gale
Labours with wilder shrieks, and rifer din
Of hot pursuit; the broken cry of deer
Mangled by throttling dogs; the shouts of men,
And hoofs thick-beating on the hollow hill.
Sudden, the grazing heifer in the vale
Starts at the tumult, and the herdsman's ears
Tingle with inward dread. Aghast he eyes

* Castle of Indolence, stanza 30.

The mountain's height, and all the ridges round;
Yet not one trace of living wight discerns:
Nor knows, o'eraw'd and trembling as he stands,
To what, or whom, he owes his idle fear,
To ghost, to witch, to fairy, or to fiend;
But wonders; and no end of wondering finds.†

In one of the Hebrides, called Icolmkill, there are near sixty, it is said, of the ancient Scotish, Irish, and Norwegian kings interred, and the people believe that frequently, during the night-time, these venerable monarchs appear, and, in conformity to their former terrestrial employments, meet in council together. This striking superstition Collins has thus recorded:

——————Beneath the show'ry west,
The mighty kings of three fair realms are laid;
Once foes, perhaps, together now they rest,
No slaves revere them, and no wars invade:
Yet frequent now, at midnight's solemn hour,
The rifted mounds their yawning cells unfold,
And forth the monarchs stalk with sov'reign power,
In pageant robes, and wreath'd with sheeny gold,
And on their twilight tombs aërial council hold.‡

† Albania, a Poem: London, 1737.

‡ Ode on the Popular Superstitions of the Highlands of Scotland, stanza 9.

It was a consoling idea to the Caledonian Celts, and which, I believe, is still retained among their descendants, that the souls of their deceased friends perpetually hovered around them, and sometimes, especially on the eve of any important undertaking, appeared looking on them with a benign aspect.

"Peace," exclaims Cuthullin, "to the souls of the heroes! their deeds were great in fight. Let them ride around me on clouds. Let them shew their features of war. My soul shall then be firm in danger; mine arm like the thunder of heaven! But be thou on a moon-beam, O Morna! near the window of my rest; when my thoughts are of peace; when the din of arms is past." *

As the Fingalians believed, that those who had conducted themselves with courage and with virtue in this life were admitted to the airy halls of their fathers, but that the cowardly and the wicked were denied the society of heroes, and were condemned to wander *on all the winds of heaven*, so they naturally imagined

* Fingal, b. i.

that these unhappy spirits haunted scenes of ruin and desolation, or the abhorred circles of Loda, and frequently by night, frightened and misled the lonely traveller. Such is the *Circle of Bruno* alluded to in the epic poem of Temora, "where often," it is said, "the ghosts of the dead howled round the stone of fear." † Ossian describing the warlike appearance of the chiefs of Erin, says, "dreadful shone they to the light; like the fall of the stream of Bruno, when the meteor lights it, before the nightly stranger. Shuddering, he stops in his journey, and looks up for the beam of the morn!" ‡ and when painting the majestic form of Cathmor, he represents him as rising "like the beam of the morning on a haunted heath: the traveller looks back, with bending eye, on the field of dreadful forms." §

Deer and Dogs were conceived by the Celtæ to be endowed with the power of discerning the fleeting apparitions of the dead, and numerous allusions to this belief occur in the poems of Ossian. The latter also were thought to

† Fingal, b. vi.

‡ Temora, b. ii. § Temora, b. vi.

be sensible of the death of their master, though ever so distant from him, at the instant he receives the fatal stroke. Of the first of these superstitions the following passage of the Caledonian is beautifully illustrative.

"Dost thou not behold, Malvina, a rock with its head of heath? Three aged pines bend from its face; green is the narrow plain at its feet; there the flower of the mountain grows, and shakes its white head in the breeze. The thistle is there alone, shedding its aged beard. Two stones, half sunk in the ground, shew their heads of moss. The deer of the mountain avoids the place for *he beholds a dim ghost standing there.* The mighty lie, O Malvina, in the narrow plain of the rock." *

The second, relative to the equally wonderful discernment of the dog, is thus introduced in Fingal: "Trenar, graceful Trenar died, O maid of Inistore! *His grey dogs are howling at home, they see his passing ghost.*" ‡

* Carthon.

‡ Fingal, b. i.

Similar to the above were the ideas annexed to that part of the armour of the chief which was left at home in the halls of his fathers, for it was believed that the moment he fell in battle this became *bloody*. A prodigy so well calculated to awaken terror has been frequently made use of by Ossian, and with great effect. In Temora Cul-allin thus understands that her son has fallen.

"The mother of Culmin remains in the hall. She looks forth on blue-rolling Strutha. A whirlwind rises, on the stream, dark-eddying round the ghost of her son. His dogs are howling in their place. *His shield is bloody in the hall.* "Art thou fallen, my fair-haired son, in Erin's dismal war?" † Again in Conlath and Cuthona, Ossian exclaims upon the death of the hero

"O ye bards of future times, remember the fall of Conlath with tears. He fell before his day. Sadness darkened in his hall. *His mother looked to his shield on the wall, and it was bloody. She knew that her hero fell.*"

† Temora, b. v.

It has already been remarked that the ancient scots believed the elements were the residence of the spirits of the deceased; they carried the idea, however, still further by supposing that storms, whirlwinds and inundations were created by these potent aërial beings, for the purpose of transporting themselves from place to place, or for the punishment or warning of nations, and even individuals. Ossian has in a very pictoresque passage, detailed this popular notion.

"The night was stormy. From their hills the groaning oaks came down. The sea darkly tumbled beneath the blast. The roaring waves climbed against our rocks. The lightning came often and shewed the blasted fern. Ferculh! *I saw the ghost who embroiled the night. Silent he stood, on that bank. His robe of mist flew on the wind. I could behold his tears. An aged man he seemed, and full of thought.*" ‡

Thomson too, in describing a tempest in his Winter, seems to have had his imagination

‡ Conlath and Cuthona.

warmed with similar ideas, for he has given a kind of personification to the "savage blast," and has introduced a being whom he terms the *Demon of the night.* The lines from their awful energy and beauty merit quotation.

The whirling tempest raves along the plain;
And on the cottage thatch'd or lordly roof,
Keen-fastening, shakes them to the solid base.
Sleep frighted flies; and round the rocking dome,
For entrance eager, howls the savage blast.
Then too, they say, thro' all the burthen'd air,
Long groans are heard, shrill sounds, and distant sighs,
That, uttered by the demon of the night,
Warn the devoted wretch of woe and death.*

That a spirit also dwells in the waters, and directs their destructive fury, is an opinion coeval with the earliest records of tradition in Scotland, and still forms a part of the popular creed. The loud roaring of the mountain torrents swollen by the rains, so frequently excessive in a hilly country, and which when thus reinforced, often sweep every object before them, was imagined to be the angry accents of the irritated spirit, which the vulgar termed

* Winter, line 186.

the *Water-Wraith*, or *Kelpie*, or *Water-Fiend*. Home, in his excellent Tragedy of Douglas, has very happily interwoven this piece of superstition. The Peasant is delivering his story to Lady Randolph, and relates

————————Whilst thus we poorly liv'd
One stormy night, as I remember well,
The wind and rain beat hard upon our roof,
Red came the river down, and loud and oft
The angry spirit of the water shriek'd.†

In the supposed æra of Ossian, the souls of the deceased were believed sometimes to inhabit the waters; thus Connal, addressing the ghost of Crugal, enquires, "Shall we not hear thee in the storm? *In the noise of the mountain stream?*" ‡

The best and most extended description of the Water Fiend is to be found in the pages of Collins. This great master of the terrible and the pathetic has no where exerted himself with greater effect.

† Act iii. Scene 1.

‡ Fingal, b. ii.

Ah, luckless swain, o'er all unblest indeed!
  Whom late bewilder'd in the dank dark fen,
Far from his flocks and smoking hamlet, then!
  To that sad spot where hums the sedgy reed
On him enrag'd, the fiend, in angry mood,
  Shall never look with pity's kind concern,
But instant, furious, raise the whelming flood
  O'er its drown'd bank, forbidding all return.
Or, if he meditate his wish'd escape
  To some dim hill that seems uprising near,
To his faint eye the grim and grisly shape,
  In all its terrors clad shall wild appear.
Meantime, the watry surge shall round him rise,
  Pour'd sudden forth from ev'ry swelling source.
What now remains but tears and hopeless sighs?
  His fear-shook limbs have lost their youthful force,
And down the waves he floats, a pale and breathless
    corse.

For him, in vain, his anxious wife shall wait,
  Or wander forth to meet him on his way;
For him, in vain, at to-fall of the day,
  His babes shall linger at th' unclosing gate.
Ah, ne'er shall he return! Alone, if night
  Her travell'd limbs in broken slumbers steep,
With dropping willows drest, his mournful sprite
  Shall visit sad, perchance, her silent sleep:
Then he, perhaps, with moist and watry hand,
  Shall fondly seem to prop her shudd'ring cheek,
And with his blue-swoln face before her stand,

And shiv'ring cold, these piteous accents speak:
"Pursue, dear wife, thy daily toils pursue
"At dawn, or dusk, industrious as before;
"Nor e'er of me one hapless thought renew,
"While I lie weltring on the ozier'd shore,
"Drown'd by the Kelpie's wrath, nor e'er shall aid thee more."*

The rocks and mountains were likewise conceived to be the habitation of superior beings. The echoing back of the voice from a rock was supposed to be occasioned by a spirit who resided within it, and which the common people called *The Son of the Rock.* This superstition is mentioned by Ossian in his poem entitled, *The Songs of Selma.* By the spirit of the mountain was understood that protracted, wild, and melancholy sound which, in a country such as the Highlands of Scotland, is generally predictive of a tempest. Ossian, describing the approach of a storm, says, "The wind was abroad, in the oaks; the spirit of the mountain roared." To this day the same credulity exists, and, as Mr. Gilpin observes, "the country people still consider the mountains of Bendoran (the highest in-

* Ode on the Popular Superstitions, stanz. 7 and 8.

habited parts of Scotland) as enchanted mountains, for before the storm begins to rage, they emit a hollow sound, which forebodes it. The shepherd knows it well, and instantly shelters his flock." † Thomson, in the true spirit of a poet, has availed himself of this popular notion.

Along the woods, along the moorish fens,
Sighs the sad *Genius* of the coming storm:
And up among the loose disjointed cliffs,
And fractur'd mountains wild, the brawling brook,
And cave, presageful, send a hollow moan
Resounding long in listening Fancy's ear. ‡

Many are the allusions in Ossian to what he has denominated, *The Meteors of Death*, and which would appear to be illusive lights occurring in the night time and esteemed of ill omen. One of the warriors in Fingal exclaims, "The ghosts of night shriek afar; *I have seen the meteors of death*," and the terrific beauty of the following comparison is chiefly owing to the introduction of the same idea.

† Scotch Tour, vol. i. p. 174.

‡ Winter, l. 66.

"Fingal, tall in his ship, stretched his bright lance before him. Terrible was the gleam of his steel; it was like *the green meteor of death, setting in the heath of Malmor, when the traveller is alone, and the broad moon is darkened in heaven.*" *

In the admirable composition, called, *The Five Bards*, appended to the Croma of Ossian, is another striking instance.

"*The meteor, token of death!* flies sparkling through the gloom. It rests on the hill. I see the withered fern, the dark-browed rock, the fallen oak. Who is that in his shrowd beneath the tree, by the stream?"

Of the prodigies which occur in the productions ascribed to Ossian the following is perhaps the most impressive and important. Fingal and his chiefs are represented as rejoicing in the hall of Selma.

"The night passed away in song; morning returned in joy. The mountains shewed their

* Fingal, b. iii.

grey heads; the blue face of ocean smiled. The white wave is seen tumbling round the distant rock; a mist rose, slowly, from the lake. It came, in the figure of an aged man, along the silent plain. Its large limbs did not move in steps; for a ghost supported it in mid air. *It came towards Selma's hall, and dissolved in a shower of blood.*

"The king alone beheld the sight; he foresaw the death of the people. He came, in silence to his hall; and took his father's spear. The mail rattled on his breast. The heroes rose around. They looked, in silence, on each other, marking the eyes of Fingal. They saw battle in his face: the death of armies on his spear." †

Such, if we can trust to the fidelity with which these popular traditions have been transmitted to us, are the chief features of that superstition which prevailed for many centuries in the mountainous districts of Scotland.

It will immediately strike every reader as a

† Carthon.

most singular circumstance, that no omnipotent, no superintending Deity, nor any worship, or mode of supplication, should be admitted into the celtic system;* this Mr. Macpherson accounts for from Fingal's rejection of the Druidic rites, and his ignorance of Christianity; but it is more probable, I think, as Mr. Macpherson himself has hinted in one part of his Dissertation, that it was owing to the opinion of the bards, that any assistance given to their heroes in battle was highly derogatory to their fame, and would transfer the glory of the action to the god who interfered. The inhabitants of Morven, however, as we have already seen, believed in a separate state, as a necessary event, and imagined that the valiant the merciful and the wise enjoyed their earthly pursuits in the region of the clouds, and in the halls appropriated to their heroes, and that they frequently visited their native hills and their former friends, to whom they were propitious and lovely in their appearance, whilst the cow-

* Hence, the terms *religion* and *mythology*, as applied to the celtic superstitions, and which have occurred once or twice in these sketches, are not correct, there being in no part of Ossian, if we except the engagement with the spirit of Loda, any reference to, or transaction with beings of an order superior to those which were supposed to inhabit the elements.

ardly and the vicious were the sport of all the winds of heaven, appeared only in marshy vallies, and amid scenes of gloom and desolation, were full of ill omen to those who saw them, and of terrible and ghastly form. The different elements were likewise esteemed the habitation of spirits who possessed powers of an extensive nature, and were the objects of admiration or dread to the wandering celts.

Imperfect as this system may appear it would and did lead to a state of manners highly mild and generous. While the Goth, in worshipping a Deity who delighted in blood and slaughter, became ferocious, unrelenting and savage, the Caledonian, believing that mercy was the attribute of true valour, and that to spare the fallen and the weak, to protect, and to love his friends, to open his halls to the stranger, and to bid the frequent song arise, were the best titles to future happiness, would naturally prove the brave, the noble, yet gentle being he is represented in the works of Ossian.

Wild, generous and romantic as their superstitions, were, therefore, their genius and manners; from the former, when known to prevail

in any country, the latter must necessarily be deduced, and when these are found to be generally mingled with a deep yet pleasing melancholy, the nature of the country and the progress of society, may be almost accurately ascertained.

If the superstitions introduced into the poems of Ossian be taken from remote tradition, and, I believe, from all the evidence that has hitherto been discovered, they really are, Mr. Macpherson was compelled to render the manners of his heroes accordant, in fact, to render them, though ignorant of arts and sciences, brave, generous, credulous, attentive, and even delicate in their attentions to their women, delighting in music, and addicted, from the face of the country they inhabited, and the nature of their elementary creed, to melancholy enthusiasm.

This collection of, and these observations on, the singular superstitions of the Highlands of Scotland, will, I should hope, afford amusement to the inquisitive reader, and may, probably, suggest no unimportant reflections.

NUMBER XXXII.

Oh! come, my Fair-one; I have thatch'd above,
And whiten'd all around my little cot,
I've shorn the hedges leading to the grove,
Nor is the seat and willow bower forgot.

DOWNMAN.

DURING the latter end of the summer of —— I made an excursion to the lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland, and fond of the wild and daring features of nature, I here met all that could gratify the eye of the painter, or the imagination of the poet. Many too were the scenes whose exquisite beauty and softness, whose charm of contrast and calm sweetness of expression, suggested the delightful, but, too often, visionary ideas of rural happiness and elegant simplicity.

Whilst thus employed, my mind teeming with each romantic thought which the country

around me, a peculiar cast of study, which youth and inexperience had planted there, an incident occurred, that even now, when time hath almost paled the vivid colouring of fancy, I recollect not but with renovated enthusiasm.

The red rays of the sun gleamed strong on the heights of Helvellyn, as I passed by its foot, on my road to Ambleside, and evening, with all her lovely tints, had stolen upon me by the time I reached the chapel of Wiborn. Oppressed by the heat of the day, the coolness of the present hour became remarkably refreshing, and, riding gently on, I arrived at the margin of Grasmere water. Nothing can exceed the beauty of this charming lake diffused amid the bosom of the mountains, its banks exhibit the utmost variety of rock and turf, and are scooped into a number of little bays; while on a promontory which rushes far into the water, and at an inconsiderable height above the surface, stands the village of Grasmere, its parish church rising conspicuous in the centre. A large quantity of fine old wood clothes the sides of the mountain, and here and there a cottage is discovered embosomed in the foliage. The verdure of the meadows, the

grouping of the cattle, and the hanging shrubs which climb along the rugged projections of the crag, still further heighten this delicious paradise. I walked for some time along the borders of the lake, wrapt in the contemplation of beauties to which even the pencil of Ruisdale could not do justice. The sombre shades of evening were now fast approaching, the setting sun smiled with a farewel lustre on the summits of the hills, and the water, still as death, received a deep gloom from the lengthening shadows of the mountains, I sat myself down upon the roots of an old tree near the edge of the lake, and was listening to the distant murmur of some water falls, when suddenly the sound of village bells diverted my attention; no, never shall I forget their sweet and dying cadence, how softly they stole along the lake, now bursting loud and louder on the ear, and now faintly sinking to repose: they were in unison with the scene around and with my feelings—no, never shall I forget them.

———Wherever I have heard
A kindred melody, the scene recurs
And with it all its pleasures.——

COWPER.

The night closed in ere I could tear myself away from this bewitching scenery, and my desire of once more enjoying it was so great, that I determined to sleep within the village and postpone for a day any farther progress towards Ambleside. The succeeding morning was excessively hot, but, as the evening began to approach, Nature again assumed her mellow colouring, and again the same delightful coolness regaled my languid senses. I traversed the edge of the water, and, having dwelt upon the scenes I had viewed with so much pleasure the night before, I entered the wood, which, climbing half way up the mountain's side, faces the village. The path ran in an oblique direction, gently winding up the hill; it was soft as moss, and of a vivid green, and through many little openings in the wood, the crags, the village, and the lake, were seen to great advantage. I had not proceeded far before a neat cottage, built on a little level, on the side of the hill, attracted my notice. There was an air of taste and simplicity in every thing around it, which highly excited my curiosity in regard to the inhabitants, of whom, from the scene before me, I conceived something extraordinary. It was placed in that situation,

which, of all others, is the most pictoresque, that is, its point of elevation was not too great for the landscape. From the bottom of a small lawn which spread before it, the wood gradually fell to the margin of the water, and a number of gigantic oaks covered the hill behind it nearly to the summit, a broken line of moss-hung crag, however, still peeping beyond. Against the front of this cottage grew an old woodbine, whose branches, mingling with each other, crept round four neat sashed windows that glowed as fire from the reflection of the sun. While I stood silently admiring the beauty of the scene, the door of the cottage was opened, and a young woman, clothed with elegant but artless taste, stepped out upon the green; on her arm there leant a man of a very interesting figure, and rather stricken in years, and who, after looking around him with an air of satisfaction, smiled with ineffable sweetness on his fair companion.

The landscape, however diversified, however pictoresque, is, unless animated by human figures, far from complete. The mind is soon satisfied with the view of rock, of wood and water, but if the peasant, the shepherd, or the

fisherman be seen, or, if still more engaging, a group of figures be thrown into some important action, the heart as well as the imagination is affected, and a new sensation of exquisite delight, and scarce admitting of satiety, fills and dilates the bosom. Thus was I situated; and thus, having gratified my fancy with the scenery around, was about to return to the village, but no sooner did the two figures, I have just mentioned, appear before me, than my best and sweetest feelings were instantly occupied; the country assumed a more enchanting hue, the sun shed a mellower and more delicious tint, and every object seemed heightened with a pathetic grace; and surely no incident could, better than the present one, have produced the effect; for an intelligence the most expressive sate on the features of the young woman; an intelligence so divine, so mild, so graceful, that Guido Rheni might have studied it with rapture. She had on a gown of white cotton, and round her waist there was a green sash; her hair, of a dark brown, hung down upon her shoulders, and from her left arm depended a small basket. The person who leaned upon her right was dressed in a scarlet coat, which seemed to have

been formerly an uniform; his countenance was strongly marked, martial, but at the same time mingled with much benignity; his forehead was bold and open, his eye full and dark, his eye-brows black and thick, his nose aquiline, and his chin rather prominent; he had a staff in his right hand, and although apparently possessing some vigour and in health, he walked with difficulty, being, as I perceived, lame of one leg.

I had remained, until now, concealed beneath the shadow of some trees, but stepping forward to continue the objects of my admiration in view, a favourite dog, who ran by their side, caught a sight of me, and, beginning to bark with vehemence, they turned round. I found myself discovered, and advancing towards them, begged they would pardon my intrusion, for that invited by the beauty of the scene, I had inadvertently wandered into their grounds. They smiled at my apology, and the old gentleman, with much good nature, told me I was welcome to his farm, that it gave him pleasure to perceive I admired his situation, and that, provided I could bear to travel no faster than himself, he would shew

me some parts well worth seeing, and which, probably, from my ignorance of the country, had escaped me. I thanked him, and willingly accepting of his proposal, we took another direction, returning to the cottage by a path which was altogether hid from common observation. An agreeable conversation soon took place, into which our fair companion occasionally entered with the most frank and amiable simplicity, and speedily convinced me that her heart and her understanding were as lovely as her form. As we became more and more pleased with each other, the reserve, natural to strangers, wore off, and having expressed much satisfaction, mingled with some curiosity, in regard to their mode of life, the old man told me, he had formerly served as a British officer in Germany, that his name was Felton, and that having lived long in the army without due promotion, and being very much wounded in his last engagement, and indeed rendered incapable of further service, he had retired with his wife and daughter, the young lady now present, to a little estate which he possessed in the west riding of Yorkshire; that after residing a few happy years in that situation, he lost his wife, and unable any

longer to endure the sight of objects which perpetually recalled her to his memory, he had left it for this romantic spot, where, blest with the dutiful and affectionate attention of his lovely Agnes, nothing on this side of the grave, he thought, could add to his content. As he said this he turned towards his daughter, whose blue eyes, suffused with tears, beamed the most lively gratitude. I felt at this moment one of the sweetest transports my breast has ever known; I felt how much all sublunary bliss rests on the warmth of social feeling, and gazing on the tender features of Miss Felton, the tear that trickled down my cheek gave tribute to her goodness.

We had by this time reached the cottage, having in our short tour seen several little elegant and striking views, the fore ground of which, as sequestered and laying near the cot, had been greatly improved by the genius of Felton. I would now have taken my leave, for the sun was near the horizon, but Felton begged I would step in, and, as he expressed it, grace his humble shed. I could not refuse, there was an air of gentleness and sincerity about him that would not admit of a refusal,

so I stepped into a very neat little parlour, where, sitting down, the good old man desired his daughter to bring some of her best wine, "if you can excuse," he said, "what an old soldier can afford, you are welcome; heaven has not given me affluence, sir, but it has blessed me with what I value more, a lot above dependance, and a heart that is grateful for the gift." I was much affected, and, without saying a word, involuntarily stretched out my hand; he placed his in mine; we were silent: Miss Felton entered, she smiled, and throwing her blue eyes with a bewitching sweetness upon me, offered the wine: I took a glass; my hand trembled; I drank her health; it was, I thought, the most delightful wine I had ever tasted; I praised her skill, she blushed. 'I am glad it pleases you,' she said. At this moment, turning round to speak to her father, the bright hilt of a sword, which hung across the chimney-piece, caught my attention. Felton observed it, and rising from his chair, took it down; he drew it from the scabbard: "this" cried he, waving it round his head, "this, sir, was once my only fortune, my only friend, with this, and much good service has it done me, with this I've known the day when, shrink-

ing from the lightning of its edge, the foes of Felton have retired." As he spoke this, a transient light flashed from his eyes, but pausing awhile, an expression mild and pensive succeeded: "those days," resuming his discourse, "are past, nor do I wish them to return; turbulent they were, and marked with blood; war was never my enjoyment, I never did delight in devastation, the tears of the mournful were ever bitter to my soul." He sighed, and sheathing his sword, placed it in its former situation. "No," he continued, "though ever ready, and with a willing heart, to serve my country, yet never did I taste the sweets of happiness, till having sought retirement, I indulged the pleasures of domestic life. Here with my Agnes and a few friends, every wish is gratified. I here possess, and I am thankful for it, my share of human bliss."

During this little speech Miss Felton sate near a table, her head reclined upon her hand, her eyes were fixed upon her father, they were full of tears, tears of grateful rapture. Sure, thought I, if content did ever visit the abode of man, her residence is here, where virtue, and where feeling hearts, where peace and

competence, combine. Ah, never, in the warmest sally of my imagination, never did I fancy aught so beauteous as this spot of ground, or aught so lovely as its gentle tenants. How to take leave of them I knew not, the sun had already set, and the moment of separation drew near, of a separation perhaps eternal. I rose, I kissed the white hand of Miss Felton; and, embracing her father, hurried out of the room, without being able to utter a single word: the night was fine, the moon had risen, and sweetly illumined the lake and distant mountains; all, except the nightingale, was mute, and struck by a scene so accordant with my feelings, it was late ere I reached the village, where, giving way to a strain of pensive enthusiasm, I wrote, before I went to rest, the following stanzas:

I go, farewel my beauteous maid!
I leave the land belov'd for thee,
From Grasmere's hills afar convey'd,
From all that whisper'd joy to me.

Though dear the little native vale
To which I turn my lingering feet,
Though dear the friends who in that dale
Expect their much-lov'd son to greet.

Yet will they hear the deep-drawn sigh,
As shuns his couch the traitor sleep,
Yet will they view his languid eye,
And o'er the love-lorn mourner weep.

Oh, had ye known the gentle maid,
How soft her accent, mild her air,
How sweet her dark-brown ringlets play'd
And trembled on her bosom fair.

Ye would not, oh my friends, admire
Why seeks your son the walk by stealth,
Why beats his pulse with fev'rish fire,
Why fades the purple glow of health.

And must I leave thee, must we part?
Ah, ruthless fortune bids to fly,
Nor heeds the pang that swells my heart,
Nor marks the tear-o'erflowing eye.

Yet Hope shall soothe the bosom care,
Shall fondly prompt the tender sigh,
Shall smiling wave her golden hair,†
And roll her blue voluptuous eye.

† And Hope enchanted smil'd, and wav'd her golden hair.
COLLINS.

Perchance when time hath stol'n away
A few dull years of toil and pain,
Ah then, perchance, may beam a day
To guide me to my love again.

ODE TO CONTENT.

Non ego divitias patrum, fructusque requiro,
  Quos tulit antiquo condita messis avo.
Parva seges satis est; satis est requiescere tecto,
  Si licet, et solito membra levare toro.
TIBULLUS.

To thee, mild source of home-felt joy!
To thee I vow this artless lay,
For, Nymph divine! no cares alloy,
No griefs pollute thy halcyon day.

Though soft the moon her mellow light
O'er yonder mould'ring tow'r hath shed,
Though soft as sleeps her beam on night,
Yet softer sleeps thy peaceful head.

For thee, the fairy sprite of morn,
Her sweet, her varied dream shall weave,

For thee, thy wood-girt thatch adorn
The calm, the golden lights of eve.

For thee, the cool stream murm'ring flow,
The green, the winding vale along,
For thee, where yonder wild pines grow,
The Maiden breathe her village song.

When wilt thou haunt my straw-roof cot,
When wilt thou bless my longing arms,
When shall I claim thy lowly lot,
When shall I share thy modest charms?

I ne'er will ask of purple Pride
Her gems that idly fire the night,
The gems that o'er her tresses wide
In lustre fling their glarish light.

Nor will I ask of Pow'r to whirl
In terror cloth'd, the scythed car,
And mad with fury, shout to hurl
The dark, the death-fraught spear of war.

Then come, my little dwelling share,
A dwelling blest, if shar'd with thee,
From the proud far, from pining care,
From guilt and pale-ey'd sorrow free.

Ah! let the Great, by error led,
To many a gorgeous city fly,
More blest with thee to eat my bread
In peace and humble privacy.

More blest to rove the heath along,
At grey-clad eve, from labour won,
To list the wood-lark's plaintive song,
And wistful watch the setting sun.

More blest by oak that cleft and lone,
Flings o'er the stream his moss-hung bough,
As swells the blast in rougher tone,
To mark the wild wave dash below.

More blest nigh yonder darkling dell,
Where sleeps the Bard by fame forgot,
Of many a love-lorn grief to tell,
And mourn till morn his cheerless lot.

But oh far happier if at night,
As onward rolls the sadd'ning storm,
I meet thy blue eye's glist'ning light,
I press thy gently-yielding form.

Sweet as the first-drawn sigh of love,
Content, thou mild, thou meek-ey'd Maid!
Above bright pow'r, gay wealth above,
To thee my willing vows be paid.

NUMBER XXXIII.

——————"Ah!" long immur'd
In noon-tide darkness by the glimm'ring lamp,
Each muse and each fair science pin'd away
The sordid hours: while foul, barbarian hands
Their mysteries profan'd, unstrung the lyre,
And chain'd the soaring pinion down to earth.

AKENSIDE.

THE destruction of the Alexandrian Library by Amrou in the year 640, has been a theme of perpetual regret to the literati of every succeeding age and nation. In this barbarous and wanton conflagration it has been supposed, that many of the first authors of antiquity have perished, and that, in fact, the greater part of the learning of the ancient world was, in consequence of this event, for ever buried in oblivion. Some writers, however, and those too of great respectability, have ventured to disbelieve the accounts given us of this licen-

tious act of power, and assert that the sentence of Omar is repugnant to the law of Mahomed, which expressly injoins that the religious books of the Jews and Christians, acquired by the right of war, should never be destroyed; and that the productions of profane science, history, poetry, philosophy &c. may be lawfully made use of for the benefit of the faithful. Abulpharagius, from whose Dynasties this relation of the burning of the Alexandrian Library is taken, lived six hundred years after the event, whilst annalists of a much earlier date, christians and natives of Egypt, have been perfectly silent on the subject. One of these, the patriarch Eutychius, has given a copious and accurate description of the conquest of Alexandria, without mentioning a single circumstance relative to the loss of the library. Renaudot and the celebrated Gibbon consider the account of Abulpharagius as a mere fiction; "the tale has been repeatedly transcribed," says the latter, "and every scholar, with pious indignation, has deplored the irreparable shipwreck of the learning, the arts and the genius of antiquity. For my own part I am strongly tempted to deny both the fact and the consequences."

What tends strongly to prove that the destruction of these volumes by fire did not take place, is the vast treasure of antiquity yet remaining with us. To ascertain, however, the truth or falsehood of this relation, and also what we have fuffered through the depredations of time, ignorance and bigotry, and what quantity of ancient literature we still enjoy, it will be necessary to appeal to some celebrated Critic, who lived at a period when Grecian and Roman literature were yet entire. Happily in the person of QUINTILIAN we find a sure and almost unerring guide; I have no hesitation indeed, in pronouncing him the first critic of antiquity. He has commented upon, and in a style exquisitely adapted to the subject, all the first writers of Greece and Rome. "I have often perused with pleasure," says Gibbon, "a chapter of Quintilian (Instit. Orator. Lib. x. cap. i.) in which that judicious critic enumerates and appreciates the series of Greek and Latin classics." † By comparing therefore what now remains to us of ancient literature with what existed in the age of

† Roman Empire, vol. ix. p. 442, note.

Quintilian, we shall be able accurately to unfold our losses, and to ascertain our wealth.

Quintilian flourished at a period when all the first-rate authors of Greece and Rome, with the exception of Tacitus, Pliny and Juvenal, had acquired by the sober verdict of Time, unperishable glory; and it may not be useless, or uninteresting, previous to our entering upon the direct subject of these papers, to present the reader with a short sketch of the life of this ingenious critic.

Quintilian was born at Calagurris in Spain, but neither the period of his birth, nor of his death, can, with any certainty, be fixed. Galba, it is said, first brought him to Rome, where he taught rhetoric, with great reputation, for better than twenty years, and frequently pleaded at the bar with a success that conferred on him much applause. He was preceptor to Pliny the Younger and many other literary characters, and Domitian entertained so high an opinion of his abilities that he appointed him tutor to the two princes whom he had destined to the imperial purple. Disgusted however with the splendour and vices of a

court, and the turbulence and tumults of the capital, he obtained permission of the Emperor to enjoy the residue of his life in retirement. In this rural seclusion he composed his *Institutiones Oratoriæ*, and his treatise *De Causis Corruptæ Eloquentiæ*, productions which have immortalized his name, and been of essential service to the cause of literature. He is termed by Warton "one of the most rational and elegant of Roman writers," and he justly observes "no author ever adorned a scientifical treatise with so many beautiful metaphors." * The misfortunes, however, incident to humanity, and which assail the roof of the philosopher with as much facility as the dome of regal splendour, embittered the latter days of Quintilian. In the introduction to the sixth book of the Institutions he laments in the most pathetic manner the death of his wife and of his two sons with whom he had enjoyed the purest harmony and domestic felicity. Solitary, and, as it is said, in a state of indigence, he bitterly felt his deprivations, and has certainly indulged his sorrow to excess when he

* Essay on Pope, vol. i. p. 177.

accuses the designs and the existence of a providence. The Institutions of Quintilian lay buried in oblivion for many centuries,* and it is the common opinion that they were not discovered until the year 1415, when Poggio Bracciolini found them in an old tower of the Monastery of St. Gall; but Petrarch affirms that in 1350 he had the good fortune to find in Arezzo, his native town, the Institutions of this author, which till then he could never meet with. The manuscript was mutilated and in a bad condition, but it was an interesting discovery to him, and he wrote

* Since this was written, I have found reason to think, from some notices in Warton's Dissertation on the Introduction of learning into England, that manuscripts of Quintilian existed during the dark and middle ages, and were at no period extinct. In the year 855, Lupus, abbot of Ferrieres in France, sent two of his monks to pope Benedict the third, to beg a copy of Cicero de Oratore, and *Quintilian's Institutes*, and some other books: "for," says the abbot, "although we have part of these books, yet there is no whole or complete copy of them in all France." Mr. Warton proceeds to observe, that very early manuscripts of Quintilian's Institutes are extant, and that he appears to have been a favorite author with some writers of the middle ages. He is quoted by John of Salisbury, a writer of the eleventh century, and by Vincent of Beauvais, a writer of the thirteenth. The very copy of Quintilian, found by Poggio, is said to have been in Lord Sunderland's noble library now at Blenheim.

Warton's History of English Poetry, vol. i.

some lines to Quintilian to express his joy.‡ Good editions of this critic have been published by Gibson, Burmannus, Rollin and Henry Homer.†

It will be the purport of the remainder of this paper, and of the ensuing ones, to enumerate the authors selected by the Rhetorician, and which he has arranged under the heads of poetry, history, oratory and philosophy, and to ascertain what is left, and what is lost of each author. After having gone through the series of Grecian writers, I shall throw the whole into a tabular form, which will render the result still clearer: a similar plan will be pursued with the Roman writers. To prevent however the dryness of a catalogue, I shall intersperse illustrations, quotations and criticisms, which, I trust, will alleviate the barrenness of the prospect, and render our progress at once easy and delightful.

Quintilian has, with great propriety commenced his series of celebrated authors with

‡ Dobson's Life of Petrarch, vol. ii. p. 47.

† I have occasionally noticed the best editions of my authors with a view of being useful to the junior student.

the mighty name of HOMER. As one of the best specimens of the composition of our acute and elegant critic, I shall quote the first paragraph of his eulogium on this immortal poet, to which I shall annex a translation; a faint attempt to supply the unlearned reader with an idea of the manner and style of the ingenious Roman, whom to translate throughout with energy, spirit and fidelity, would prove a task of the most arduous and difficult kind; such is the beauty of his diction, and such the peculiar propriety of his epithets. As no version, however, at all adequate to the merits of the original exists in english, I shall be under the necessity of affixing one of my own to this and all the succeeding quotations.

"Ut Aratus ab Jove incipiendum putat, ita nos ritè cœpturi ab HOMERO videmur. Hic enim (quemadmodum ex Oceano dicit ipse amnium vim fontiumque cursus initium capere) omnibus eloquentiæ partibus exemplum et ortum dedit. Hunc nemo in magnis sublimitate, in parvis proprietate superaverit. Idem lætus ac pressus, jucundus et gravis, tum copia, tum brevitate mirabilis; nec poeticâ modò, sed oratoria virtute eminentissimus."

"As Aratus, in his astronomical poem, thought it necessary to commence with Jove, so with peculiar propriety may we take our commencement from HOMER. For as the ocean, to adopt a beautiful passage of this great poet, has given origin to every stream and every fountain, so has Homer likewise given birth to, and a specimen of, every species of eloquence. Him no one on lofty subjects hath exceeded in sublimity, and on topics of an humbler theme him no one in propriety. He is at once elegant and nervous, delightful and profound; in diffusion, or in brevity equally admirable, and excelling not more in poetical than in oratorial merit."

Of Homer fortunately the principal productions have descended entire to posterity. The Iliad and the Odyssey, through the attention of Lycurgus and Pisistratus, still remain accurately arranged, and in the highest preservation. Some pieces, however, attributed to Homer are lost, namely, the *Margites*, the *Ilias Minor*, the *Cypriacs*, and a few hymns. The first of these, on the authority of Aristotle, we may confidently assert to have been written by the poet; the rest are of doubtful origin. Of

the hymns a few remain, and one or two have, more than once, been translated into english verse. Mr. Hole, the poet of Arthur, has given the public a beautiful version of one of these, addressed, if I recollect aright, to Ceres.

Notwithstanding the splendid abilities and genius of Homer, an encomium upon which would be altogether superfluous either in this or any other place, he had many detractors. *Sagaris*, *Zoilus* and *Parthenius* have, by their envy and calumny, rendered themselves infamous to all posterity. On the latter there is a spirited epigram in the Greek Anthologia by *Erycius*, and with equal spirit has it been thus translated by Mr. Hayley.

Here, though deep buried he can rail no more,
Pour burning pitch, on base Parthenius pour;
Who on the sacred Muses dar'd to spirt
His frothy venom and poetic dirt:
Who said of Homer, in his frantic scorn,
The Odyssey was mud, the Iliad thorn:
For this, dark Furies, in your snakes enroll,
And thro' Cocytus drag the sland'rous soul.

A valuable edition of this poet may shortly

be expected from the taste and erudition of Heyne.

A considerable portion of the works of HESIOD yet exists. His poem on Agriculture, called *Works and Days*, and his *Theogony* or *Genealogy of the Gods*, are spared to our curiosity. A fragment too entitled the *Shield of Hercules*, part perhaps of a poem now lost, and which was termed the *Heroic Genealogy*, is also preserved, and has lately been admirably translated in the *Exeter Essays*. The most popular production however of Hesiod, his poem in praise of illustrious women, is no more; this, from the opening words Ἢ Οἵη, was known in course of time by the name *Eoics* or the *Great Eoics*, and is recorded to have been a wonderful favorite with the Ladies of Greece. Such indeed was the popularity of our bard that he is reported to have gained the prize though Homer started as his competitor! Of the poet of Asera we have no good translation: Cooke was not competent to the task, and should a man of indisputable taste and genius undertake a version, it is still very doubtful, owing to the sterile nature of

these poems, whether he would find himself sufficiently rewarded.†

Antimachus of Claros near Colophon, esteemed one of the six famous poets of ancient Greece, has received no mercy from the hand of Time. Of his numerous and voluminous effusions, not one has escaped. We may be consoled however in recollecting that Quintilian, though he gives him praise for energy and strength, and for no common eloquence, declares he was altogether void of pathos, and that he possessed neither suavity of manner, nor art nor design in the conduct of his fable. This last observation is strongly corroborated by the well-known anecdote that in his great work, the *Thebaid*, he had exhausted twenty-four books before he brought the seven chiefs to the siege. Such indeed was the vast prolixity of his pieces that his audiences usually deserted him, and on an occasion of this kind, when all had left him except Plato, he exclaimed "Legam nihilominus, Plato enim mihi est unus instar omnium." "I shall nevertheless

† An excellent edition of this poet was printed by Bodini at Parma, in quarto, in 1785.

read on, for to me Plato is an entire audience." Antimachus composed a poem to the memory of his wife or mistress, under the title of Lyde, and which, most probably, obtained much celebrity, as Ovid alludes to it in the following line

Nec tantum Clario Lyde dilecta poëtæ.
More lov'd than Lyde by the Clarian bard.

In a fragment of a love-poem written by Hermesianax of Colophon, and preserved in Athenæus, there is a pleasing compliment to our unfortunate poet, and which, as time has done him so much injury, I am the more willing to introduce.

Antimachus with tender art
Pour'd forth the sorrows of his heart:
In her Dardanian grave he laid
Chryseis his beloved maid;
And thence returning sad beside
Pactolus' melancholy tide,
To Colophon the minstrel came,
Still sighing forth the mournful name,
Till lenient time his grief appeas'd,
And tears by long indulgence ceas'd.

CUMBERLAND.

PANYASIS has shared a similar fate, for no portion of his labours has reached posterity. He was classed among the first masters of epic poetry, but, if the opinion of Quintilian be just, he seldom rose beyond mediocrity.

"Panyasin," says he, "ex utroque mistum putant, in eloquendo neutrius æquare virtutes: alterum tamen ab eo materia, alterum disponendi ratione superari.

"Panyasis is supposed to display a mixture of both these authors, (viz. Hesiod and Antimachus) though inferior in point of eloquence to either. Yet has he excelled the one in the choice of subject, and the other in felicity of arrangement."

An ample specimen of the poetry of APOLLONIUS RHODIUS has been preserved, and which has exercised the varying judgment of the critics. Many have condemned him to mediocrity, and among the number appear the formidable names of Quintilian and Longinus; but there is an appeal from the decision of the most celebrated critic, and he who shall attentively peruse the four books on the Argonautic

expedition, will find his heart powerfully affected, and his tenderest feelings called forth. Virgil, whose taste was exquisite, felt the full force and beauty of his genius, and has transferred many of his most pathetic passages into the episode of Dido; a tribute to merit which more than balances the strictures of the cold-blooded critic.

Tho' Nature feel his verse, tho' she declare
Medea's magic is still potent there,
Yet Fancy sees the slighted Poet rove
In pensive anger thro' th' Elysian grove.
From Critic shades, whose supercilious pride
His song neglected, or his powers decried,
He turns indignant—unopprest by fears,
Behold, he seeks the sentence of his Peers.
See their just band his honest claim allow,
See pleasure lighten on his laurell'd brow;
He soars the Critics cold contempt above,
For VIRGIL greets him with fraternal love.

HAYLEY.

No good translation has yet enabled the English reader to appreciate the excellencies of this poet, for neither Fawkes nor Green can be said to have done due justice to their original.

Of the productions of ARATUS, a Greek poet, physician and astronomer, the *Phænomena*, an astronomical heroic poem, has reached our times. This poem was a great favorite at Rome, and Cicero, when young, translated the whole of it; a few fragments of this version are found among his works. Virgil has copied him in his Georgics, and Cæsar Germanicus finished an entire translation in Latin hexameters, which is still extant. Paul, the apostle, has quoted him in his address to the Athenians, the phrase "Τȣγαρ και γενος εσμεν," "for we are also his offspring," being part of the fifth line of the Phœnomena.

We have great reason to rejoice when we view the numerous pieces of THEOCRITUS which barbarism and devastation have forborne to touch. Thirty Idyllia and some epigrams compose this treasure, one of the most estimable that ancient literature has bequeathed us. He is said by Suidas to have written likewise *Prætides*, *Hopes*, *Hymns*, *Heroines*, *Dirges*, *Elegies* and *Iambics*. The Idyllia are chiefly pastoral, panegyrical, and mythological; there are some also of a lighter and humorous species. Of the pastoral pieces I prefer the

Vernal Voyage; the *Fishermen*, which can, with little propriety, be classed under any of the heads enumerated, is likewise a production of exquisite descriptive beauty. Having elsewhere given my opinion more at large on the genius of Theocritus, to those pages I refer, and shall merely observe in this place that an excellent edition of the poet has been published by Warton, and that the translation by Polwhele is by far the best we have.*

* Quintilian here supposes himself to be asked why he had not introduced the names of Pisander, Nicander, Euphorion and Tyrteus. He replies that he was not unacquainted with these writers, nor did he mean to condemn them, for that it frequently occurs at magnificent entertainments, that after having treated ourselves with the best dishes, the more common please by their variety. As the names of these authors however are to be found in the text of Quintilian, I shall just notice their productions. *Pisander* wrote an epic poem, entitled *Heraclea*, in which the exploits of Hercules are enumerated; it has perished. *Nicander*, a poet and physician of Ionia, wrote many various works, and among his poems are the *Theriaca*, the *Alexipharmica* and the *Georgica*; the two former are extant, and Virgil is said to have been indebted to the latter. *Euphorion* lived during the reign of Antiochus the Great, and was celebrated for his poetical compositions, none of which however remain. The *War-elegies* of *Tyrteus* were renowned for their martial sentiment, and for their majesty and energy. During the contest between Lacedæmon and Messene, he is said to have led the Spartans to victory, chaunting a war-song, which inspired the utmost valour and enthusiasm. A few fragments only remain, which have lately been translated by Mr. Polwhele and imitated by Mr. Pye.

Among the writers of Greek Elegy, to whom Quintilian now adverts, CALLIMACHUS holds the first rank. He wrote a number of elegies which were highly esteemed, and a variety of satyrical pieces, some of which were extremely bitter and acrimonious. Apollonius the Rhodian was his pupil, and having conducted himself with ingratitude towards his tutor, the offended poet lashed him with unrelenting severity in a poem entitled *Ibis*, of which the Ibis of Ovid is an imitation. Of the numerous productions of this spirited poet, some hymns, one elegy and a few epigrams remain. These have been elegantly translated by Mr. Tytler.

Next in rank to Callimachus the author of the Institutes has placed PHILÆTES, preceptor to Ptolemy Philadelphus. He has been much celebrated by the ancients for the beauty of his elegies, and the merit of his epigrams. Propertius compares him with Callimachus: El. iii. 1. It is reported of this poet by Ælian that he was naturally so slender in form, and had reduced himself so much by excessive study that he was compelled when he went abroad to affix plates of lead to his sandals, and

to put pieces of the same metal into his pockets lest the wind should blow him down! The writings of this poet are entirely lost.

ARCHILOCHUS, the inventor of iambic verse, is praised by the Rhetorician for energy of style and for periods brilliant and abounding in life and vigour, and he observes that this poet would have been inferior to none had he not proved unfortunate in the choice of his subjects. He was a man in private life of unblemished virtue, but, as a satirist, severe and even cruel in the extreme. The tragical story of Lycambes is a striking proof of the power of his satire, and of the unrelenting nature of his disposition. Lycambes had promised him his daughter Neobule in marriage, but an offer from a person of superior rank and fortune occurring in the interim, the father forgot the poet, and presented the fair one to the wealthy suitor. Inflamed with indignation and revenge, the irritated bard dipped his pen in gall, and poured forth such a torrent of invective on the miserable Lycambes and his family, that in despair he committed suicide, and terminated his life by a halter; an example which, it is said, all his daughters unhappily

imitated, unable to support the defamation with which the disappointed poet had overwhelmed them. The hymns of Archilochus have been highly extolled; one on Hercules and Iolaus was usually thrice sung in honour of the Olympic victors. Horace has frequently mentioned Archilochus, and considers himself as an imitator of his style and manner, avoiding however his severity and caustic bitterness. In the ensuing lines he gives us his opinion of the conduct of the Parian poet, and boasts himself the first who introduced the iambic measure at Rome.

———————Parios ego *primus* iambos
Ostendi Latio, numeros animosque secutus
Archilochi, *non res, et agentia verba Lycamben.*
Epist: Lib i. 19.

First to the Latian world I shewed
Iambics in the Parian mode,
Of great Archilochus the strain
And spirit laboured to attain,
But not his language or his matter,
Which stung Lycambes by its satire.
BOSCAWEN.

Archilochus is said to have fallen in battle by the hand of Calonidas, who sacrificed his

own son to the manes of the poet, with a view of atoning the vengeance of Apollo. Archilochus wrote elegies, satires, odes and epigrams, of which only one epigram remains, and that of little value, preserved by Athenæus.

Quintilian now makes a transition to the lyric poets of Greece, and though he remarks they are nine in number, he has noticed but four, Pindar, Stesichorus, Alceus and Simonides. I shall introduce however the entire company, commencing with PINDAR, whom the critic very justly considers as excelling the rest in the sublimity, enthusiasm and beauty of his conception, and by his matchless powers of harmony. It is greatly to be regretted that so small a portion of his inimitable productions should have been granted to our curiosity and admiration; his hymns, his poems in honour of Apollo, and his dithyrambics to Bacchus, have perished; we alone possess his odes on the victories obtained at the Olympic, Isthmian, Pythian and Nemean games, and these, whether the composition or the train of idea be considered, are alike entitled to the highest praise. A valuable edition of this poet was published by West and Welsted at Oxford in

1697, and he has been frequently translated, but, as might be expected, with no great success. Mr. West has been the most fortunate, and his version has certainly much merit, but the best idea of the style and manner of Pindar may be derived from the odes of Gray, who has caught the very spirit and enthusiasm of the Grecian. The following stanza is a translation from the first Pythian of Pindar.

Oh! Sovereign of the willing soul
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting shell! the sullen Cares,
And frantic Passions hear thy soft controul.
On Thracia's hills the Lord of War
Has curb'd the fury of his car,
And drop'd his thirsty lance at thy command.
Perching on the sceptred hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing:
Quench'd in dark clouds of slumbers lie
The terror of his beak, and light'nings of his eye.

Mr. Wakefield thinks the latter part of this passage, commencing at "Perching on &c." a weak imitation, and has translated the lines literally thus:

On Jove's imperial rod the king of birds
Drops down his flagging wings: thy thrilling sounds
Soothe his fierce beak, and pour a sable cloud
Of slumber o'er his eye-lids: up he lifts
His flexile back, shot by thy piercing darts.
Mars smooths his rugged brow, and nerveless drops
His lance, relenting at the choral song.

Notes on Gray.

It will no doubt be pleasing to see how another celebrated genius has imitated this exquisite morsel of Pindar.

——————With slacken'd wings,
While now the solemn concert breathes around,
Incumbent o'er the sceptre of his lord,
Sleeps the stern eagle; by the number'd notes
Possess'd; and satiate with the melting tone;
Sovereign of birds. The furious God of war
His darts forgetting, and the rapid wheels
That bear him vengeful o'er the embattled plains,
Relents.

Akenside's Hymn to the Naiads.

According to Suidas, Pindar was greatly indebted to the Ladies, for he studied with Myrtis, who distinguished herself by her lyric

poetry, and was afterwards under the tuition of the beautiful and accomplished Corinna, who five times snatched the victory from her pupil in the public contests of Greece.*

* There is an excellent edition of Pindar by the learned Heyne, and which has lately received improvement in a second impression.

NUMBER XXXIV.

Genius of ancient Greece! "thy" faithful steps
Well-pleas'd I follow thro' the sacred paths
Of nature and of science; nurse divine
Of all heroic deeds and fair desires!
———————————Guide my way
Thro' fair Lycéum's walk, the green retreats
Of Academus, and the thymy vale,
Where oft inchanted with Socratic sounds,
Ilissus pure devolv'd his tuneful stream
In gentler murmurs.

AKENSIDE.

IN all the essential requisites for lyric poetry, in sublimity of thought, harmony of versification and beauty of language, STESICHORUS was not esteemed inferior to Pindar. Quintilian even asserts that he sustained all the majesty of epic poetry on the lyre, and would have risen to the sublimity of Homer had he not been too redundant. He was greatly

beloved and admired in Greece, and the inhabitants of Catana, where he died, in his native island of Sicily, buried him magnificently at the public cost. "A tomb was erected to his memory near one of the city gates, which was thenceforward called the gate of Stesichorus; this tomb was composed of eight columns, had eight steps and eight angles after the cabalistical numbers of Pythagoras, whose mysterious philosophy was then in general vogue; the cubic number of eight was emblematic of strength, solidity and magnificence, and from this tomb of Stesichorus arose the Greek proverb Πάντα Οκτώ, by which was meant any thing perfect and complete. Phalaris of Agrigentum erected a temple to his name and decreed him divine honours; all the cities in Sicily conspired in lamenting the death of their favourite poet, and vied with each other in the trophies they dedicated to his memory."* His compositions were chiefly written in the doric dialect, and formed twenty-six books, of which, I am sorry to say, a few fragments only remain.

Alcæus the contemporary of Sappho, was a

* Observer, vol. ii. p. 101.

native of Mitylene in the isle of Lesbos, and the supposed inventor of the *barbiton* or harp. He was an enthusiastic lover of liberty, though, if report be true, possessed of little courage, for he fled from a battle which he had excited against Pittacus, and left his arms in the hands of his enemies, who hung them up in triumph in the temple of Minerva. His lyrics consisted of amatory, bacchanalian, political, and martial effusions; but, except a few fragments in Athenæus, all have perished in the night of ignorance and barbarism. Horace entertained a very high opinion of this bard, and from his eulogium may be derived the clearest idea of his genius and merits.

Et te sonantem plenius aureo,
Alcæe, plectro dura navis,
Dura fugæ mala, dura belli!
Utrumque sacro digna silentio
Mirantur umbræ dicere: sed magis
Pugnas et exactos tyrannos
Densum humeris bibit aure vulgus.
Lib: ii. Od: 13.

Alcæus strikes the golden strings,
And seas, and war, and exile sings:
Thus while they strike the various lyre
The ghosts the sacred sounds admire,

But when Alcæus lifts the strain
To deeds of war and tyrants slain,
In thicker crowds the shadowy throng
Drink deeper down the martial song.

FRANCIS.

The Alcaic measure is derived from the practice of this poet.

Every lover of Grecian literature will deplore the loss which poetry has sustained in the destruction of the works of SIMONIDES, the most pathetic writer perhaps of antiquity. His lyric compositions were chiefly of the elegiac kind; he was the author also of some dramatic pieces, and of two epic poems, one on Cambyses, king of Persia, and another on the battle of Salamis. A few fragments are all that are left us of these valuable compositions; that descriptive of Danaë and her child I have already noticed and praised, nor can the following imitation of it, which is copied from the Adventurer, be too much admired. "Those who would form a full idea of the delicacy of the Greek," says Dr. Warton, "should attentively consider the following happy imitation of it, which I have reason to believe is not so extensively known, or so

warmly admired as it ought to be; and which, indeed, far excels the original. The poet having pathetically painted a great princess taking leave of an affectionate husband on his death bed, and endeavouring afterwards to comfort her inconsolable family, adds the following particulars."

His conatibus occupata, ocellos
Guttis lucidulis adhuc madentes
Convertit, puerum sopore vinctum
Quà nutrix placido sinu fovebat:
"Dormis," inquit, "O miselle, nec te
"Vultus exanimes, silentiumque
"Per longa atria commovent, nec ullo
"Fratrum tangeris, aut meo dolore;
"Nec sentis patre destitutus illo,
"Qui gestans genibusve brachiove,
"Aut formans lepidam tuam loquelam,
"Tecum mille modis ineptiebat.
"Tu dormis, volitantque qui solebant
"Risus, in roseis tuis labellis.——
"Dormi, parvule! nec mali dolores
"Qui matrem cruciant tuæ quietis
"Rumpant somnia.—Quando, quando, tales
"Redibunt oculis meis sopores!"

This last passage, "Quando &c." is exquisitely beautiful, natural and pathetic, and the

whole, as Dr. Warton has justly observed, combines the pathos of Euripides with the elegance of Catullus. A satirical production of this poet is also extant.

SAPPHO, for the uncommon sweetness, and empassioned strain of her composition entitled the tenth Muse, was a native of Lesbos. The unrestrained violence of her tender passions involved her in ruin, for being enamoured of Phaon, a youth who felt no reciprocal desire, in despair she threw herself from mount Leucas and perished. Her compositions, which formed nine books of lyric verses, independent of elegies, epigrams &c. were deemed by the ancients of unparalleled beauty; the utmost felicity of language, the most voluptuous tenderness, and occasionally the most exquisite descriptive touches were characteristic of her muse, and after her death the Lesbians paid her divine honours and stamped their money with her image. Horace has imitated, and has frequently mentioned her in terms of lavish applause. In the following pleasing passage, after celebrating Pindar, Stesichorus, Simonides, Alcæus and Anacreon, he gracefully introduces the Lesbian muse.

Non, si priores Mæonius tenet
Sedes Homerus, Pindaricæ latent,
Ceæque, et Alcæi minaces,
Stesichorique graves Camenæ.
Nec, si quid olim lusit Anacreon,
Delevit ætas: spirat adhuc amor,
Vivúntque commissi calores
Æoliæ fidibus puellæ.
Lib: iv. Od: 9.

Unrivall'd tho' great Homer reign,
Yet dear to fame are Pindar's lays;
Stesichorus, the Cean strain,
And bold Alcæus, claim immortal praise;

Nor yet by time decay's the wreath
Anacreon's playful fingers wove:
The Æolian maid's soft numbers breathe
The sighs of tenderness, the soul of love.
BOSCAWEN.

Of the poetry of Sappho only two odes remain entire; one, a hymn to Venus, the other an amorous ode; both have been translated by Phillips, the latter with great spirit and beauty. A few fragments also exist, whose extreme elegance occasions bitter regret for the loss we have sustained. In the "Wreath" of Du Bois, just published, there is a very accurate and elegant prose version of the ode to Venus.

ALCMAN, a native of Lacedemon, was the inventor of love-songs and the elegiac measure; all who preceded him having constantly written in hexameter verse. Alcman was addicted to the pleasures of the table, and so popular for the beauty and excellence of his amatory compositions that he was the favorite of the Fair, who committed his effusions to memory, and sang them at every entertainment, and in every society. The Spartans triumphed in the production of such a genius, and erected a monument to his memory. Notwithstanding the celebrity, however, which this bard of love once enjoyed, he has suffered so much from the depredations of time, that his very name is scarcely known to the moderns. Some fragments preserved by Athenæus, Hephæstion, Eustathius and Plutarch are the only proofs that he once existed.

IBЎCUS, the lyric poet of Rhegium, is a name, if possible, still more obscure than that of Alcman. He lived five hundred and forty years before Christ, and was highly esteemed for the spirit and dignity of his lyrical productions. None of his writings have reached our times. Ælian has given a very singular and

almost incredible account of the manner of his death. "He was attacked and murdered," says he, "by robbers, and, when dying, implored the assistance of some Cranes who were at that moment passing over his head. The villains a few days after observing the same flight of Cranes in the market-place, one of them exclaimed ἁι Ιβυκου εκδικοι παρεισιν, *there are the birds that are conscious of the death of Ibўcus.* This exclamation and the recent murder exciting suspicion in the people they secured the assassins who confessed their guilt."

The sprightly and voluptuous odes of ANACREON are well known to every lover of the lighter muses. They abound in suavity, gaiety, and the most elegant imagination, and possess a style and manner so peculiar, as to have designated the whole class of similar compositions by the term *Anacreontic*. Yet, however various the attempts which have been made to imitate these beautiful trifles, not many have succeeded, the very style and character of the Teian bard being in general grossly mistaken. Among the ancients Horace has happily copied his graces and vivacity,

among the moderns, Cowley. Love and wine were enjoyed by Anacreon without restraint, and to a very late period of existence; untainted with avarice, and careless as to the occurrences and vicissitudes of life, he appears to have spent his time in one continued scene of voluptuous ease and conviviality. He was greatly beloved by Polycrates the tyrant of Samos, and by Hipparchus the son of Pisistratus. Hermesianax of Colophon has finely contrasted Anacreon with the sublime poet of Mitylene.

Alcæus strung his sounding lyre,
And smote it with a hand of fire,
To Sappho, fondest of the fair,
Chaunting the loud and lofty air,

Whilst old Anacreon, wet with wine,
And crown'd with wreaths of Lesbian vine,
To his unnatural minion sung
Ditties that put to blush the young.

The last of the nine lyric poets of ancient Greece is BACCHYLIDES, the nephew of Simonides, a native of the island of Ceos. His works consisted of hymns, odes, and epigrams, which were preferred by Hiero to the

compositions of Pindar. They were rich in moral sentiment, on which account the Emperor Julian so much esteemed them, that he was in the habit of committing them to memory, and of frequently repeating them. Horace, it is said, has imitated him in several of his pieces, more particularly in his prophesy of Nereus, which is founded on an ode of the Grecian in which he introduced Cassandra prophesying the fall of Troy.* A few mutilated verses are all the remains of Bacchylides.

Returning now to the text of Quintilian, we shall find him expatiating on the great merits of the *Old Comedy;* he extols it for its force and energy; he terms it grand, elegant and beautiful, and observes that, next to Homer, it is best calculated to form the orator. Its noblest writer ARISTOPHANES, was one of the most popular authors of antiquity; he lashed with unrelenting severity the vices and follies of his age, and though in exposing the crimes around him he has frequently violated

* This prophetic ode of Horace it is supposed furnished Gray with the first Idea of his noble production "The Bard."

decency and decorum, at least according to modern ideas, yet he generally succeeded in confounding and punishing the perpetrators of enormity. Cleon deeply felt the energy and powers of his genius, and in consequence of the poet's invective lost his popularity, and was fined five talents by the government. Besides broad humour and sparkling wit, the comedies of Aristophanes occasionally exhibit the most splendid and sublime imagery, emulating the enthusiasm of Pindar and Æschylus. His style is generally considered as the best model of attic purity; "if any man," says Cumberland, "would wish to know the language as it was spoken by Pericles, he must seek it in the scenes of Aristophanes."‡ The exquisite sweetness and purity of his diction so enraptured Plato that he represents the Graces as seeking for a durable mansion, and fixing at last in the bosom of Aristophanes.

Ut templum charites, quod non labatur, haberent, invenere tuum pectus, Aristophanes.§

‡ Observer, vol. iii. p. 139.

§ Scaliger ex Platone.

We are indebted to one of the most eloquent fathers of the church, St. Chrysostom, whose partiality for our author was so great that he usually laid him under his pillow, for the valuable comedies we have left. Aristophanes wrote about sixty dramas, eleven of which are in our possession. The *Plutus*, the *Frogs* and the *Clouds*, have been translated, the latter with such spirit and felicity by Mr. Cumberland, that the public has become anxious, should health and leisure still attend him, to have an entire version of Aristophanes from his pen.

In point of chronology Cratinus, and Eupolis should precede Aristophanes, but I adhere to the verbal arrangement of Quintilian, "*Aristophanes, et Eupolis, Cratinusque præcipui.*" Of EUPOLIS, although the titles of twenty of his comedies are extant, but a few fragments remain. He was still more bold and personal in his satire than Aristophanes, and spared neither the people nor their magistrates. The Debauchee, the Impostor and the Cheat trembled at his reproof and were compelled at least to assume the form of virtue. He wanted however the purity and grace of style for which Aristophanes was celebrated,

being more attentive to unveil the vices of his contemporaries than to soothe their ears by the harmony of his language. His tomb was erected on the banks of the Æsopus in Sicyonia, and on this tomb, it is recorded, expired his favorite dog, who, from attachment to his master, and sorrow for his loss, refused all aliment until death put a period to his sufferings.

Cratinus, the son of Callimedes the Athenian, and senior in age to both Eupolis and Aristophanes, was perhaps the severest satirist of the three. He possessed a vivid imagination, and a style abounding in ornament, and obtained no less than nine prizes. Cratinus lived to the age of ninety-seven, though he indulged very freely in the bottle, and gave loose to all his passions. Within a short period of his death he composed a comedy aptly termed "The Flaggon," as a reply to Aristophanes, who had ridiculed the infirmities he laboured under, and which were attributed to his intemperance in drinking. The old poet obtained the laurel and a complete triumph over his opponent, and shortly afterwards expired in the arms of victory. He wrote thirty

comedies, of which scarce a fragment remains. Cratinus, Eupolis and Aristophanes were the chief supporters of the old comedy, and Horace has therefore selected them from the crowd of comic writers; he has drawn their characters in a few masterly strokes.

Eupolis atque Cratinus, Aristophanésque poetæ
Atque alii, quorum comœdia prisca virorum est,
Si quis erat dignus describi, quod malus aut fur,
Quod mœchus foret, aut sicarius, aut alioqui
Famosus, multâ cum libertate notabant.

Lib: i. Sat: 4.

The comic poets, in its earliest age,
Who form'd the manners of the Grecian stage,
Was there a villian, who might justly claim
A better right of being dam'd to fame,
Rake, cut-throat, thief, whatever was his crime,
They freely stigmatiz'd the wretch in rhime.

FRANCIS.

Quintilian now adverting to the Tragic Muse adduces the mighty name of ÆSCHYLUS as the father of regular tragedy. "*Sublimis et gravis et grandiloquus*" are the epithets he bestows upon him, though with regard to the latter he observes that it has been carried too far, "*usque ad vitium.*" Æschylus greatly

improved the decorations and apparatus of the stage; he invented the mask, the robe, the buskins, and a platform in lieu of a cart; he curtailed also the chorus, and introduced more dialogue and action. There is a peculiar wild sublimity and martial ardour in this poet, who delighted in exhibiting the awful, the terrible and the magnificent. His language is very figurative and metaphorical, now rising into expression at once clear, daring and sublime, now sinking into obscurity and turgescence. His plots are inartificial, but his chief characters are admirably sustained. He obtained many prizes, and Aristophanes in his "Frogs" considers him as far superior in point of genius to either Sophocles or Euripides. He is said to have written above one hundred tragedies, the titles of all which have been preserved and published by Meursius. Of this numerous collection only seven survive; these are, however, of incomparable excellence, though abounding in passages of great difficulty, and which have exercised the patience and ingenuity of a vast body of critics. The editions of Stanly, Pauw and Porson are highly esteemed. A poetical translation also of very singular merit has been presented to the public

by Archdeacon Potter. I know no version of any ancient poet, considering the obscurities of the original, that confers more honour on British learning, taste and genius.

Sophocles carried the dramatic art to great perfection; he introduced more actors and more dialogue, and rendered the chorus perfectly connected with, and illustrative of, the business of the drama. Majesty, sweetness and harmony are the characteristics of his style. His conceptions often rise to sublimity, and he abounds in description and pathos. His *Philoctetes* is the most beautifully descriptive and pathetic composition of antiquity; it is perhaps the only instance on the Greek stage where the wild romantic scenery of nature is freely introduced. This piece and his *Oedipus Coloneus* are, in my opinion, the most pleasing, if not the most elaborate, productions of the grecian drama. Sophocles, like Milton, was very partial to the Nightingale, and has frequently celebrated its delicious strains. Mr. Huntingford, in his Apology for the Monostrophics, has quoted many passages in which the poet evinces his admiration of and regard for it, and Collins, in his Ode to Sim-

plicity, has not forgotten Sophocles and his favorite bird.

By all the honey'd store
On Hybla's thymy shore;
By all her blooms, and mingled murmurs dear;
By her* whose love-lorn wo,
In evening musings slow,
Sooth'd sweetly sad Electra's poet's ear.

It is somewhat singular, however, that the noblest and sweetest description of the song of this plaintive warbler, should be the production of a prose-writer. Who can adduce on the subject, a morsel of such impressive beauty as the following?

"But the nightingale, another of my airy creatures, breathes such sweet loud music out of her little instrumental throat, that it might make mankind to think miracles are not ceased. He that at midnight, when the very labourer sleeps securely, should hear, as I have very often, the clear airs, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted

* The αηδων, or nightingale.

above earth, and say, "*Lord, what music hast thou provided for the Saints in Heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music on earth.*"

ISAAC WALTON.

Of one hundred and twenty plays which Sophocles is said to have composed, but seven are preserved; these have been well edited by Johnson and Morell, and the translations of Franklin and Potter are perspicuous and elegant.

EURIPIDES, from his success in delineating the tender emotions of the heart, is usually, and, perhaps, justly esteemed one of the most pathetic poets of antiquity. His versification and diction are easy, flowing and harmonious, and there is a simplicity in his style and manner well suited to the general character of his drama. He wants, however, the sweetness and majesty of Sophocles, and the sublimity and splendid imagination of Æschylus. He every where abounds in moral sentiment, and frequently uses the very language of the schools, a circumstance which has occasionally given a declamatory and didactic air to his scenes. He has been a great favorite with

some of our first poets; Milton and Collins appear to have studied and imitated him with exquisite taste; the latter, in his Ode to Pity, has introduced the following very striking appeal.

By Pella's bard, a magic name,
By all the griefs his thought could frame,
    Receive my humble rite:
Long, Pity, let the nations view
Thy sky-worn robes of tenderest blue,
    And eyes of dewy light!

Euripides wrote seventy-five tragedies, nineteen of which are extant. They have been translated by Potter, though in a style certainly inferior to his Æschylus or Sophocles. Mr. Porson is now engaged in publishing separately accurate editions of the dramas of this poet.

Literature has seldom sustained a greater injury than in the loss of the works of MENANDER. He was the principal writer of the *New Comedy*, and his compositions were highly valued for their elegance, urbanity and wit. His characters were admirably drawn, and his pictures of human life faithful to nature. His

eloquence, and his delineation of the passions and manners, are much extolled by Quintilian, who, at the close of his crtiticism on this author, observes,

"Ille quidem omnibus ejusdem operis auctoribus abstulit nomen, et fulgore quodam suæ claritatis tenebras obduxit."

"He is superior to every author in the same department, and by the splendor of his genius has he thrown them into obscurity."

Except the *Phormio* and the *Hecyra* Terence copied all his comedies from Menander, and he presents us with the best idea we can now form of the elegant genius of the Greek poet. Terence, however, is said by Julius Cæsar to have wanted the humour of Menander, and he therefore terms him *dimidiatum Menandrum*. According to Apollodorus, Menander wrote one hundred and five comedies, the titles of seventy-three of which are to be met with in Hertelius. All these have perished, except a few fragments, which have been collected and translated with great elegance and spirit by Mr. Cumberland in the Observer.

I cannot here avoid transcribing the introductory stanza of some most beautiful lines prefixed by T. Faber to his edition of Terence; they so immediately apply to the author under consideration.

Sacrum Menandri pectus
Aura jam reliquerat,
Vagulaque animula
Elysias penetrarat oras:
Tum dolore parcitæ,
Virgineasque
Suffusæ lachrymis genas,
Huc et illuc cursitarunt
Perque lucos, perque montes,
Perque vallium sinus,
Cursitarunt Gratiæ,
Querentes sibi
Queis nova sedibus
Templa ponere possent.

Philemon, the contemporary of Menander, and frequently by a misjudging populace preferred to him, is allowed the second rank by Quintilian. He was possessed of a most amiable disposition, and through great temperance and a placid frame of mind, attained to the extraordinary age of one hundred and one

years. His comedies were of a tender, sentimental and moral cast, and his style and diction, it is said, possessed much sweetness and harmony. He composed ninety comedies, of which but a few fragments have reached us; these have been translated by Mr. Cumberland with his usual felicity.

NUMBER XXXV.

———————Studious let me sit,
And hold high converse with the MIGHTY DEAD:
Sages of ancient time, as gods rever'd,
As gods benificient, who blest mankind
With arts, with arms, and humaniz'd a world.
THOMSON.

THOUGH numerous other writers of the New Comedy were contemporary with, and existed after Philemon, yet Quintilian has not thought it necessary to mention them; their works, indeed, with the exception of a few fragments, are all lost, and though extant in the time of Quintilian were esteemed by him, probably, inferior to the productions of the two authors we have mentioned. Deserting therefore the poetic region, our Critic now introduces the reader to the historic tribe. Of course we immediately encounter the name of HERODOTUS, the father of genuine history, whose nine

books, containing an account of the Wars of Persia against Greece, and of the most celebrated nations of the world, are happily preserved entire. The author recited these books at the Olympic Games before a full assembly of all Greece, and with such rapture were they received, and so much were they admired for the interest and beauty of the narration, and for their exquisite sweetness, and grace of style, that the names of the nine Muses were unanimously given to them on the spot.

His eager country, in th' Olympic vale,
Throngs with proud joy to catch the martial tale;
Behold! where Valour, resting on his lance,
Drinks the sweet sound in rapture's silent trance,
Then, with a grateful shout of fond acclaim,
Hails the just herald of his country's fame!

HAYLEY.

Herodotus has been taxed with credulity, and with the narration of many wonderful tales; some of these however the researches of modern times have confirmed, more especially the late geographical discoveries in Africa,*

* See an Essay by Professor Heeren of Göttingen on Herodotus and the River Joliba in Africa. Monthly Magazine for December 1799.

and it should be recollected that the historian himself vouches not for the authenticity of these relations, but rests them upon the credit of the authors and travellers from whom he received them. His speeches are beautiful and appropriate, and his diction so elegant and delicious that even the stern Dionysius affirms, "he is one of those enchanting writers whom you peruse to the last syllable with pleasure and still wish for more." There is a correct edition of Herodotus by Wesseling, and a good translation has lately been executed by Mr. Beloe.

THUCYDIDES, the son of Olorus, was present at the age of fifteen at the recital of the history of Herodotus at the Olympic Games, and, it is recorded, burst into tears of joy and emulation, so agitated, and, at the same time, so charmed was he by the masterly production of the historian, His history of the Peloponnesian war, which still exists in eight books, though the last is somewhat defective, is written with the utmost accuracy, impartiality and fidelity, and in a style remarkable for energy, conciseness and purity. Ardent, rapid and delineating his subject with a few bold but

happy strokes, he leaves much to the imagination of the reader. In his harangues he is animated and nervous, and superior even to Herodotus. He was so great a favorite with Demosthenes that he copied him eight times, and could repeat him by heart. The following concise but admirable contrast between the two historians does honour to the style and judgment of Quintilian.

"Densus et brevis, et semper instans sibi Thucydides; dulcis, et candidus, et fusus Herodotus: ille concitatis, hic remissis affectibus melior: ille concionibus, hic sermonibus: ille vi, hic voluptate."

"Thucydides is dense, concise and always equal to himself. Herodotus is sweet, perspicuous and diffuse: the former excels in vehement passions, the latter in mild persuasion: this, in animated harangues, that, in familiar speeches: this in strength, that in beauty."

Duker has given a good edition of the original, and the best translation of this author, to whom it must be a difficult task to do justice, is by Smith.

THEOPOMPUS of Chios, the disciple of Isocrates, is deemed by Quintilian next in merit to Herodotus and Thucydides. His reflections, however, were often too satirical and illiberal, and, in the judgment of the critic, he had more of the orator than of the historian in his composition, having made rhetoric his profession long before he ventured into the province of history. With the exception of a few fragments his productions have entirely perished.

PHILISTUS, the Syracusan, and the favorite of Dionysius, was an imitator of the style and manner of Thucydides, and, though much inferior, observes the Rhetorician, in point of energy and strength, possessed greater perspicuity. His history of Sicily in twelve books was much valued, and it is to be regretted that no portion of it has reached our times. Dionysius the Younger sent our historian with a body of troops to quell an insurrection of the Syracusans, but being vanquished, he destroyed himself through despair.

EPHŎRUS of Cumæ in Æolia was another disciple of Isocrates, by whose recommenda-

tion he was induced to undertake the study and composition of history, yet Isocrates himself has declared that Ephorus wanted spirit and required the spur. His history contained a relation of all the engagements and battles that had occurred between the Greeks and Barbarians for a period of seven hundred and fifty years. It was esteemed by the ancients for its fidelity and elegance, an encomium of which we cannot now estimate the propriety, as no part of the composition is extant.

CLITARCHUS accompanied Alexander the Great in his famous expedition into Persia, and composed a history of his life and exploits, which abounded in wit, and was written in a masterly manner, but, according to Quintilian, he has violated the first requisite of an historian, veracity, and for which no beauty of composition can atone. After this accusation it may be told, without much regret, that of his historical labours no particle exists.

History, which had long been neglected, was revived by the genius of TIMAGĔNES. Though a slave to the son of Sylla, his abilities procured him his emancipation, and afterwards

attracted the notice, and the patronage of Augustus, of whose life and reign he wrote a most elegant and interesting history. The unsparing hand of Time has committed this production likewise to oblivion. *

Of the numerous orators of Greece, from whom Quintilian has selected only a few, ten were contemporaries, and over these DEMOSTHENES has been universally allowed a decided superiority. Nothing can be more vehement, more spirited, more concise, clear and strong than the character of his style and elocution. Whilst his arguments flash conviction, his periods roll with rapid harmony, yet are they simple in their diction, and, apparently, constructed without art. So sudden and so striking were the effects of his oratory that it has been compared to the lightning of the Gods. Greece, roused by his eloquence, assembled

* It is rather singular that Quintilian should have omitted the name of *Polybius*, his history being celebrated for its authenticity, and for its accurate relation of military affairs. It commenced with the Punic wars, and terminated with the conquest of Macedonia by Paulus. It was originally divided into forty books, of which but five remain, with numerous fragments of the twelve succeeding. Polybius was the friend and companion of Scipio, and was present at the siege and capture of Carthage. He has been well translated by Hampton.

in multitudes, and shook the throne of Philip to its foundations.

"Longe princeps Demosthenes" exclaims Quintilian, "ac penè lex orandi fuit: tanta vis in eo, tam densa omnia, ita quibusdam nervis intenta sunt, tam nihil otiosum, is dicendi modus, ut nec quid desit in eo, nec quid redundet invenias."

"Demosthenes is by far the chief of orators, and was esteemed by the ancients the only model of eloquence. Such is his energy and force, so compacted are all things in his style, and so replenished with nerves, so accurate has he been in avoiding any trifling expression, that you can discover nothing wanting in his composition, nothing redundant."

His orations have most fortunately been preserved, and fully justify the applauses of antiquity; a good edition of them has been published by Taylor in two volumes quarto. To translate Demosthenes, so as to impart a just representation of him, appears to be nearly impossible; it has been attempted however, though with little success, by Leland and Francis.

Æschines, the contemporary and rival of Demosthenes, possessed considerable talents; he is allowed by Quintilian to be more full, diffusive, and magnificent than Demosthenes, but he concludes by observing, that if he has more flesh than Demosthenes, he has fewer sinews, "*carnis plus habet, lacertorum minus.*" His style is highly ornamented, and more calculated to sooth than to rouse and animate his audience. Being vanquished in his competition with Demosthenes he was banished to Rhodes; he there opened a school for eloquence, and had the magnanimity to read and applaud the very orations which had sent him into exile. When his auditors rapturously praised these productions, he generously exclaimed "What would you have thought, if you had heard him thunder out the words himself." Only three of his orations are extant. The best edition of these is in the folio copy of the orations of Demosthenes and Æschines published by Ulpian and Wolf, at Frankfort in 1604.

Hyperides, another rival of Demosthenes, and the disciple of Plato and Socrates, was distinguished for the sweetness, acuteness and

elegance of his style. He is reported to have defended the Courtezan Phryne against a charge of impiety, and perceiving his eloquence ineffectual, he unveiled the bosom of his client, and the judges, unable to resist the influence of beauty, acquitted their too interesting prisoner. Only one oration of Hyperides has endured the lapse of ages, and this is in much estimation for its diction and style.

LYSIAS, the Syracusan, and a most elaborate and indefatigable orator, was celebrated for the purity and perspicuity of his eloquence; his style was remarkably correct, and perfectly free from any inflation, or any approach toward obscurity or bombast.

"His etate Lysias major, subtilis atque elegans," says Quintilian, "et quo nihil, si oratori satis sit docere, quæras perfectius. Nihil enim et inane, nihil accersitum; puro tamen fonti, quam magno flumine proprior."

"Lysias anterior to these, is acute and elegant, and were it sufficient merely for the orator to instruct, no one could be better adapted for the purpose. There is nothing

trifling, nothing affected in his manner; he resembles more a pure fountain than a great river."

Lysias attained the age of eighty-one, and of two hundred orations which he is said to have composed, thirty-four remain; of these there is an accurate edition by Taylor, and a very good translation by Dr. Gillies.

ISOCRATES was one of the most skilful and correct masters of composition; his attention to the graces and embellishments of style was so intense and curious that Quintilian blames him for too much care. His orations however possess the utmost dignity, simplicity and harmony, and display the finest morality cloathed in the purest and sweetest diction. He was too timid to speak in public, and had calculated his eloquence therefore for the schools. Thirty-one of his orations are left us, of which there is an elegant and valuable edition by Auger in three volumes quarto, printed by Didot; they have also been admirably translated by Dr. Gillies.

The works of DEMETRIUS PHALEREUS on rhetoric, history and eloquence are com-

pletely lost; he is considered by the author of the Institutes as possessing much ingenuity and great oratorial abilities: he is worthy of being had in remembrance, he observes, if for no other reason than being the last of the attic writers who can with propriety be deemed an orator. Cicero has given him the preference to all other writers in the middle species of eloquence, and in his treatise De Officiis lib. i. cap. i. terms him "disputator subtilis, orator parum vehemens, dulcis tamen."

In the philosophic department, to which we are now arrived, our attention is immediately arrested by the celebrated name of PLATO, a man whose acuteness of intellect, and splendour of imagination have seldom been surpassed. Sublime in his conceptions, majestic and fascinating in his style, pure in his principles, morals and life, he seems with justice to have deserved the appellation of "*divine*" so frequently bestowed upon him by the suffrage of antiquity. "Mihi non hominis ingenio," says Quintilian, sed quodam Delphico videatur oraculo instinctus." "He appears to me not so much endowed with the faculties of a man as inspired by some Delphic oracle."

His dialogues display the whole of the Socratic philosophy in its utmost purity, and in language so exquisitely sweet and elegant that he was termed by the ancients the Athenian bee; he has added, however, many noble ideas of his own in these discourses, which have afforded objects of imitation to every succeeding age. In this country Shafsbury and Harris have made the nearest approaches to the platonic style.

The morality of Socrates forms but a part of the system of Plato; his fervid imagination delighted to expatiate in the regions of metaphysics and mystical theogony. He was a disciple of Heraclitus and Pythagoras, and maintained the immortality and transmigration of the soul. He taught also the existence of two beings, one self-existent, and the other formed by the power of a pre-existent creator. The origin of evil, the doctrine of ideal forms, the pre-existence of the human mind, which he terms an emanation from the deity, and the subserviency of matter to spirit, even in this life, are likewise part of his metaphysical opinions. The novelty, the sublimity and interesting nature of his enquiries, cloathed as

they are in the most majestic diction, have rendered him almost an object of adoration to men of warm fancies, and of a speculative turn of mind; even Cicero has exclaimed, "errare meherculè malo cum Platone, quam cum istis vera sentire;" and our own Milton, who possessed the most vivid and romantic imagination, early imbibed the enchanting dogmata of the Grecian philosopher. His juvenile poetry, especially his *Comus*, abounds in the peculiar conceptions of Plato, and in the *Penseroso* he exclaims

——let my lamp at midnight hour,
Be seen at some high lonely tower,
Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,
With thrice-great Hermes, or unsphere
The spirit of PLATO to unfold
What worlds, or what vast regions hold
The immortal mind, that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook.

The political abilities of Plato were likewise great, as his *Republic* sufficiently evinces; this, together with his dialogues and some letters, we are happily in possession of. The first edition of Plato came from the press of Aldus at Venice in 1513. The whole of his works

have been translated into English by Sydenham in four volumes quarto, and various versions have been attempted of separate dialogues, especially of the Phædon.

As a model of attic elegance and purity we may record XENOPHON as unrivalled; the Graces themselves inspired his composition, and the Goddess of Persuasion dwelt upon his lips. "Ipsæ finxisse sermonem Gratiæ videantur;—et in labris ejus sedisse quandam persuadendi Deum." † His opinions with regard to the divine nature, and the duties of morality and religion were those of his admired and beloved master, Socrates, of whom in his *Memorabilia* he has given so accurate and pleasing an account. As a warrior, as a statesman, as an author and the father of a family, he was equally excellent. His *Anabasis* or the retreat of the ten thousand, proclaims him aloud as the first of generals. The *Cyropædia* displays in the most clear and ample manner what should be the conduct of a patriot prince. The beauty, simplicity and unaffected nature of his style, perhaps unequalled, bear sufficient

† Quintilian.

testimony to his merits as a writer, whilst his *Oeconomics*, as Cicero justly observes, unfold such pictures of excellence and domestic felicity, as none but the best of men could describe, and the best of men practice.

O rich in all the blended gifts, that grace
Minerva's darling sons of Attic race!
The Sage's olive, the Historian's palm,
The Victor's laurel, all thy name embalm!
Thy simple diction, free from glaring art,
With sweet allurements steals upon the heart,
Pure, as the rill, that nature's hand refines;
Clear, as thy harmony of soul, it shines.
Two passions there by soft contention please,
The love of martial fame, and learned ease:
These friendly colours, exquisitely join'd,
Form the enchanting picture of thy mind.
Thine was the praise, bright models to afford
To Cæsar's rival pen, and rival sword.
Blest, had Ambition not destroy'd his claim
To the mild lustre of thy purer fame!

HAYLEY.

The principal works of Xenophon are extant, and have gone through numerous editions: those most in use are by Simpson, Hutchinson and Edwards. His Memorabilia have been well translated by Fielding. The Anabasis

has been naturalized by Spelman, and Ashly has given us a good version of the Cyropædia.

Aristotle, one of the first philosophers of Greece, and the founder of the Peripatetic sect, is remarkable for the acuteness, penetration, and profundity of his genius. His style is dense, didactic and dry, though he occasionally assumes a diction more pleasing and harmonious. His writings, which are nearly all extant, are numerous, and upon various topics. His *Rhetoric*, in three books, displays much lucidity of arrangement, and much depth of investigation. His Poetic is generally allowed to be the production of a masterly critic; though its obscurities, the effect probably of injury from accident or transcription, have given rise to much controversy and a multitude of comments. His *Politics* in eight books, and his *Ethics* in nineteen, form a treasure of civil and moral information, whilst his invention is boldly displayed in his *Categories*, *Analytics* and *Topics*, which compose one volume under the title of the *Organon*. Besides these he has written *Mathematical* pieces, a large body of *Physics* which record numerous facts in natural history, and fourteen books of *Metaphysics*.

No philosopher ever enjoyed so much celebrity and so long a reign as Aristotle. Suidas, in an elegant but high-flown compliment, has declared that "he was the Secretary of Nature, and dipt his pen in intellect;" and for centuries he remained dictator of Europe and of part of Asia. From the sixth to the twelfth century he was held incapable of error, and in all the eastern and western churches, the pages of Aristotle, though perused through the medium of wretched translations, were of equal authority with those of the bible. This blind adoration was of great injury to the cause of science, for as the philosophy of Aristotle was of the most abstracted nature, being frequently employed in disquisitions on matter, mind and deity, and consequently often very dark and obscure, it is obvious very little utility could be derived from the study of it. At the same time his boasted syllogistic art involved his readers in a labyrinth of words and useless subtleties which, so far from advancing science, obstructed, in no small degree, its progress. Experimental philosophy, the only road to knowledge, was totally neglected, and it was not until Aristotle ceased to be an object of veneration, that genuine science reared her

head, and began to disperse the surrounding darkness. The politics and ethics of Aristotle, though neglected in the dark ages whilst his logic and metaphysics were blindly revered, are, by many degrees, the most valuable portion of his works, and these have been lately very happily illustrated and translated by the elegant pen of Dr. Gillies. The poetic too is highly indebted to Messrs. Tyrwhitt, Twining and Pye, for much sound explanatory criticism, and comment. It is to the critical labours of the Grecian philosopher, to his exquisite acumen and taste, as displayed in this short treatise, that Mr. Pope has paid the following just tribute.

The mighty STAGYRITE first left the shore,
Spread all his sails, and durst the deep explore.
He steer'd securely, and discover'd far,
Led by the light of the Mæonian star.

A very correct edition of the entire works of Aristotle was published in six volumes folio, by Aldus at Venice, in 1498.

THEOPHRASTUS so named by Aristotle on account of his eloquence, the brilliancy of his genius, and the beauty of his language, was the

successor of the Stagyrite in the Lyceum, and to him we are indebted for the works of his master, the dying philosopher having committed them to his care. Of two hundred treatises which Diogenes affirms Theophrastus to have written, but two are left us; namely, his history of Plants, and his Characters. Both are of considerable value; the latter remarkable for just delineation of character, and for sweetness of style. He has been imitated, and some think excelled, by Bruyere.

According to the plan already laid down I shall now proceed to arrange the authors of ancient Greece in a tabular form, that our treasures and our losses may be more easily and immediately ascertained. After having done this with regard to the Roman writers, the whole will be terminated with some reflections on the supposed Alexandrian conflagration, and on the present state of ancient literature. I must here hint, however, that there are several Grecian Authors anterior to, or contemporary with Quintilian whom he has not thought it necessary to notice in his arrangement, and of these it may be proper to mention four on account of their superior

excellence, namely *Polybius*, *Diodorus Siculus*, *Dionysius of Halicarnassus*, though praised by Quintilian in other parts of his work, and *Epictetus*. There are many also of great value, and whose works are extant, posterior to the age of the Rhetorician. I need only mention *Arrian*, *Lucian*, *Plutarch*, *Pausanias*, and *Longinus*. Of Plutarch Theodore Gaza has said, and with much judgment, that if all books were lost, and he might recover one, it should be Plutarch.

Authors.	*Compositions Preserved.*	*Compositions Lost.*
Homer.	Iliad, Odyssey, and Battle of the Frogs and Mice.	Margites, Hymns.
Hesiod.	Works and Days and the Theogenia.	The Eoics and the Heroic Genealogy.
Antimachus.		The Thebaid, Lyde, &c. &c.
Panyasis.		All his works.
Apollonius.	The Argonautics.	
Aratus.	The Phœnomena.	
Theocritus.	Thirty Idyllia and Epigrams.	Hymns, Dirges, Elegies, &c.
Callimachus.	An Elegy, Hymns and Epigrams.	Many Elegies.
Philætes.		All his Elegies.
Archilochus.		Elegies, Satires, Odes &c.
Pindar.	Olympian, Isthmian, Pythian and Nemean Odes.	Dithyrambics, Hymns &c.
Stesichorus.		Twenty-six books of Odes.
Alcæus.		All his lyric pieces.
Simonides.	The Fragment of Danae and a satirical piece.	Elegiac Odes, Dramas and two epic poems.
Sappho.	Two Odes and Fragments.	Nine books of lyric poems.
Alcman.		Amatory Odes.
Ibycus.		His Odes.
Anacreon.	Several Odes.	Some Odes.
Bacchylides.		Hymns, Odes, Epigrams.
Aristophanes.	Eleven Comedies.	Forty-nine Comedies.
Eupolis.		Twenty Comedies.
Cratinus.		Thirty Comedies.
Æschylus.	Seven Tragedies.	Ninety-three Tragedies.
Sophocles.	Seven Tragedies.	One hundred and thirteen Tragedies.
Euripides.	Nineteen Tragedies.	Fifty-six Tragedies.

Menander.		One hundred and five Comedies.
Philemon.		Ninety Comedies.
Herodotus.	Nine books of History.	
Thucydides.	Eight books of History.	
Theopompus.		His entire History.
Philistus.		Twelve books of History.
Ephorus.		His historical writings.
Clitarchus.		His History of Alexander.
Timagenes.		His History of the reign of Augustus.
Demosthenes.	His Orations.	
Æschines.	Three Orations.	Many Orations.
Hyperides.	One Oration.	Many Orations.
Lysias.	Thirty-four Orations.	One hundred and sixty-six Orations.
Isocrates.	Thirty-one Orations.	Several Orations.
Demetrius Ph.		His entire works.
Plato.	Dialogues, Twelve Letters, the Republic.	
Xenophon.	The Anabasis, the Cyropædia, the Memorabilia, the Hellenica, the Oeconomics, &c.	
Aristotle.	His Rhetoric, the Poetic, the Politics, the Ethics, the Organon, Mathematics, Physics, Metaphysics, A Poem.	
Theophrastus.	A History of Plants, and the Moral Characters.	One hundred and ninety-eight treatises.

NUMBER XXXVI.

——Rome————————
With heaviest sound, a giant-statue, fell;
Push'd by a wild and artless race,
From off its wide ambitious base,
When Time his northern sons of spoil awoke,
And all the blended work of strength and grace,
With many a rude repeated stroke,
And many a barb'rous yell to thousand fragments broke.

COLLINS.

PURSUING the same plan as when treating of Grecian literature, Quintilian commences his account of the Roman authors with their great epic poet VIRGIL, of whom Domitius Afer, when asked, what poet he thought approached nearest to Homer, replied, "Secundus est Virgilius, proprior tamen primo quàm tertio." "Virgil is the second, but nearer the first than the third." To expatiate on the merits of this

admirable poet would, after such a multitude of comments and criticisms, be altogether nugatory. It will suffice to observe, that exquisite taste, the utmost sweetness and dignity of versification, and a talent for description, almost unparalleled, are his chief characteristics. Of his *Bucolics* the first and tenth are beautifully pathetic, and possess the merit of originality. The *Georgics* form the most finished work of antiquity, and the *Æneid*, though principally built on the Iliad and Odyssey of Homer, and though the six concluding books want the last touches of the author, displays such consummate skill in the conduct and arrangement of the fable, so much felicity in melting into the text the diction and imagery of its predecessors, and, occasionally, so much pathos and delicacy of feeling, as will for ever render it, in spite of all its plagiarisms, a most popular and fascinating poem. The supposed ruins of the mansion of Virgil on the Esquilian hill, have been visited by numbers of poetical pilgrims, who have vied with each other in doing honour to his memory. Let us, therefore, catching the visionary fervor, approach the hallowed spot, and, with the enthusiasm of Silius Italicus,

——————seek the sacred rests
Of Maro's humble tenement; a low
Plain wall remains; a little sun-gilt heap
Grotesque and wild; the gourd and olive brown
Weave the light roof; the gourd and olive fan
Their am'rous foliage, mingling with the vine,
Who drops her purple clusters through the green.
Here let us lie, with pleasing fancy sooth'd:
Here flow'd his fountain; here his laurels grew;
Here oft the meek good man, the lofty bard,
Fram'd the celestial song; or social walk'd
With Horace and the ruler of the world:
——————Thrice glorious days
Auspicious to the Muses! then rever'd,
Then hallow'd was the fount, or secret shade,
Or open mountain, or whatever scene
The Poet chose, to tune the ennobling rhyme
Melodious; ev'n the rugged sons of war,
Ev'n the rude hinds rever'd the Poet's name:
But now,——another age alas! is ours——

DYER.

It is scarce possible to avoid quoting here the poetical oath of *De Lille.*

Helas! je n'ai point vû ce séjour enchanté,
Ces beaux lieux ou Virgile a tant de fois chanté,
Mais j'en *jure* et Virgile et ses accords sublimes,
J'irai; de l'Apennin je franchirai les cimes,

J'irai, plein de son nom, plein de ses vers sacrés,
Les lire aux mêmes lieux qui les ont in spirés.
Les Jardins. L. i.

Alas! I've never rov'd those vales among,
Where Virgil whilom tun'd his sacred song;
But, by the Bard *I swear*, and lay sublime,
I'll go! O'er Alps on Alps oppos'd I'll climb;
Full of his name, with all his frenzy fir'd,
There will I read the strains those beauteous scenes inspir'd.*

The best edition of Virgil is certainly that of Heyne; there are, however, very good ones by Brunk, Wakefield and Didot, and we are indebted for a correct and elegant translation to the labours of Pitt and Warton. There is an ease and spirit in many parts of Dryden's version, however, which have never been equalled, especially in the descriptive and martial passages, but he has violated, in numerous instances, the simplicity and delicacy of his original, and the pathos of the poet seems

* The anonymous translation of 1789, of which many passages are finished with the utmost delicacy and taste. The last line, however, of the above quotation I have taken the liberty to mould into an alexandrine; that given in the version being, in my opinion, bald and prosaic: it is thus written:

And there I'll read the strains those scenes inspir'd.

annihilated in his hands. Mr. Beresford's late attempt in blank verse has not met with the attention due to its merit.

At an humble distance appears the name of MACER, a poet whose compositions were esteemed elegant, but deficient in elevation of style. He wrote several poems on subjects of natural history, namely, on plants, birds, serpents &c. and he lived to finish an epic poem on the Ruins of Troy, and which he intended as a continuation of the Iliad of Homer. His works have entirely perished.

Of LUCRETIUS I have said so much elsewhere, that in this place I have little more to observe than that the six books *De Rerum Natura*, have happily reached us unmutilated.

Cicero was their first editor, and in one of his epistles thus expresses his opinion of their merit. "Lucretii poemata lita sunt multis luminibus ingenii: multæ tamen artis." † No edition of any classic can boast more splendid

† Epist. ad Q. Fratrem, Lib. ii. epist. xi. I have followed the text of Gronovius.

and correct typography, nor a more acute and ingenious body of annotations, than that which Mr. Wakefield has lately given to the public of this admirable poet, and which has received a just and valuable encomium from the pen of the celebrated Heyne. Mr. Good's translation is now completed, and the public will, I hope, soon be gratified by its publication. A very copious life of Lucretius, including the literary history of his age, will be prefixed to the work, and notes critical and philosophical, upon a large scale, and which convey a vast fund of instruction and amusement, elucidate and decorate the text.

VARRO ATTACINUS was chiefly celebrated for a translation of the *Argonautica* of Apollonius Rhodius. It was deemed correct and elegant, but Quintilian observes that it was not sufficiently rich in expression for the purposes of oratory. He was also the author of a poem *De Bello Sequanico* which, together with his version of Apollonius, the hand of Time has completely destroyed.

TO ENNIUS many of the Roman poets are highly indebted. Virgil has transplanted seve-

ral of his noblest lines and phrases, for though his style was, in general, esteemed rough and unpolished, yet he occasionally produced verses of the utmost harmony and beauty; and his conceptions were always expressed with energy and spirit. Lucretius speaks of him in terms of lavish praise.

ENNIUS ut noster cecinit, qui primus amæno
Detulit ex Helicone perenni fronde coronam,
Per genteis Italas hominum quæ clara clueret.

Lib: i.

As ENNIUS taught, immortal Bard! whose brows
Unfading laurels bound, and still whose verse
All Rome recites entranc'd.

GOOD.

But, perhaps, no passage, in any author, has so exquisitely described the genius and style of Ennius as the following one of Quintilian: the simile and its imagery cannot be sufficiently admired.

"Ennium sicut sacros vetustate lucos adoremus, in quibus grandia et antiqua robora jam non tantam habent speciem, quantam religionem."

"We revere Ennius as we do a grove hallowed for its antiquity, in which the gigantic and moss-grown oaks produce in us not so much a sensation of beauty, as of religious awe and dread."

Ennius was a prolific writer, and composed many tragedies, comedies and satires, and a long poem on the annals of Rome in hexameter verse, and an heroic poem in trochaics in praise of Scipio. Scipio and the punic war have thrice been the subject of epic poetry, firstly by the bard under our immediate consideration, secondly by Silius Italicus in his poem De Bello Punico, and, thirdly, by Petrarch, who, though acquainted with Ennius, was totally ignorant that Silius had written on the same topic, the manuscript of whose works was not discovered until 1415. Had he read this poem it is probable he would never have commenced his *Africa*. "Ennius," says he, "has sung fully of Scipio; but, in the opinion of Valerius Maximus, his style is harsh and vulgar. There is no elegant poem which has for its subject the glorious actions of that conqueror of Hannibal. I am resolved to celebrate his victories in the best manner I am

able."† Of the productions of Ennius, except a few fragments, nothing is extant. This venerable bard seems to have been very partial to good living and to good wine, and, I fancy, died of the gout, for the account of his death runs thus: Periit morbo articulari ex nimio vini potu.

Quintilian now adverts to a poet who is highly celebrated for the brilliancy of his wit, and the luxuriancy of his genius. OVID in all his compositions, with the exception perhaps of the Fasti, has displayed a most florid and wanton imagination. He has ever exhausted his subject by minutiæ which diminish the effect of the picture, and annihilate the pleasure of the reader, by leaving nothing for his fancy to conceive or complete. The following description of evening by the more judicious Virgil, though including but two objects, immediately suggests to the reader a number of adjunctive and pictoresque circumstances.

Et jam summa procul villarum culmina fumant
Majoresque cadunt altis de montibus umbræ.

† Dobson's Life of Petrach, vol. i. p. 144.

The village smoke at evening brings forward the idea of the weary Peasant returning to a chearful fire and hearty meal, and meeting the affectionate embrace of his wife and children; while the lengthening shades from lofty hills, suggest a picture of the setting sun, and of the soft and pensive scenery characteristic of the close of a fine day. Had Ovid sate down to draw a similar landscape, he would, probably, have occupied fifty lines in delineating every particular his fervid imagination could body forth, and when the elaborate picture was complete, the two lines of Virgil would be preferred by every man of taste.

The *Heroides* of Ovid are written with much poetical spirit and expression, but, at the same time, abound in the usual defects of their author, great diffusion and great indelicacy. The *Tristia* and the *Elegies* on various subjects, possess much beauty, and much softness and sweetness of imagery and diction, but they want the tenderness and simplicity of Tibullus. His books *De Arte Amandi*, *De Remedio Amoris*, et *Amorum*, do him credit as a poet but not as a man; the descriptions are rich and highly finished, and the versification is

elegant, but their tendency is to destroy the principles of virtue and morality, and to inculcate a system of lewdness and prostitution. The *Metamorphoses* are chiefly valuable as conveying to us the legendary and mythological fables of antiquity, and appear to be rather a compilation than a work of much invention. His *Fasti*, of which unfortunately but six books remain, are the noblest of his compositions, and the most correct; the *Epistles from Pontus* the worst in point of style, and in their sentiment disgraceful to the poet, for they betray a mean and pusillanimous mind. Though apparently very unequal to the task, Ovid ventured to court the Dramatic Muse, and produced a Tragedy under the title of *Medea*, and of which, to my astonishment, Quintilian speaks with approbation. "Ovidii Medea," says he, "videtur mihi ostendere quantum vir ille præstare potuerit, si ingenio suo temperare quàm indulgere maluisset." "The Medea of Ovid appears to me clearly to evince how much this poet could have excelled, had he chosen rather to repress than to indulge his genius." Unluckily this Tragedy has perished, so that the opinion of the critic is secure from contradiction or comment.

The *Ibis*, an imitation of Callimachus, is the only satyrical performance of this poet, of whose works the best edition is that of Burmannus.

Cornelius Severus was considered by his contemporaries as a better versifier than poet; yet Quintilian observes that if his poem on the Sicilian war had been finished in the style and manner in which he had executed the first book, the second rank in epic poetry could not have been refused him. A premature death, however, prevented the completion of his design. In his early youth he composed many pieces of unquestionable taste and genius; these, with his epic production, have, through time or accident, suffered entire destruction.

The untimely death of Valerius Flaccus is mentioned by Quintilian with much regret, and as if poetry had sustained, by that event, a considerable loss. His epic, however, on the Argonautic expedition, near eight books of which were finished previous to his decease, does not warrant the supposition that, had his life been spared, he would have attained to great excellence. It is a general, and, I be-

lieve, a just opinion, that he has not risen beyond mediocrity, and that his style is frigid, and frequently inelegant. About the middle of the fifteenth century Poggio Bracciolini found at the bottom of a dark neglected tower of the Monastery of St. Gall, in France, the three first books, and half of the fourth of the Argonautics of our author, and had them shortly afterward printed.

Of SALEIUS BASSUS the author of the Institutes remarks, that such was the vehemence of his poetic genius, that even old age could not mature it. Of a poet whose imagination could thus swallow up every particle of judgement, it is no subject of regret that not a specimen has been preserved.

RABIRIUS wrote a poem on the victory of Augustus at Actium; a production which Seneca has extolled for its elegance and sublimity, and even compared its author to Virgil. "Maximè nostro æve," says he, "eminent Virgilius *Rabiriusque*." † Quintilian, however, is more temperate in his approbation, and

† De Benef. vi. 3.

merely recommends him, to those who have leisure, as not unworthy of a perusal. The fate of the two poets, with respect to the preservation of their compositions, has been widely different, for not a line, I believe, of Rabirius remains to support the encomium of Seneca.

Pedo Albinovanus was the author also of an heroic poem, which is now lost, and is classed by the great critic, whom I take for my guide in these disquisitions, with Rabirius. Of course I place him in the ranks of mediocrity.

We have now to introduce a poet of exalted genius, and to whose merits, except by a very few individuals, sufficient attention has not been shown. Even Quintilian has been guilty of injustice toward Lucan, when he enumerates him among the orators rather than the poets. The *Pharsalia*, though unfinished, is one of the most spirited productions of antiquity, and when considered as the effort of a very young man, discloses proof of greater genius than any poetical composition in Roman literature. Noble and sublime in sentiment, ardent in the cause of freedom and of virtue, original in its design, and bold in its execution,

the epic of Lucan inspires a spirit of independence and magnanimity, and should be dear to every literary man who, with generous ardour, cherishes a love for liberty. The faults of Lucan are the faults of his youth, and perhaps of the period in which he lived; could he have corrected and finished his poem, the versification would probably have been more polished, and his maturer judgment would have corrected or erased many a passage now chargeable with extravagance and bombast. *Argentaria*, his amiable and accomplished wife, corrected, it is said, after his death, the three first books; she was beautiful and affectionate, and deplored, through life, the cruel and untimely fate of her husband. To his memory she paid a respect bordering upon adoration. Hayley has thus beautifully introduced her in his "Essay on Epic Poetry."

Ye feeling painters, who with genius warm
Delineate Virtue in her softest form,
Let ARGENTARIA on your canvass shine,
A graceful mourner at her Poet's shrine:
For, nobly fearless at the tyrant's hate,
She mourns her murder'd Lord in solemn state;
With pious care she decks his splendid tomb,
Where the dark cypress sheds its soothing gloom,

There frequent takes her solitary stand,
His dear Pharsalia in her faithful hand;
That hand, whose toil the Muses still rehearse,
Which fondly copied his unfinish'd verse.
See, as she bends before his recent urn,
See tender grief to adoration turn.
O lovely Mourner, could my song bestow
Unfading glory on thy generous woe,
Age after age thy virtue should record,
And thou shouldst live immortal as thy Lord.
Him Liberty shall crown with endless praise,
True to her cause in Rome's degenerate days;
Him, like his Brutus, her fond eye regards,
And hails him as the last of Roman bards.

Lucan wrote a poem on the merits and accomplishments of this charming woman, which has unfortunately perished. Martial, however, has borne witness to the veneration she paid to the memory of her Lord, and Statius in his *Genethliacon Lucani*, a pleasing little poem on the anniversary of Lucan's birth, pays a high compliment to the beauty, talents and conjugal affection of Argentaria.

The Pharsalia was in great estimation during the middle ages. Geoffrey of Monmouth in his history, and John of Salisbury in his Poli-

craticon, writers of the eleventh century, have quoted him. He was translated into Italian as early as the year 1310, again in the succeeding century by Montichelli, and into Spanish in 1585. Lucan was first printed in 1469, and so much popularity had he acquired that before the year 1500 six more editions issued from the press, A very good edition of the Pharsalia has been published by Oudendorp, and one still more valuable by Cumberland with the notes of Grotius and Bentley. Rowe's version possesses much merit; a translation however in blank verse is yet a desideratum. No poet is better calculated for the cadence and stately march of this mode of versification than Lucan.

The paragraph of the Institutes which immediately succeeds the mention of Lucan, is, I am sorry to say, highly disgraceful to its author, both as a man and as a critic. It contains the most mean and disgusting flattery, and offered up too to one of the most vile and despicable of Tyrants. He has here termed *Domitian*, Truth and Virtue blush at the recital, the greatest of poets; that nothing can be more sublime and learned than his works;

that he is the favorite of the Muses and Minerva, and that posterity shall pay him still greater eulogia, for that now, the glory of the poet is eclipsed by the splendor of his other virtues!! As some palliation, however of this offensive passage, let it be considered that Quintilian was preceptor to the adopted heirs of Domitian, and that during the reign of so brutal and ferocious a monster, flattery might be necessary to personal safety.

Hastily quitting this inapplicable encomium, we are immediately introduced by our critic to the elegiac poets, and with high pleasure greet the amiable TIBULLUS, the most sweet and tender of the Roman bards. Four books of his elegies remain, which are chaste and elegant in their style, and abound in passages of the most exquisite simplicity and pathos. Love and Nature seem to have enthroned themselves in the bosom of Tibullus, and the heart replies to his appeal. He appears to have been an attentive observer too of the features of the country, and its produce, and to have had a high relish of the beauties of landscape. His rural imagery is accurately drawn, and frequently displays a rich imagination.

Horace, a friend and admirer of our poet, has addressed an ode and an epistle to him, and Ovid has lamented his death with tenderness and sincerity. An excellent edition of Tibullus has been edited by Broukhousius, and there is one by Heyne of great value, the third impression of which is, I believe, now in the press. Dart and Grainger have translated this poet, so difficult to do justice to; the first is a very bad, and the second a version of much merit. The best idea of Tibullus, however, will be obtained, by the English reader, from the imitations, or rather translations of Hammond, which have imbibed a great portion of the sweetness and spirit of their original.

PROPERTIUS, though possessing less tenderness and simplicity than Tibullus, is remarkably elegant and figurative in his style, and abounds in learned allusion. There is at all times much spirit and energy in his compositions, and, by some, he has been considered as holding the first rank in elegiac poetry. He has written four books of elegies addressed to Cynthia, of whom it appears he was very deeply enamoured. Pliny, in one of his epistles, when speaking of his friend *Passienus Paulus*,

has given us his opinion of Propertius, and it is such as does honour to the bard. "Paulus," observes he, "very successfully emulates the ancients, whose spirit and manner he has closely imitated, and happily restored; especially that of *Propertius*, to whom he is not less related by genius, than by blood, as he particularly resembles that poet in his chief excellency. When you read his elegies, all that is elegant, tender and agreeable, will conspire to charm you; and you will clearly discover they are animated with the congenial spirit of Propertius."* Mimnermus, Callimachus, and Philætes were, according to the poet's own confession, the models he endeavoured to imitate, and it must in justice be said, that he has surpassed his originals. The best editions of Propertius are by Broukhousius and Burmannus. I am not acquainted with any entire translation of this poet in English; a few of his elegies have been attempted, but with little success. No poet, indeed, appears to me more difficult to translate with accuracy and felicity than Propertius.

CORNELIUS GALLUS, the great friend of

* Melmoth's Translation, Book ix. Let. 22.

Virgil, and to whom he is indebted for immortality, wrote a number of elegiac poems, in which he celebrated the beauty and accomplishments of the slave Lycoris, of whom he had long been passionately enamoured. She, however, unaffected by all his tenderness and attentions, forsook him to follow Mark Antony, and, on this occasion, Virgil composed his tenth eclogue, where the sorrows and sufferings of the deserted poet are delineated in the most natural and glowing colours; it is a complete picture, indeed, of the passion of love, with all its various inconsistencies and complaints. At the close of the Georgics Virgil, it is said, had originally inserted an affectionate tribute to friendship and to Gallus, but that Augustus, offended with the conduct of Gallus, during his residence in Ægypt, insisted upon its erasure, and the Mantuan bard substituted the episodes of Aristæus and of Orpheus and Eurydice. The style of Gallus is termed harsh by Quintilian, and he was probably far inferior to either Tibullus or Propertius. Nearly all the productions of his genius are lost, and the few fragments which remain are deemed by many spurious, and as

belonging to a poet of much later date, Maximinianus Gallus.

The province of Satire, to which the Rhetorician has now conducted us, is peculiarly the growth of Rome; "*Satyra tota nostra est,*" he exclaims, and with propriety, for the genuine satire, such as we meet with it in *Horace*, *Persius* and *Juvenal*, has no prototype among the Grecians. To LUCILIUS, contemporary with the elder Scipio Africanus, were the Romans indebted for the first specimen of regular satire, and though his versification was rough and inelegant, he had many enthusiastic admirers during his life, and even in the days of Horace and of Quintilian they were still numerous and loud in their applauses. The former has thus expressed his opinion of the merits of this original bard:

—————————————facetus,
Emunctæ naris, durus componere versus.
Nam fuit hoc vitiosus. In horâ sæpe ducentos,
Ut magnum, versus dictabat, stans pede in uno:
Cum flueret lutulentus, erat quod tollere velles;
Garrulus, atque piger scribendi ferre laborem;
Scribendi rectè.

Lib: i. Sat. iv.

In wit abundant, lively, shrew'd:
In composition harsh and rude.
This was his fault: to shew his power,
He'd write two hundred lines an hour.
He flow'd too turbid; (from his lay
Some parts you well might sweep away)
Loquacious, and in ease delighting
Too much to bear the toil of writing:
Of writing well I mean.

BOSCAWEN.

The author of the Institutes is more favorable to the old satyrist; he dissents from Horace, especially with regard to the fourth line of the passage just quoted, and declares that Lucilius possessed an admirable erudition, an agreeable liberty of speech, and thence much sharpness and much high seasoned raillery. We cannot now adjust the difference between the two critics, as the satires of Lucilius are beyond our reach; of thirty which he composed, not one remains entire.

Of the satires and epistles of HORACE so much has been said, and well said too, that it would be a waste of time to enter into any extensive discussion with regard to their merits. The former display much humour and much

playful wit, and lash the vices and follies of the age with great keenness, yet, with so much ease, pleasantry and apparent good nature, that the object censured is almost disarmed of resentment, and even relaxed into a smile. The latter, however, are my favorites: in the epistles the utmost elegance and sweetness, the most alluring philosophy, and a vein of criticism highly interesting and instructive, are combined; to these are added various traits of the author's life: his heart and feelings are frequently laid open to us, and we pay homage to his friendships, his candour and sincerity. He is infinitely more pure, correct and attic than his predecessor, observes Quintilian, and, from what we can gather of the opinions of Lucilius, his philosophy and feelings were likewise infinitely more generous and social.

Persius wrote his satires during the reign of Nero, and even ventured to censure the bombastic composition of that Emperor. Though but six in number they have acquired for him an immortality. "Multum et veræ gloriæ, quamvis uno libro, Persius meruit."†

† Quintilian.

"Persius has acquired much genuine glory, though but the author of a single book." He has been taxed with harshness and obscurity, though probably without foundation. His contemporaries perused him, it is said, with eagerness and pleasure; his various allusions, therefore, to characters, foibles or extravagances not familiar to us, are probably the true cause of the difficulties which now occur to the critical reader. His morality, religion, and philosophy, however, are of so exalted a kind as fully to atone for the inelegance of his composition, and very adequately to compensate the trouble of explaining him. It was the opinion of the celebrated Mr. Harris of Salisbury that "he was the only difficult Latin author that would reward the reader for the pains which he must take to understand him." Dryden has translated this poet in a careless manner, but with his wonted vivacity and spirit. Dr. Brewster has succeeded better, and has impressed upon his version, which is correct and energetic, much of the style and manner of his original. Very lately another attempt has been made by Mr. Drummond, and not without considerable success; he is more elegant, but more verbose than Brewster;

more pleasing perhaps to the English reader, though partaking less of the peculiar character of Persius. His preface is extremely interesting and does honour to his learning and taste. A very good edition of this poet has been given us by Casaubon.

When Quintilian, at the conclusion of the paragraph on satire, observes "*Sunt clari hodieque*," he manifestly alludes to JUVENAL, who was his pupil, and who at the time the Institutes were given to the Roman world had written several of his satires. It must have been with much complacency and delight that the venerable critic contemplated the genius and moral integrity of his former disciple and friend. Sixteen of the satires of Juvenal are extant, and are deservedly celebrated for a lofty and fervid strain of poetry, and for the warm and indignant style in which he scourges the crimes and vices of his age. In exposing, however, the enormities of the licentious and debauched, he has laid open scenes which had better have been concealed, and made use of expressions gross and indecent in the extreme. On this account he cannot with safety be placed in the hands of youth, unless under the

form of an *editio expurgata*. Juvenal has been translated by Dryden, but the mere English reader will derive the best conception of the manner of this noble satirist from the admirable imitations of Dr. Johnson, which are beyond all praise. Mr. Murphy and Mr. Lewis have likewise lately published imitations of this poet which possess much merit, though certainly far inferior to the spirited productions of Johnson. Juvenal was in high estimation during the middle ages, and is cited by Peter of Blois, Vicentius Bellovacensis, and other authors of the same period, who frequently apply to him the term *Ethicus*. Juvenal was first printed at Rome in 1474.

Terentius Varro, the most learned of the Romans, copied the ancient plan of writing satire, and the *Menippeæ* therefore of this author, according to Quintilian, exhibited a great variety of different metres. The erudition of Varro was so great that though he was the author of no less than five hundred treatises they were allowed to be complete in their kind, and abounding in information. "Plurimos libros et *doctissimos* composuit," observes our critic, and St. Augustin declares that it is a

subject of admiration how Varro, who digested such a vast variety of books, could find leisure to compose so many volumes, and how he who composed so many volumes, could peruse such a multitude of books, and acquire too such profound and almost unexampled erudition. Of the five hundred volumes of Varro all have perished, except one treatise *De Re Rustica* and another *De Lingua Latina*; the latter is dedicated to Cicero, who was the friend of our author, and a great admirer of his literary labours.

NUMBER XXXVII.

—Oft the gloomy north, with iron swarms
Tempestuous pouring from her frozen caves,
Blasted th' Italian shore, and swept the works
Of liberty and wisdom down the gulph
Of all-devouring night.

AKENSIDE.

WE now proceed with our critic to consider the Roman writers of Iambic verse, who, however, never confined themselves entirely to this measure, but usually mingled it with lines of a different metre. Of CATULLUS, who excelled in this department, I have treated so much at large in my twenty-sixth number, that very little can be required of me in this place. His poems, some of which are lost, may be divided into heroic, lyric, elegiac and epigrammatic compositions, and of these there were numerous imitators during the most flourishing period of the Empire. We learn from Pliny

the Younger that Sentius Augurinus was peculiarly successful in copying the Veronese bard; he addressed a beautiful little complimentary poem to Pliny, which in its commencement elegantly alludes to Catullus and his friend Calvus.

Sweetly flow my tender lays,
Like Calvus' or *Catullus'* strains,
Bards approv'd of ancient days!
Where love in all its softness reigns.
MELMOTH.

It is somewhat singular that Quintilian, though he has repeatedly mentioned Calvus as an orator, has never introduced him as a poet, notwithstanding he was so celebrated in this character by his contemporaries, and by succeeding writers. Pliny in lib. i. epist. 16. when speaking of the genius of his friend Pompeius Saturninus, remarks that "he has composed several poetical pieces in the manner of *Calvus* and Catullus. What strokes of wit, what sweetness of numbers, what pointed satire, and what touches of the tender passion appear in his verses! in the midst of which he sometimes designedly falls into an agreeable negligence in his metre, in the manner too of

those admired poets." † The best edition of Catullus is by Antonius Vulpius, published at Padua in 1737 in quarto.

BIBACULUS, who was contemporary with Cicero, wrote annals in iambic verse, and a variety of epigrams, and some lyric poems. He was ranked with Catullus, whom he imitated, and whose peculiar diction and occasional severity he adopted with success. No particle of the poetry of Bibaculus has reached us.

We have now to consider HORACE as a *lyric* poet, the first and almost only bard in this province of Roman literature that deserves attention. As however, in various parts of the Literary Hours I have given my opinion of the peculiar beauties and defects of his lyric productions, there will be the less occasion in the present essay to enter into any extensive discussion. Sweetness, grace, and a singular felicity of phrase form the grand characteristics of his style. It is this *curiosa felicitas*, this *happiness of expression* which is so essential, so

† Melmoth's Translation.

vital as it were to lyric poetry, and which renders it, perhaps, the most difficult department of the Muses. To attain a splendid, perspicuous and expressive lyric diction has been the lot of few, and requires unwearied attention in the choice of words and idiom, and much labour with regard to the beauty of their arrangement. It is these requisites being not transferable which occasion the odes of Horace, when translated, to appear, in general so insufferably flat and tasteless. Rome, it may be remarked, could boast of but one genuine lyric poet: with pride and pleasure, therefore, we may point to a Collins, a Gray and a Mason!

There are some imitations, however, which convey a nearly just idea of the Horatian manner; I need only mention two, by way of example, of the same ode, viz. Lib. ii. od. 16. "Otium Divos rogat," &c. by Mr. Hastings and Mr. Gifford. The edition of this poet by Gesner, as lately improved and published by Zeunius, and the foundation of which was laid by the judicious Baxter, may probably be considered as the best.

Cæsius Bassus, a lyric poet in the reign of Nero, was an imitator of Horace, but fell far short of his model. He is mentioned by Quintilian, who was acquainted with him, with much indifference, and he closes the paragraph by observing that many poets now living are greatly superior to him. Not a line, I believe, of Bassus is extant.

The Tragic poets of Rome form the next subject of criticism, and pursuing the nomenclature of Quintilian, which follows no chronological order, I have to introduce the name of Accius who, considering the age he lived in, B. C. 170, was possessed of great merit and genius. His style was vigorous, and, occasionally, sublime, yet crude and unpolished; he is complimented by Horace with the term *altus*, and by Ovid with that of *animosus*. To Pacuvius, who was fifty years older than himself, he is said to have read one of his tragedies, which the old bard in general approved of, though he made some objections to the style, which he called harsh and unfinished. Accius took most of his fables from the Greek theatre, and more particularly from Sophocles; yet he is known to have composed one national

tragedy on the story of Brutus and Tarquin. Some comedies and historical annals in verse are attributed to this poet, but all his productions have perished. Decimus Brutus was his patron and friend.

PACUVIUS, equally celebrated as a painter and as a poet, wrote several satires and tragedies, some of which were highly admired, especially his *Orestes*, notwithstanding their roughness and inelegance of style. Cicero who, like Virgil, was a lover of antiquity, had a high opinion of this author, and remarks, "omnes apud hunc *ornatos* elaboratosque esse versus,"† and Horace thus notices him and his contemporary Accius.

——————————aufert
Pacuvius docti famam senis, Accius alti.
Lib: ii. epist: i.

We judge, among the bards of elder time,
Pacuvius learned, Accius most sublime.
BOSCAWEN.

Of Pacuvius only a few fragments remain.

† De Oratore.

We are compelled to entertain a very high opinion of the tragic powers of VARIUS, and at the same time to lament our loss, when Quintilian asserts that the *Thyestes* of Varius may be put in competition with any production of the Grecian Drama; "Varii Thyestes cuilibet Græcorum comparari potest." He was the intimate friend of Virgil and Horace, and their companion in the celebrated journey to Brundusium; he introduced the latter to Mecænas, and was chosen by Augustus to revise, with other literati, the Æneid of Virgil: indeed, previous to the production of the Mantuan bard, he was esteemed the first epic writer of Rome, having written an heroic poem, or panygeric on Augustus. Of this once highly-estimated poet nothing now is extant which can afford a fair specimen of his powers.

Literature has sustained a considerable deprivation in the destruction of the poetry of POMPONIUS SECUNDUS, who, of all the Roman writers, says the author of the Institutes, has succeeded best in tragedy; and though the preceding generation thought him deficient, he continues to observe, in pathos,

yet they acknowledged he was eminent in erudition, in elegance and in art. He had probably strictly adhered to the judicious advice of Horace

Si quid inexpertum scenæ committis et audes
Personam formare novam; servetur ad imum
Qualis ab incœpto processerit, et sibi constet.

De Arte Poetica.

Of these celebrated lines I have seen no translation which has given me satisfaction; I shall attempt, therefore, one myself, conscious that should I fail I shall not want companions of established reputation to sympathize with me.

But should you, boldly venturing, bring to view
The lov'd original your fancy drew,
True to itself, and one, and well combin'd,
Weave the warm fiction of the master-mind.

In comedy the Romans have in vain attempted to equal their Grecian models. PLAUTUS, though possessing humour and wit, and writing with purity and elegance of style, insomuch that Varro has asserted that the Muses, if they had chosen to speak Latin, would have adopted the language of Plautus, is yet inferior to

Aristophanes. The merit of Plautus is notwithstanding great, and no stronger proof can be given of it than that for five hundred years he was a favorite at Rome, although the language of his country had become, during that period, much more polished and correct, and criticism and elegant literature had made very rapid strides. His drama is varied and interesting, and his characters boldly conceived and well drawn. The principal faults of Plautus are coarseness of wit, and obscenity; in these he resembles Aristophanes, though Epicharmus, it is said, was the model he chiefly followed.

Plautus ad exemplar Siculi properare Epicharmi.
Hor. Lib. ii. ep. i.

Our bard was held in no great estimation by Horace, who has repeatedly blamed both his style and manner. Of twenty-five comedies which Plautus composed, nineteen are extant, a good edition of which has been given us by Operarius in two volumes quarto. Plautus was known in the darkest period of Europe, for his comedies are among the royal manuscrips written in the tenth century. The translation of this poet by Thornton and War-

ner may be recommended for its ease and fidelity.

CÆCILIUS, observes the author of the Institutes, has had lavish praise bestowed upon him by antiquity, and from Horace we learn that he was highly esteemed for the force and energy of his Muse.

> Vincere Cæcilius gravitate.
>
> Lib. ii. ep. i.

> With greatest force Cæcilius strikes the heart.
>
> BOSCAWEN.

Yet Cicero in one of his Epistles to Atticus, terms him "Malum Latinitatis auctorem." Cæcilius, who died a year after Ennius, wrote more than thirty comedies, the titles of which are alone preserved.

TERENTIUS the contemporary of Lucilius the poet, and Polybius the historian, was the intimate friend of Scipio and of Lelius, and has clearly shewn to what purity, simplicity and elegance the Latin language may attain. His comedies possess that species of humour which, though scarcely exciting a smile, pleases the more it is studied and contemplated; it, in

some measure, resembles what we are so delighted with in the pages of Addison. Terence had ever Menander before his eyes, and the six comedies we now possess, with the exception, perhaps, of the simple and beautiful *Hecyra*, are but the remnant of one hundred and eight which he is recorded to have translated from the Grecian poet. The delicacy of his sentiments, his exquisite taste in expression and arrangement, and his faithful delineation of life and manners, have rendered him the favorite of every elegant scholar, though he want the originality, the spirit and interest of Plautus. Quintilian, after paying a due encomium to the elegance of this poet, has remarked, that he would have been much more pleasing and graceful, had he confined his verses to trimeter iambics, instead of using iambics of every different measure.

There are two famous manuscripts of Terence in the Vatican, one of which, it is reported, was written by the command of Charlemagne, and compared with the more ancient copies by Callispius Scholasticus.†

† See Warton on the Introduction of learning into Europe.

Bentley's edition of Terence is one of the most valuable, and we possess an admirable translation in familiar blank verse by Colman, and which in many parts has done ample justice to the original.

Afranius built his comedies upon the manners and customs of his countrymen, and they were thence called *Togatæ comediæ*, whilst those which were founded on Grecian history and costume, were termed *Palliatæ*. Cicero has praised him for acuteness of intellect, and facility of style, but Quintilian, though he gives him credit for great comic abilities, reprobates his partiality for vicious intrigue and laxity of moral. Horace, in a well-known line, considers him as an imitator of Menander.

> Dicitur *Afrani* toga convenisse Menandro.
> Lib. ii. ep. i.

> Afranius' robe would great Menander fit,
> So strong the likeness to his stile and wit.
> Boscawen.

It is mentioned by Suetonius that in one of the comedies of Afranius, entitled "The Conflagration," the pillage of the house set on fire

during the performance was given to the actors. All the works of this poet are lost.

Though the Latin writers of comedy we have now enumerated certainly possess a considerable portion of genius and humour, they must nevertheless hide their diminished heads when thrown into comparison with their Grecian prototypes; this the candour of Quintilian has acknowledged, and in the following emphatic terms.

"Vix levem consequimur umbram, adeo ut mihi sermo ipse Romanus non recipere videatur illam solis concessam Atticis venerem, quando eam ne Græci quidem in alio genere linguæ obtinuerint."

"Scarce can we form a faint shadow of the Grecian comedy, for the Latin appears to me not capable of expressing those graces which so much distinguish the attic dialect, and it is remarkable that the Greeks themselves no longer retain these beautiful peculiarities when composing in another language."

In history, however, the Genius of Rome

has taken a sublime and, perhaps, unequalled flight, soaring beyond even the bold and daring pinion of Greece. SALLUST, the Roman Thucydides, has excelled his model; for equally concise, energic and perspicuous, his sentences are less broken, less harsh and more elegantly constructed than those of the Grecian historian. No author is superior in the delineation of character; he has seized the delicate shades as well as the prominent features, and clothed them in the most rich and appropriate colouring. The pictures of Cæsar, Cato, Jugurtha and Bocchus, disclose the hand of a master, and glow with life and beauty. As an orator too, Sallust is scarcely less conspicuous, his speeches being strongly characteristic, and displaying all the vivacity, strength and immortal conciseness of their author. The conspiracy of Cataline and the Jugurthine war abound likewise in description of the most vivid and pictoresque kind: the capture of Cirta by Marius may be mentioned as a striking instance of his talents in this department. His Roman history from the death of Sylla to the conspiracy of Cataline, the work upon which his reputation among the ancients was chiefly founded, has most unfortunately, as a whole,

perished; yet so numerous are the fragments of this production that the late learned De Brosses attempted the restoration, and a translation of the entire history in five books. "He undertook the laborious task," observes a periodical critic, "of collecting the fragments of this work from the ancient Grammarians, and at last saw his diligence rewarded by a collection of more than seven hundred fragments, which he combined with so much judgment and ability, as to produce a beautiful whole, graced with the genuine spirit and energy of the noble Roman. The work was published in 1777, at Dijon, in three quartos, under the title, "Histoire de la Republique Romaine dans le Cours du viime. Siecle, par Sallust" &c. *

A very good edition of Sallust has been lately published by Henry Homer, but no translation of this author of any value exists in our language; those of Gordon and of Rose bearing little or no resemblance to the style and manner of their original.

* Monthly Magazine, vol. viii. p. 1085.

The injury which literature has sustained by the destruction of the decades of Livy, has probably never been surpassed. Of this inimitable historian but thirty-five books out of one hundred and forty remain, and by far the most interesting and valuable portion has perished. So late as A. D. 1431, the first five books of the fifth decade were discovered at Worms, and even an entire copy of the original is said to have been extant in the year 1631, and to have been destroyed in the plunder of Magdeburgh! Nothing can be more perspicuous, more majestic and dignified than the style of Livy; nothing more vivacious, spirited and eloquent than his harangues, and such are the liveliness and splendour of his imagination, that no historian has hitherto equalled the magnificence, the animation and interest of his descriptions and narrations. As to the expression of the passions, says the author of the Institutes, particularly those of a tender kind, no writer of history, to speak in the most moderate terms, has drawn them in more faithful and natural colours. In short, it may be truly said, that in reading Livy you experience sensations similar to those you derive from the perusal of Homer. The follow-

ing just and exquisitely finished character of Livy, not less admirable for its truth than for its harmony and imagery, merits every encomium.

Of mightier spirit, of majestic frame,
With powers proportioned to the Roman fame,
When Rome's fierce Eagle his broad wings unfurl'd,
And shadow'd with his plumes the subject world,
In bright pre-eminence, that Greece might own,
Sublimer LIVY claims the Historic throne;
With that rich eloquence, whose golden light
Brings the full scene distinctly to the sight;
That zeal for Truth, which interest cannot bend,
That fire which Freedom ever gives her friend,
Immortal artist of a work supreme!
Delighted Rome beheld, with proud esteem,
Her own bright image, of Colossal size,
From thy long toils in purest marble rise,
But envious Time, with a malignant stroke,
This sacred statue into fragments broke;
In Lethe's streams its nobler portion sunk,
And left Futurity the wounded trunk.
Yet, like the matchless, mutilated frame,
To which great *Angelo* bequeath'd his name,
This glorious ruin, in whose strength we find
The splendid vigour of the Sculptor's mind,
In the fond eye of Admiration still
Rivals the finish'd forms of modern skill.

HAYLEY.

So great was the reputation of Livy, that Pliny, in one of his epistles, has related that an inhabitant of the city of Cadiz was so struck with his illustrious character, that he travelled to Rome purposely to see the historian, and, having satisfied his curiosity, immediately returned home,† supposing probably that, after seeing Livy, no other object was worthy his attention. Alphonso, King of Naples, expressed his admiration in a manner still more singular, having, in 1451, sent an ambassador to the Venetian states where the bones of Livy had lately been discovered, to request that one of them might be spared him. An arm-bone was accordingly sent, and this curious present is mentioned in an inscription still existing at Padua. When Petrarch took up his residence in this city in the year 1351, he was lodged in the Cloisters of St. Justine adjoining the church of the monastery, which church was founded on the ruins of an ancient temple of Concord. Some workmen, employed in digging in the place, discovered a stone, on which was legible an inscription to the memory of Livy. A circumstance of this kind excited

† Lib. ii. epist. 3.

in Petrarch, who almost adored this author, a high degree of enthusiasm, and he conceived the fanciful idea of addressing a letter to the historian. As a curiosity, and as disclosing the veneration of this celebrated character for Livy, I shall insert the epistle.

"I wish I had lived in your age, or rather that you had been born in mine. I should have been among those who went to seek you at Rome, or even in the Indies, had you dwelt there. I can now only behold you in your books; and in them but in part, from the indolence of our age, who have never taken any pains to collect your works. I cannot reflect on this without feeling indignation at my countrymen, who seek after nothing but gold, silver and the pleasures of sense.

"I am under great obligations to you, because you bring me into so much good company. When I read your works, I think I live with Brutus, Regulus, Scipio, the Fabricii, the Camilli; and not with the banditti among whom my unfortunate stars have placed me. Salute on my part, among the ancients, Polybius, Quintus, Claudius, Valerius and Antius,

whose glory was clouded by yours; among the moderns, Pliny the Younger, your neighbour, and Crispus Sallust, your rival; and inform them they have not been more fortunate than you with respect to the preservation of their works.

"I write this in the city where you were born, and interred, in the vestibule of St. Justine the virgin, and on the stone of your monument."‡

Some philosophical dialogues and essays, and a very instructive letter addressed to his son, on the merits of a variety of authors, and which Quintilian has repeatedly noticed with praise, were also written by this great historian. Good and correct editions of Livy have been published by Gronovius, Drakenborch, Crevier, Ruddiman and Homer. There is a translation also by Baker, which, though possessing merit, conveys not an adequate idea of the sublime original; it is not indeed within the sphere of probability that a version should ever be published which can satisfy an admirer of Livy.

‡ Life of Petrarch, vol. ii. p. 58.

To Servilius Novianus Quintilian was a pupil, and the critic has recorded him as an historian of great merit and reputation. He terms him sententious, but, at the same time, observes that he was not sufficiently dense and compact for the dignity of history. All his writings are lost.

Bassus Aufidius wrote on the Germanic war, and had high claims to the character of a judicious historian. He is valuable in all respects, says Quintilian, yet he sometimes sinks beneath what he was capable of effecting. Nothing of this author is extant.

We have now arrived at a paragraph in the Institutes which evidently alludes to the great historian Tacitus, the contemporary and friend of Quintilian, and whose writings, as hath been justly remarked by Gibbon, will instruct the last generations of mankind.†

"Superest adhuc, et exornat ætatis nostræ gloriam, vir sæculorum memoriâ dignus, qui

† Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, vol. ii. p. 61.

olim nominabitur, nunc intelligitur. Habet amatores, nec imitatores: ut libertas, quanquam circumcisis quæ dixisset, ei nocuerit. Sed elatum abundè spiritum et audaces sententias deprehendas etiam in üs quæ manent."

"There yet remains to us an historian worthy of being held in remembrance through distant ages; the glory, the ornament of the present period, whose name, though now but conjectured, will be dear and familiar to posterity. His admirers are many, but his imitators few, for the love of truth, although many things have been withdrawn which he had written, has yet been prejudicial to him. In what we possess, however, of his productions you discern an elevated and sublime spirit, and a bold originality of thought."

Such is the just and noble encomium of the Roman critic on this immortal writer, whose compositions, though mutilated by the hand of Time, present us with the first and, perhaps, the best specimen of philosophy in union with historical genius. In Tacitus the secret motives of action, the causes of events, revolutions, conspiracies and political maneuvres

are traced from their very source, with a profundity and acuteness it is in vain to seek for in any other ancient historian. The love of liberty, of moral virtue and of national independence, a fixed hatred of tyranny and oppression, were deeply impressed on the soul of Tacitus; when recording therefore the reigns of a Tiberius, a Caius, a Claudius and a Nero, his language, though nervous and forcible to a degree unparalleled, almost fails him in depicting the dreadful vices of these tyrants, and his own extreme detestation of them.

His Roman voice, in base degenerate days,
Spoke to Imperial Pride in Freedom's praise;
And with indignant hate, severely warm,
Shew'd to gigantic Guilt his ghastly form.

HAYLEY.

Notwithstanding the severe and sarcastic style of Tacitus in the province of history, no individual perhaps ever cultivated with greater sensibility the delights of love and friendship. With his amiable wife, the daughter of the great and virtuous Agricola, he lived in uninterrupted domestic happiness to a very advanced age. His admiration and esteem for his father in law are strongly apparent in the

biographical detail he has given of this illustrious chief, which, for its elegance, its purity, its pathos and simplicity, it is impossible too highly to value: it may safely be pronounced indeed, the most beautiful and finished piece of biography ever published. The friendship of Pliny and Tacitus has become proverbial; alike lovers of literature and of all the pleasing and polished graces of life; alike inspired with sentiments of unsullied truth and honour, they found in each other, with little exception, a conformity of principles and opinions; and such was the delicate deference of Tacitus to his friend, that he would not engage in the composition of history until Pliny, whose abilities for the undertaking he was well acquainted with, had declined the task.

The treatise "De Situ, Moribus et Populis Germaniæ" is another proof of the descriptive and philosophical powers of this author. Its accuracy, fidelity and information have rendered it truly useful and precious to succeeding historians, who have derived abundant instruction and food for speculation from its perusal. Gilbert Stuart's "View of Society in Europe" may be termed a very ingenious

comment on this part of Tacitus. The elegant and judicious essay "De causis corruptæ eloquentiæ" has been attributed to our historian, though, perhaps, upon insufficient grounds. Quintilian appears to have a better claim to it, the style being very similar to that of the Institutes. It must ever be a subject of bitter regret that of the thirty books into which the historical compositions of Tacitus were sometimes divided, but sixteen of his Annals, and five of his history remain. The most valuable part of Tacitus was preserved in a single manuscript and discovered in a Monastery of Westphalia,* and Lipsius affirms that five hundred pieces of gold were presented to the monks of a convent in Saxony, by Leo the tenth for the five first books of the Annals of this author. When Beroaldus published his edition of Tacitus in 1515, there was printed at the end of it the following edict, which places the solicitude of Leo for the collection and preservation of ancient manuscripts in a striking light, "Nomine Leonis X. proposita sunt prœmia non mediocria his qui ad

* Bayle, Dictionnaire, Art. Tacite.

eum libros veteres neque hactenus editos adtulerint." †

The best editions of this instructive writer are by Brotier and Homer. A most elegant and faithful translation of the treatise on Germany, and of the Life of Agricola has been published by Dr. Aikin, and an entire version of all his works, in four volumes quarto, has since been given to the public by Mr. Murphy. This elaborate undertaking certainly deserves much praise, yet has the conciseness and terseness of the original in a great measure escaped the translator.

The criticism of Quintilian on the Roman orators opens with a comparison between CICERO and Demosthenes, and which is, probably, the noblest passage in the Institutions. Were it not too long for the limits of my paper, I should be tempted to insert the whole as one of the first ornaments I could select; the more striking portions of it, however, I shall speedily quote for the gratification of

† Warton on the Introduction of Learning into Europe, note.

myself and my reader. "Johnson's comparison of Dryden and Pope," says Wakefield, "seems grounded upon that of Quintilian between Demosthenes and Cicero. What the great rhetorician has said upon those celebrated orators, and Dr. Johnson's estimate of the several merits of our two noble poets, I look upon as the finest specimens of elegant composition, and critical acuteness, in the world." † Pursuing the arrangement of Quintilian, I must consider Cicero, in this place, merely as an orator and as an epistolary writer; his philosophical and critical works will be noticed hereafter.

With regard to design, invention and the disposition of materials, Demosthenes and Cicero are nearly upon a level, but in their mode of eloquence there is much disparity. With the text, however of the judicious rhetorician before me, I might justly be taxed with presumption, were I, on this particular branch of my subject, to use other words than his own. Thus beautifully has he contrasted the genius of the two orators.

† Notes upon Gray, p. 94.

"In eloquendo est aliqua diversitas: densior ille, hic copiosior: ille concludit astrictiùs, hic latiùs pugnat: ille acumine semper, hic frequenter et pondere: illi nihil detrahi potest, huic nihil adjici: curæ plus in illo, in hoc naturæ."

"In their mode of eloquence there is some difference: the one is more dense, the other more copious: this closes with the enemy, that allows him room to engage: the one is always acute, the other frequently so and excelling in dignity: from the one nothing can be withdrawn, to the other nothing can be added: in this there is more of elaboration, in that of nature."

In exciting pity Cicero was superior to Demosthenes, and appears to have combined in his character, the energy of the grecian orator, the copiousness of Plato, and the suavity of Isocrates. Not that he was, in any respect, a mere imitator,

"Non enim pluvias (ut ait Pindarus) aquas colligit, sed vivo gurgite exundat, dono quodam

providentiæ genitus, in quo totas vires suas eloquentia experiretur."

"For he collects not (as Pindar says) the waters of heaven, but flows from himself as from a living fountain, created, as it were, by the gift of Providence, that through him Eloquence might exert the whole of her immortal powers."

If inferior to Demosthenes in fire, vehemence and compression; in harmony, beauty and perspicuity he is greatly superior; and, independent of the melodious and enchanting flow of his periods, there is a happy ease in his manner unattainable but by great and singular genius: once more, therefore, adopting the language of the eloquent rhetorician, who has excelled himself in delineating the mental character of Cicero, we may, without fear of contradiction, say,

"Quare non immeritò ab hominibus ætatis suæ regnare in judiciis dictus est: apud posteros verò id consecutus, ut Cicero jam non hominis, sed eloquentiæ nomen habeatur. Hunc igitur spectemus: hoc propositum sit

nobis exemplum. Ille se profecisse sciat, cui Cicero valdè placebit."

"Justly, therefore, was he considered by his contemporaries as supreme in the courts of oratory, and already with posterity has he obtained such honour, that the name of Cicero is not merely that of a man, it is the name of eloquence itself: let him, therefore be our companion and our model, and let the student be assured of his progress in elocution, to whom the productions of Cicero are dear."

The epistles of the Roman orator are written with great ease and purity, and abound with information literary, philosophical, domestic and political: they may be deemed, indeed, the best specimens of epistolary composition which the world has afforded us; and it is peculiarly fortunate for the republic of letters, that so great a number has been preserved. Mr. Melmoth has translated many of these letters with his usual elegance and felicity, the original of which and of the orations will be found accurately given in the editions of Gronovius, Ernestus, Olivetus and the Oxford edition in quarto.

NUMBER XXXVIII.

Selected shelves shall claim thy studious hours;
There shall thy ranging mind be fed on flowers!
There, while the shaded lamps mild lustre streams,
Read ancient books, or woo inspiring dreams;
And, when a sage's bust arrests thee there,
Pause, and his features with his thoughts compare.
—Ah, most that Art my grateful rapture calls,
Which breathes a soul into the silent walls;
Which gathers round the Wise of every Tongue,
All on whose words departed nations hung;
Still prompt to charm with many a converse sweet;
Guides in the world, companions in retreat!

ROGERS.

THE orator who next claims our attention is ASINIUS POLLIO the patron of Virgil and Horace, to whose poetical abilities he is indebted for immortality. He was celebrated as a general, a poet, an historian and an orator, and in the latter capacity was thought to possess great accuracy in arrangement, and much spirit

and invention in design; but so deficient was he in amenity and purity of style, that he appeared from his composition to have existed an age anterior to Cicero. He was the first who erected a public library at Rome, an example which was afterwards laudably copied by many of the emperors. Beside his orations he was the author of several tragedies of no inconsiderable merit, and of a history of the civil wars in seventeen books. Horace, in book the second, ode the first, has recommended him to pursue the study of history; and to desert for a time the tragic Muse; under an idea that he was employed upon too many important objects at once; in doing this he pays him in his own characteristic manner, a high compliment.

> Paulùm severæ Musa Tragediæ
> Desit theatris: mox, ubi publicas
> Res ordinâris, grande munus
> Cecropio repetes cothurno,
> Insigne mæstis præsidium reis,
> Et consulenti, *Pollio*, curiæ;
> Cui laurus æternos honores
> Dalmatico peperit triumpho.

> Quit then the tragic muse awhile;
> In these more public cares engage:

Soon shall thy chaste Athenian style
 Again adorn the Roman stage,

Great *Pollio!* thou whose talents shield
 Wrong'd innocence, the senate guide;
Who fierce Dalmatia taught to yield,
 Rais'd to bright glory's laurell'd pride.

BOSCAWEN.

Virgil has paid him equal if not superior praise, in his third and fourth eclogues, and Varro, Cæsar and Cicero were his friends, and the admirers of his literary powers. His writings, with the exception of a few letters to the latter, are lost.

MESSALA as an orator was easy and polished in his style, and in his manner graceful and noble, yet inferior to many of his contemporaries in point of energy and strength. He was beloved by Horace, who mentions him, in conjunction with Pollio, as his particular friend.

———————te dicere possum
Pollio; te, *Messala*, tuo cum fratre.
Lib. i. Sat. x.

The orations of Messala have not reached us.

No orator, perhaps, had he chosen to cultivate the art with assiduity, could have approached so near the excellence of Cicero as Caius Cæsar.* He was a great master of the niceties and peculiar beauties of the Roman language, and wrote some books upon its structure and analogy. His elocution was keen, vehement and persuasive, and he appeared, as Quintilian observes, to speak with the same vigour and spirit as he fought. His orations and treatises have perished, but his commentaries have earned for him the meed of immortality.

Cælius was an orator of considerable genius, and possessed a peculiar urbanity in his mode of opening an accusation. He was the disciple of Cicero, who defended him when accused of being a member of the Catilinarian conspiracy. He died young, and nothing of his writings is left us.

Calvus, the friend of Catullus, and whom

* It is singular that the Commentaries of this author have been omitted by Quintilian: celebrated as they are for modesty and impartiality, for purity, elegance and chastity of style, they loudly demanded, not only notice, but praise.

we have already mentioned with approbation as a poet, was still more illustrious as an orator, many of the Romans preferring him to any of his competitors. He was accurate, pure and dignified in his language and manner, and in his taste for composition he was deemed attic. Catullus has written an exquisite little poem on his mistress Quintilia, and, in the commencement of his fourteenth carmen, a piece of elegant pleasantry and humour, thus emphatically expresses his regard.

> Ni te plùs oculis meis amarem,
> Jucundissime *Calve*, munere isto
> Odissem te odio Vatiniano.

> Did I not, pleasant Calvus, prize
> Thy friendship dearer than mine eyes,
> For that same present brought me late,
> I'd hate thee with Vatinian hate.
>
> Translation of 1795.

Calvus had sent his friend, during the *Saturnalia*, as a present, a collection of bad poets. It is a subject of regret that the productions of Calvus are no longer in existence.

Of SERVIUS SULPITIUS, to whom the senate and people of Rome, at the solicitation of Cicero, erected a statue, little is known. That he was an orator, however, of high reputation, is evident from an observation of Quintilian, who remarks that he merited the great fame which he obtained in consequence of three orations.

The sarcastic wit and bitter raillery of CASSIUS SEVERUS at length condemned him to the island of Crete, where he was banished seventeen years by Augustus, for the gross illiberality of his language. Had he made use of more delicate colouring, and thrown more dignity into his style, it is the opinion of the author of the Institutions, that he might have been classed among the first orators of Rome. All his works are lost.

DOMITIUS AFER had the honour of being preceptor to Quintilian, and was remarkable for the elegant and pleasing strain of his elocution, and for the keenness of his wit, and the solidity of his judgment; but all his talents were eclipsed by a mean spirit of adulation, and still further disgraced by his turning in-

former under the infamous Tiberius and his successors. He wrote two valuable books on oratory, but rendered himself an object of ridicule by pleading when his faculties were injured by old age. His compositions have perished.

JULIUS AFRICANUS exhibited more spirit and fire in his orations than did Afer, but his diction was too metaphorical, observes the critic, he was too fastidious in the choice of his words, and his audience was sometimes exhausted by the length of his harangues. No remains of Africanus exist.

A strong and fine-toned voice, a clear enunciation and a figure so noble and commanding that it might excite admiration even on a theatre, were some of the characteristics of TRACHALLUS; to these were added a beautiful set of features, eyes that seemed to lighten, and gestures full of majesty and grace. His language too was sublime, simple and perspicuous, and to attain to absolute perfection in his art was ever the object of his ambition. His orations are most unfortunately lost.

The diction and manner of VIBIUS CRISPUS were truly pleasing, and his style was peculiarly succinct and eloquent; yet he excelled more in the management of private than of public affairs. Of his writings nothing is extant.

JULIUS SECUNDUS prematurely snatched from further improvement by the hand of Death, had made great progress toward perfection, and had a claim to high rank among the orators of his age. His style, according to Quintilian, had much sweetness, perspicuity and beauty, and in his mode of explanation he was singularly fascinating. Few were superior to him in propriety of expression, and he possessed the rare talent of hazarding with felicity phrases the most bold and daring, "the words that burn." Time has deprived us of all his compositions.

The following passage of our rhetorician evidently includes, and hints at, the illustrious PLINY, who was the most faithful and valuable of his friends, and, if report say true, liberally supported him when in a state of indigence.

"Habebunt qui post nos de oratoribus scribent, magnam eos qui nunc vigent materiam verè laudandi. Sunt enim summa hodie, quibus illustratur forum, ingenia. Namque et consummati jam patroni veteribus æmulantur, et eos juvenum ad optima tendentium imitatur ac sequitur industria."

"Those who shall after us criticise the orators of the present and succeeding age, will have an ample theme for praise. For there exist now Romans of great genius who are the first ornaments of the bar. We possess even some veteran orators who rival the ancients, and whose merit our eloquent youth imitate and follow with an industry truly laudable."

I have thus an opportunity of introducing one of the most amiable and accomplished characters of antiquity. The abilities and the opulence of Pliny were ever employed to support the worthy and to relieve the necessitous, to punish the vicious and to protect the innocent. As a magistrate, a father, a husband and a friend his conduct was exemplary. The utmost sweetness of disposition, and all the elegant graces were centered in his person, and

he was beloved by his friends with an enthusiasm which was fully justified by his numerous virtues. The mutual friendship of Pliny and Tacitus is almost as celebrated as the loves of Petrarch and Laura. They were in the habit of sending to each other their respective works for correction. "How agreeable, how noble is such a commerce!" exclaims Pliny, "and how am I pleased with the thought, that posterity, if it shall at all concern itself with us, will not cease to mention with what harmony, what freedom, what fidelity we lived together! It will be an instance as remarkable, as it is uncommon, that two persons nearly of the same age and rank, and of some character in the republic of letters, (for since I join myself with you, I am obliged to speak of your merit with reserve) should thus mutually assist and promote each others studies.—It is particularly agreeable to me therefore to find, that in all companies where learning is the topic of conversation, we are always mentioned together, and that my name immediately follows yours. It is true, there are some who prefer you to me, as others, on the contrary, give me the advantage; but I am little solicitous in what order we are placed, so that we stand together;

for, in my estimation, whoever is next to you must necessarily precede every one else. You even see in wills we are always equally considered, and that the legacies bequeathed to us are generally the same, both in number and value. Since therefore we are thus united by a similitude of studies, manners, reputation, and even by testamentary donations, those last instances of the world's good opinion; should not these circumstances tend to inflame us mutually with the most ardent affection?" *

As a literary character Pliny stands high on the rolls of fame; his *orations* were considered by his contemporaries as making a near approach to the excellence of Cicero, and were corrected for publication, and polished with the utmost assiduity and care. With the exception of the Panegyric on Trajan, which presents us with a very favourable specimen of his eloquence, we are altogether deprived of these beautiful productions. A little inflation in sentiment and a little pomposity of style, may however be ascribed to Pliny from the

* Melmoth's Pliny, Book vii. Let. xx.

single oration that time and barbarity have spared us.

Whether considered in a literary, a domestic or a political light, the *letters* of Pliny are truly estimable. I know of no compositions so well calculated to excite in youth an enthusiastic taste for literature; it is scarce possible, I think, to read them without imbibing, not only a relish for classical pursuits, but a love of virtue, and a generous desire of true glory. Such is their exquisite refinement, such their interest and beauty that with me they please the more the more they are perused. Pliny is one of the few authors whose works have lost nothing by their transfusion. The translation of Mr. Melmoth, if not quite so concise as the original, yet gives a most pleasing and striking likeness of the accomplished Roman, and is written with great purity and elegance.

Pliny composed a history of his own age, of which Tacitus entertained a very high opinion: he was the author also of some very pleasing poems, over which, together with his history, Time has laid an impenetrable veil. Cellarius and Veenhusius have published valu-

able editions of this classic, and Foulis of Glasgow has printed the text elegantly and correctly in a quarto volume.

In the department of Roman philosophy and criticism to which we are now arrived, we must again, and in the first place, have recourse to the name of CICERO. Though renowned for a strain of eloquence almost unparalleled, his critical and philosophical works appear to me the most interesting and instructive. As a sage and moralist, his treatises *De Officiis*, *De Senectute*, *De Amicitia*, *De Natura Deorum*, *De Legibus*, *De Finibus* &c. &c. display the whole body of the Grecian philosophy, improved by his own vast genius working upon materials of the utmost weight and importance. As a critic his Essays *De Claris Oratoribus*, *De Oratore*, *Orator ad Brutum*, &c. &. evince a profound knowledge in literature as well as an accurate acquaintance with the principles of his own profession. It is to be lamented that a few of his most valuable productions which were in existence in the fourteenth century, should have been lost through negligence merely and inattention. To Petrarch, a lover of literature and a most assiduous

collector of manuscripts, we owe, singular as it may appear, the loss of two highly interesting compositions of this great master. "In 1325, Convenole, the preceptor of Petrarch, had given up his school, and dragged out a languishing life at Avignon, overwhelmed with age and poverty. Petrarch was the sole resource of this poor old man. He never failed to succour him in his distress; and when he had no money, which was often the case, he carried his benevolence so far, as to lend him his books to pawn. This exquisite charity proved an irreparable loss to the republic of letters: for among these books were two rare manuscripts of Cicero, in which was his treatise upon Glory. Petrarch asked him some time after where he had placed them, designing to redeem them himself. The old man, ashamed of what he had done, answered only with tears. Petrarch offered him money to recover them. "Ah!" replied he, "what an affront are you putting upon me!" Petrarch, to humour his delicacy, went no further. Some time after, Convenole went from Avignon to Prato, his native village, where he died: and the manuscripts could never be recovered."*

* Life of Petrarch, Vol. i. page 14.

Beside the treatise De Gloria, various other valuable productions of Cicero have perished; the most celebrated of which were his six books *De Republica*, and his essays *De Philosophia*, and *De Virtutibus:* his translations of the *Oeconomica* of Xenophon, and of the *Protagoras* and *Timæus* of Plato are also among those which have shared a similar fate. The version of Cato and Lælius, or the treatises on old age and friendship, by Melmoth, is, whether the text or notes be considered, in every respect truly excellent.

BRUTUS, though an able orator, and celebrated for his pleadings for Milo, is, in the opinion of Quintilian, entitled only to legitimate praise for his philosophical productions, which in style do justice to the importance of his materials, and he appears to have entered with much feeling and sensibility into the nature of his subject. As a critic too his powers were deemed very respectable, and he was thought fully adequate to criticise the compositions of Cicero, whose diction and manner he ventured to disapprove, and to mention his objections even to the author himself. The Orator of Cicero addressed to Brutus, and the

essay De claris oratoribus, which is designated by his name, are honours which would alone confer immortality.

Cornelius Celsus has written an elegant and instructive treatise on Medicine; the language is pure and correct, but the materials are taken, not from his own experience, but almost solely from the writings of the Greek physicians. It is doubtful, indeed, whether Celsus ever practiced medicine or surgery, or was at all acquainted with the science he wrote upon otherwise than through the medium of books. He composed likewise essays on military and rustic affairs which were in considerable estimation. Quintilian, however, seems to have entertained no great idea of the originality and genius of this writer, whom, in his twelfth book, he terms "mediocri vir ingenio." His volume on medicine however, the only part of his writings which is left us, contains the essence of Grecian experience, and will ever be deemed an invaluable classic by the profession. The edition published by Almeloveen is perhaps the best: the Glasgow copy is incorrect.

Of PLANCUS I have merely the information of Quintilian to detail; that he was a disciple of the stoic sect, and being learned in the doctrine he professed to teach, was esteemed an useful and profound writer on the subject; nothing, however, exists of his composition to corroborate the opinion.

CATIUS on the contrary was an epicurean, and, though rather light and trivial in his manner, yet, upon the whole, observes the critic, a pleasing and elegant author. With regard to the preservation of his productions, he has experienced the fate of Plancus.

Quintilian, after exculpating himself from the charge of personally hating SENECA, whose mode of composition he had greatly disapproved, proceeds to give a very just and impartial critique on his merits and defects. Deviating from the pure and chaste example of the Augustan age, this philosopher has chalked out for himself a new path, and with a lavish hand has decorated its windings with flowers of every various scent and hue; they are assorted however with little taste, and display a gaudy and meretricious hue. Speaking

in less metaphorical language, it may be said that Seneca possessed erudition, wit and elocution, but an affectation of novelty, both in sentiment and diction, and a deficiency of judgment and of taste have plunged him into great and numerous offences against simplicity and purity. To young minds this style is dangerous and alluring, for, as the Rhetorician has very emphatically observed, "abundat dulcibus vitiis."

The compositions of Seneca are numerous; his *epistles*, *treatises*, *dialogues* and *questions* are preserved, and some of the tragedies which are extant under the name of the Senecas, are attributed to him, especially the *Medea*, the *Troas* and the *Hippolytus*. Lipsius and Gronovius are, I believe, the best editors of this author.

In the arrangement of Quintilian with respect to Roman literature which we have now terminated, several authors, and of no mean repute, who were either anterior to, or contemporaries of the critic, have been omitted; these we shall just mention, and with very little comment; namely, Cornelius Nepos,

Phædrus, Manilius if, as conjectured, of the Augustan age, Paterculus, Quintus Curtius, whose period of existence, however, is not accurately fixed, Pliny the elder, Silius Italicus, Martial and Statius. A considerable portion of the productions of these writers is extant. Nepos and Phædrus are unrivalled in elegance and simplicity. Curtius is spirited and interesting. Pliny has amassed information of the most varied kind, both curious and interesting. Silius, though occasionally elegant and accurate in description, is tame and nerveless. Statius, bold, energetic and frequently sublime, has not yet had justice done him, for, though sometimes tumid, unnatural, and gigantic in his imagery, his *Thebaid* is upon the whole, a work of considerable genius. In his *Sylvæ*, of which five books are extant, are many very beautiful and highly pleasing poems.

Of the authors posterior to the age of Quintilian and his friends Tacitus and Pliny, little in the way of commendation can be said. The expiring genius of Rome seemed to revive in the writings of Claudian and Boethius, and criticism and biography still preserved their

lustre in the compositions of Aulus Gellius and Suetonius. On the Epitomisers, Florus, Justin, Eutropius and Victor, being devoid of all claim to originality, it is altogether unnecessary to dwell; history indeed, except in the pages of Marcellinus, seems to have been nearly extinct; a total want of energy and genius characterized Europe at this period, and shortly afterwards Ferocity and Ignorance overturned the ancient temple of the Muses.

Sudden the Goth and Vandal, dreaded names,
Rush as the breach of waters, whelming all
Their domes, their villa's; down the festive piles,
Down fall their Parian porches, gilded baths,
And roll before the storm in clouds of dust.
Vain end of human strength, of human skill,
Conquest, and triumph, and domain, and pomp,
And ease and luxury! O luxury,
Bane of elated life, of affluent states,
What dreary change, what ruin is not thine?
How doth thy bowl intoxicate the mind!
To the soft entrance of thy rosy cave
How dost thou lure the fortunate and great!
Dreadful attraction! while behind thee gapes
Th' unfathomable gulph where Ashur lies
O'erwhelm'd, forgotten; and high-boasting Cham;

And Elam's haughty pomp; and BEAUTEOUS
GREECE;
And the great queen of earth, IMPERIAL ROME.

DYER.

I now proceed to marshal the authors of Rome on the same plan I have adopted with regard to their predecessors of Greece, and I flatter myself these tables, giving at once a direct and clear view of the present state of ancient literature, will prove strongly illustrative of the object of my papers.

Authors.	*Compositions Preserved.*	*Compositions Lost.*
Virgil.	Bucolics, Georgics, Æneid.	Some juvenile pieces.
Macer.		His poem on the Ruins of Troy and his other productions.
Lucretius.	Six books De Natura Rerum.	
Varro Attacinus.		His Argonautica and his poem De Bello Sequanico.
Ennius.		Tragedies, Comedies, Satires, Annals of Rome, Scipio.
Ovid.	Heroides, Tristia, De Arte Amandi, De Remedio Amoris, Amorum, Metamorphoses, Fasti &c. &c.	Medea a Tragedy, six books of the Fasti.
Cornelius Severus.		His epic on the Sicilian War and many smaller poems.
Valerius Flaccus.	Eight books of the Argonautica.	
Saleius Bassus.		His entire works.
Rabirius.		His poem on Augustus.
Pedo Albinovanus.		An heroic poem.
Lucan.	His Pharsalia in ten books.	Several juvenile poems
Tibullus.	Four books of Elegies.	
Propertius.	Four books of Elegies.	
Cornelius Gallus.		His Elegies.
Lucilius.		Thirty Satires.
Horace.	Five books of Odes, Two of Satires, Two of Epistles, De Arte Poetica.	A few Odes.
Persius.	Six Satires.	
Juvenal.	Sixteen Satires.	Several Satires.

Terentius Varro.	Two treatises, De Re Rustica et De Lingua Latina.	Near five hundred Essays.
Catullus.	Heroic, lyric, elegiac and epigrammatic poems.	
Bibaculus.		Annals, Epigrams, Lyric poems.
Cæsius Bassus.		Lyric poems.
Accius.		Tragedies, Comedies and Annals in verse.
Pacuvius.		Tragedies, Satires.
Varius.		Tragedies.
PomponiusSecundus		Tragedies.
Plautus.	Nineteen Comedies.	Six Comedies.
Cæcilius.		Thirty Comedies.
Terentius.	Six Comedies.	One hundred and two Comedies.
Afranius.		His Comedies.
Sallust.	Bellum Catilinarium, Bellum Jugurthinum.	Six books of Roman History.
Livy.	Thirty-five books of his History.	One hundred and five books.
Servilius Novianus.		His entire works.
Bassus Aufidius.		History of the Germanic War.
Tacitus.	Five books of History, Sixteen of Annals, De Moribus Germanorum, Vita Agricolæ.	Fourteen books of Annals and History.
Cicero.	Fifty-nine Orations, Thirty-six books of Epistles, De Inventione lib. ii. De Oratore lib. iii. De Claris Oratoribus, Orator, Topica, De optimo genere Oratorum, Academicarum Quæs-	Many Orations, Thirty-two books of Epistles, Oeconomica e Xenophonte lib. iii. Protagoras ex Platone, De Republica lib. vi. De Jure Civili, De Auguriis, De Philosophia, Laus Catonis,

	tionum lib. ii. De Finibus lib. v. Tusculanarum Quæstionum lib. v. De Natura Deorum lib. iii. De Divinatione lib. ii. De Fato, De Legibus lib. iii. De Officiis lib. iii. Cato, Lælius, Paradoxa, De Petitione, Somnium Scipionis &c. &c.	De Gloria lib. ii. De Consolatione, De Suis Consiliis, De Virtutibus, De Notis, Timæus ex Platone &c. &c.
Asinius Pollio.	A few Epistles to Cicero.	Orations, Tragedies, Seventeen books of a history of the civil wars of Rome.
Messala.		His Orations.
Caius Cæsar.	His Commentaries.	Orations and grammatical treatises.
Cælius.		His Orations.
Calvus.		Orations and Poems.
Servius Sulpitius.		His Orations.
Cassius Severus.		Orations.
Domitius Afer.		Orations and two books on Oratory.
Julius Africanus.		Orations.
Trachallus.		His Orations.
Vibius Crispus.		His Orations.
Julius Secundus.		Orations.
Plinius Secundus.	Panegyric on Trajan, Ten books of Epistles.	Orations, History of his own Times, Poems.
Brutus.		Orations, Philosophical Essays.
Cornelius Celsus.	Treatise De Re Medica.	Essays on Military and Rustic Affairs.
Plancus.		His works on Stoicism.
Catius.		Essays on Epicurism.
Seneca.	Treatises, Epistles, Dialogues, Tragedies &c.	

From the account which we have now given of the Greek and Roman classics, and from the tables drawn up from that account, it may be inferred with every probability of truth, that the losses we have sustained in ancient literature have been owing, not to the *indiscriminate* and destructive powers of fire, but to the operation of ignorance, the accidental ravages of war, and a mistaken zeal for religion. In every age there have been some men of superior knowledge, and who have felt a love for letters; these have hoarded up and cherished the manuscripts of the more valuable authors: from the grasp of Stupidity, the fury of Barbarism and the rage of Bigotry they have concealed the precious rolls, and by industry in copying and translating have preserved and perpetuated what was obtained with difficulty and danger. Had fire been the chief engine in desolating the realms of literature, could any distinction have taken place between the productions of Homer and the merest poetaster, between the pages of Plato and the most ignorant pretender to philosophy? Yet we observe, with few exceptions, the most valuable authors of Greece and Rome, according to the opinion even of their own critics, descending to us,

many of them entire, and others in tolerable preservation; while crowds of inferior and unimportant writers have sank into oblivion. Of the injuries also we have sustained, the greater number can be accounted for from other causes than that of fire. With regard to Grecian literature we have Homer, Theocritus, Herodotus, Thucydides, Demosthenes, Isocrates, Plato, Xenophon, Aristotle, Plutarch and Lucian, authors of the first rank, almost in a perfect state. The great chasm in the library of Greece is to be found in the dramatic department; yet in this province, so devastated by the most stupid fanaticism, we possess very valuable specimens of the genius of Æschylus, Sophocles and Euripides, allowed by all to be the three first poets in the tragic line. Comedy, with the exception of Aristophanes, has absolutely perished beneath the hands of pious zeal: "when the whole world" observes Mr. Cumberland, "seemed to conspire against Genius; when learning had degenerated into sophism, and religion was made a theme of metaphysical subtlety, serving, as it should seem, no other purpose but to puzzle and confound, to inflame the passions and to perplex the head; then it was, that the fathers of the

church, in whose hands these authors were, held it a point of conscience to destroy the idols of the temple, and to bury heathen wit in the same grave with heathen superstition; their poets and their gods were to be exterminated alike. To the more enlightened taste, or rather perhaps, to the lucky partiality of *Chrysostom* alone we owe the preservation of *Aristophanes*" whom he fortunately rescued "from his more scrupulous Christian contemporaries, whose zeal was fatally too successful in destroying every other comic author, out of a very numerous collection, of which no one entire scene now remains." † It is supposed that near two thousand Greek plays, the labours of about two hundred authors, perished through the ignorance and folly of these misguided men, who considered learning as pernicious to genuine piety, and mistook illiberal ignorance for christian simplicity. Very probably the odes of Sappho, and the effusions of various other lyric bards of Greece met with a similar fate in the hands of these semi-barbarians, who appear to have placed no value on any other study than that of controversial and scholastic theology.

† The Observer, vol. v. p. 150. Vol. iii. p. 165.

The same facts present themselves on a view of *Roman* literature; most of its best authors have reached us entire, and preserved by similar means. The Monks, who, in the dark periods succeeding the destruction of the western empire, formed the only description of persons that had the least tincture of letters, carefully hid in their Monasteries, and frequently employed themselves in their *Scriptorium* in copying, the manuscripts of ancient writers, and, by these means, in some measure repaired the useless and wanton havoc of the Fathers, who, even so early as the fourth century, did no small injury to ancient literature by prohibiting the study of its philosophic writings. Hence the story, that Jerom dreamed he was whipped by the Devil for reading Cicero. "The Monks of Cassino in Italy" observes Warton, "were distinguished before the year 1000, not only for their knowledge of the sciences, but their attention to polite learning, and an acquaintance with the classics. Their learned abbot Desiderius collected the best of the Greek and Roman writers. This fraternity not only composed learned treatises in music, logic, astronomy, and the Vitruvian architecture, but likewise employed a portion of

their time in transcribing Tacitus, Jornandes, Josephus, Ovid's Fasti, Cicero, Seneca, Donatus the grammarian, Virgil, Theocritus, and Homer." * This laudable example was, in the eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth centuries, followed with great spirit and emulation by many English Monasteries; more particularly by the Abbies of Saint Alban, Saint Edmonsbury, Saint Swithin at Winchester, Ely, Croyland and Glastonbury.

Of the great authors of Rome, Virgil, Lucretius, Catullus, Tibullus, Propertius, Horace, Cæsar, Lucan, Nepos, Phædrus and Persius may be deemed in a perfect state: we possess a very considerable, and the major part of the writings of Plautus, Cicero, Ovid, Juvenal and Statius; of Terence and the two Plinies we have large and estimable remains. The great deficiency, and ever to be lamented, in Roman letters, is in the historic department; for though of the productions of Sallust and Livy we retain considerable and highly valuable portions, their readers soon with acute disappointment discover that the greater and more

* On the Introduction of Learning into England.

important part has perished. Tacitus too, the most instructive of historians, is much mutilated; yet, most probably, the commission of these ravages is to be ascribed to a very modern period. In the fifteenth century several of the books of Livy were brought to light, and there is little doubt but at that time an entire copy was in existence: Antonio Beccatelli is said to have purchased of Poggius a beautiful manuscript of Livy, for which he gave the latter a large field, in the year 1455; nay, it has been asserted that a perfect copy was extant in 1631. Leo the tenth entertained great hopes of recovering this historian, and used all his influence and power in promoting the research; and even in the present age there are some who indulge the expectation that the complete history may yet be found, for such an one is reported to be existing in an Arabic version.* As to Sallust,

* See Hayley's Notes to the first epistle of his Essay on History.

About the year 1782 or 1783 Joseph Vella, a native of the island of Malta, pretended to have discovered seventeen of the lost books of Livy, in Arabic; and the Dowager Lady Spencer, who was at that time travelling through Italy, liberally offered to be at the expence of publishing them. This offer however Vella wisely refused; yet had he the matchless impudence in a short time afterwards to print, by way of

Hume has remarked that his larger history is cited by Fitz-Stephens, in his description of London.‡

The preceding papers will, I flatter myself, have provided no uninstructive entertainment; they have furnished a critical account of the best authors of antiquity, and they will have placed, I hope, in a clear and distinct light the present state of ancient literature with regard to what we have preserved and lost of its productions: they will also, I trust, in a great measure have proved, that the deprivations we have suffered have been occasioned by ignorance, negligence and intemperate zeal, operating uniformly for centuries, and not through the medium of either concerted or accidental conflagration.

specimen, what he chose to call an Italian version of the 60th. book, and which proved, upon inspection, to be nothing more than the common epitome ascribed to Florus! Dr. Hager, in the year 1794, completely detected the still more extensive forgeries of this man, which had been published at the expence of the King of Naples under the appellations of the Martinian and Norman Codes.

‡ Hist. of England, vol. ii p. 440. 4to edit.

NUMBER XXXIX.

Haud facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus obstat
Res angusta domi.

Juvenal. Sat. iii.

Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar!
Ah! who can tell how many a soul sublime
Has felt the influence of malignant star,
And waged with Fortune an eternal war!
Check'd by the scoff of Pride by Envy's frown,
And Poverty's unconquerable bar,
In life's low vale remote has pin'd alone,
Then dropt into the grave, unpitied and unknown!

Beattie.

The difficulties which Genius when allied to Poverty has to encounter in its progress toward fame, have been too often experienced and deplored from the period of the Roman Satirist to that of the amiable author of the Minstrel. But a few years have elapsed since

the exquisite imagination of poor Chatterton withered beneath the pressure of absolute want. A happier fate, however, has awaited the rustic poet Burns; his productions, the offspring of simplicity and fancy, have been liberally and deservedly patronised by the literary world, nor will the "FARMER'S BOY," a poem literally the composition of the character it describes, and on which we now purpose to deliver some critical opinions, present a less valid claim to its admiration and support.

Notwithstanding the originality and beauty, however, which this poem certainly possesses, it had most probably, been doomed to oblivion or neglect in its manuscript state, had not the generous interference of Mr. Capel Lofft snatched it from a lot so unmerited, and placed it before the public eye. His judgment and taste immediately discerned its uncommon worth, and he has had the felicity of introducing to the lovers of elegant literature, not only a poet of considerable rank, but, what is of still higher value, a man of the most unblemished moral character.

From the affectionate and well-written nar-

rative of his brother George we learn that Robert Bloomfield, the author of the "Farmer's Boy" served Mr. Austin, a tenant of the Duke of Grafton's at Sapiston in Suffolk, in this very capacity when not above eleven years of age, having previously learnt however both to read and write. In this situation, which he has so accurately described, and where he first imbibed his enthusiastic attachment to the charms of Nature, he continued until he was thirteen years and a half old, when he left the country to become a shoe-maker under his brother in Town. Here he omitted no opportunity of improving his mind, and has furnished another proof of the rapid advances of genius, and of the futility of all calculation with regard to its progress, for with literary resources apparently the most scanty and inadequate, he yet contrived to acquire a fund of the most useful knowledge, and at the age of sixteen had written and published a song which displays an intimacy truly astonishing with the poetic diction and versification of his native language. It was about this time too that accident threw into his hands the *Seasons* of Thomson; a work so congenial to his feelings and fancy must have afforded

him pleasures of the most exquisite and exalted kind, and we may conceive of him as exclaiming in terms somewhat similar to the following:

Then "Thomson" had indeed a poet's charms:
New to my taste, his "imagery" surpass'd
The struggling efforts of my boyish tongue
To speak its excellence; I danc'd for joy.
I marvel'd much that at so ripe an age
As twice "eight" years, his beauties had then first
Engag'd my wonder, and admiring still,
And still admiring, with regret suppos'd
The joy half lost because not sooner found.

COWPER.

Fortunately for the admirers of genuine poesy, about the year 1784 young Robert, to avoid the consequences of some unpleasant disputes among his brethren of the trade, returned for two months into the country, and was received by Mr. Austin with the kindest hospitality. It is to this event we owe the composition of his admirable poem, "and here," observes his brother, "with his mind glowing with the fine descriptions of rural scenery which he found in Thomson's Seasons, he again retraced the very fields where he first began to think. Here, free from the smoke,

the noise, the contention of the city, he imbibed that love of rural Simplicity and rural Innocence, which fitted him, in a great degree, to be the writer of such a thing as the "Farmer's Boy."" *

After this visit to his native fields he recommenced his business in London, and shortly afterwards married a young woman of the name of *Church*. It was after this connexion had taken place, that in the garret of a house in Bell-alley, Coleman-Street, and amid six or seven other workmen, he composed his poem! He is the father of three children, and was born on the third of December 1766.

To this outline of his life it may be added that, as a son, a husband and a father, his conduct has been exemplary; this indeed must be the presumption of every person in perusing his production, for piety, sensibility and the most engaging and artless simplicity breathe throughout the whole, and irresistably attack the feelings of the reader.

* Vide Preface by Capel Lofft, Esq. p. 11.

From the pleasing duty of describing such a character let us now turn our attention to the species of composition of which his poem is so perfect a specimen. It has been observed in my sixteenth number that pastoral poetry in this country, with very few exceptions, has too often exhibited a tame and servile adherence to classical imagery and costume, at the same time totally overlooking that profusion of pictoresque beauty, and that originality of manner and peculiarity of employment which our climate and our rustics every where present. A few authors were mentioned in that essay as having judiciously deviated from the customary plan; to these may be now added the name of *Bloomfield*, the "Farmer's Boy," though not assuming the form of an eclogue, being peculiarly and exclusively throughout a pastoral composition; not like the poem of Thomson taking a wide excursion through all the phænomena of the Seasons, but nearly limited to the rural occupations and business of the fields, the dairy and the farm-yard. As with these employments, however, the vicissitudes of the year are immediately and necessarily connected, Mr. Bloomfield has, with propriety, divided his poem into four books,

affixing to these books the titles of the seasons; an arrangement, it is true, which, at first sight, may induce the purchaser to prepare himself for strong traces of imitation; the perusal of a few pages, however, will compleatly dissipate his apprehensions, and unfold to him a character which has not been common in any period of the world, a genuine and original poet.

Such indeed are the merits of this work, that, in true *pastoral* imagery and simplicity, I do not think any production can be put in competition with it since the days of Theocritus. To that charming rusticity which particularises the Grecian are added the individuality, fidelity and boldness of description which render Thomson so interesting to the lovers of Nature. Gesner possesses the most engaging sentiment, and the most refined simplicity of manners, but he wants that rustic wildness and naïveté in delineation characteristic of the Sicilian and of the composition before us. Warner and Drayton have much to recommend them, but they are very unequal, and are devoid of the sweet and pensive morality which pervade almost every page of the "Farmer's Boy;" nor can they establish any

pretensions to that fecundity in painting the œconomy of rural life, which this poem, drawn from actual experience, so richly displays. It is astonishing indeed what various and striking circumstances peculiar to the occupation of the British Farmer, and which are adapted to all the purposes of the pastoral Muse, had escaped our poets previous to the publication of Mr. Bloomfield's work. Those who are partial to the country, and where is the man of genius who feels not a delight approaching to extacy from the contemplation of its scenery, and of the happiness which its cultivation diffuses, those who have paid attention to the process of husbandry, and who view its occurrences with interest, who are at the same time alive to all the minutiæ of the animal and vegetable creation, who mark

> How nature paints her colors, how the bee
> Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweet

will derive from the study of this poem, if intellectual pleasure be, as I believe, the noblest product of existence, a gratification the most permanent and pure.

Having thus given some idea of the design

and general execution of the "Farmer's Boy," it may be of use to insert an analysis of the whole, to which I shall annex a few observations on, and specimens of, the versification, imagery and sentiment.

The *first* book, entitled *Spring*, opens with an appropriate invocation; a transition is then made to the artless character of Giles, the Farmer's Boy, after which the scene near Euston in Suffolk is described, and an amiable portrait of Mr. Austin immediately follows. Seed-time, harrowing, the devastation of the rooks, wood-scenery, the melody of birds, cows milking and the operations of the dairy occupy the chief part of this season, which is closed with a beautiful personification of the Spring and her attendants, and an admirable delineation of the sportive pleasures of the young lambs.

The *second* book, or *Summer*, commences with a characteristic sketch of the prudent yet benevolent farmer. The genial influence of the rain is then welcomed, to which succeeds a most delicious picture of a green and woody covert with all its insect tribe. The ascension

of the sky-lark, the peaceful repose of Giles, a view of the ripening harvest, with some moral reflections on Nature and her great creator, are introduced, followed by animated descriptions of reaping, gleaning, the honest exultation of the farmer, the beauty of the country girl and the wholesome refreshment of the field. Animals teized by insects, the cruelty of docking horses, the insolence of the gander, the apathy of the swine are drawn in a striking manner, and the book concludes with masterly pictures of a twilight repose, a midnight storm of thunder and lightning, and views of the ancient and present mode of celebrating harvest-home.

The *third* book, termed *Autumn*, is introduced with a delineation of forest scenery, and of pigs fattening on fallen acorns. Sketches of wild-ducks and their haunts, of hogs settling to repose in a wood, and of wheat-sowing succeed. The sound of village bells suggests a most pleasing digression, of which the church and its pastor, the rustic amusements of a sunday, the village maids, and a most pathetic description of a distracted female are the prominent features. Returning to rural business,

Giles is drawn guarding the rising wheat from birds; his little hut with his preparation for the reception of his playmates, their treachery, and his disappointment and reflections are conceived and coloured in an exquisite style. Fox-hunting, the Fox-hound's epitaph, the long autumnal evenings, a description of domestic fowl, and a welcome to the snowy nights of winter form the concluding topics of this season.

The *fourth* book, under the appellation of *Winter*, is ushered in by some humane injunctions for the treatment of the storm-pinch'd cattle. The frozen turnips are broken for them, and the cow-yard at night is described. The conviviality of a Christmas evening and the conversation round the fire, with the admonitions from the Master's chair are depicted in a manner truly pleasing. The sea-boy and the farmer's boy are contrasted with much effect, and the ploughman feeding his horses at night with the comparison between the cart-horse and post-horse have great merit. The mastiff turned sheep-biter is next delineated, succeeded by a description of a moon light night and the appearance of a spectre. The counting of the

sheep in the fold and the adopted lambs are beautiful paintings, and with the triumph of Giles on the termination of the year and his address to the deity the book and poem close.

Such are the materials of which the "Farmer's Boy" is constructed. Several of the topics it will be perceived are new to poetry, and of those which are in their *title* familiar to the readers of our descriptive bards, it will be found that the imagery and adjunctive circumstances are original and the effort of a mind practised in the rare art of selecting and combining the most striking and pictoresque features of an object. It is somewhat singular indeed that a poet so young, and such an enthusiastic admirer too of the Seasons of Thomson, should have had the address to avoid in so great a degree those trains of associated imagery which must be the necessary result of their frequent perusal. Nature however, who had early awakened his mind to all her numerous beauties, and had gifted him with those powers of fancy which form the painter and the poet, and beneath whose operation no subject is exhausted, had too vividly impressed his imagination, and had taught him to place

her productions in too many varied lights to permit of the servility of imitation. They were the impressions indeed of his earliest youth and anterior to those derived from the study of our poets.

In considering the VERSIFICATION and DICTION of this poem my astonishment, I confess, has been greatly excited. The mechanism and structure of verse require not only a just and delicate ear, but a close and persevering attention to the choice and arrangement of words, to the adaptation of pause and cadence. An intimate acquaintance too with our poetic idiom in all its different stages, with the niceties of grammar and the progressive improvements of our language appear to be essential in attaining to energy and expressive harmony in their construction. I am well aware that smooth and flowing lines are of easy purchase, and the property of almost every poetaster of the day; but the versification of Mr. Bloomfield is of another character; it displays beauties of the most positive kind, and those witcheries of expression which are only to be acquired by the united efforts of genius and study. How our author has been

enabled to conquer the difficulties which in his situation must have so frequently thwarted his progress towards excellence in this department, I know not, but that they have been overcome, and that compleatly too, every page in his volume bears evidence.

The *general* characteristics of his versification are facility and sweetness; that ease which is, in fact, the result of unremitted labour, and one of the most valuable acquisitions in literature. It displays occasionally likewise a vigour and a brilliancy of polish that might endure comparison with the high-wrought texture of the Muse of Darwin. From the nature of his subject, however, this splendid mode of decoration could be used but with a sparing hand, and it is not one of his least merits that his diction and harmony should so admirably correspond with the theme he has chosen. To the extracts which I purpose shortly drawing from this poem I appeal for the corroboration of these opinions, and I shall notice, as I proceed, not doubting but that they will amply answer my encomia, such lines as appear most remarkable for their melody and beauty.

To excel in painting rural IMAGERY it is necessary that the poet should diligently study Nature for himself, and not peruse her, as is but too common, "through the spectacles of books." He should trace her in all her windings, in her deepest recesses, in all her varied attitudes and forms; it was thus that Lucretius and Virgil, that Thomson and Cowper were enabled to unfold their scenery with such distinctness and truth, and on this plan, whilst wandering through his native fields, attentive to "each rural sight, each rural sound," has Mr. Bloomfield built his charming poem. It is a work which proves how inexhaustible are the features of the world we inhabit, how from objects which the mass of mankind is daily accustomed to pass with indifference and neglect, genius can still produce pictures the most fascinating and of the most instructive tendency, for it is not to imagery *alone*, though such as here depicted might secure the meed of fame, that the "Farmer's Boy" will owe its value with us and with posterity; a morality the most pathetic and pure, the feelings of a heart alive to all the tenderest duties of humanity and religion, consecrate its glowing landscapes, and shed an interest over them, a

spirit of devotion, that calm and rational delight which the goodness and greatness of the Creator ought ever to inspire.

I shall now collect a few specimens of the imagery so profusely scattered over Mr. Bloomfield's poetry, and I can assure my readers that the whole will be found to correspond in richness and harmony with the passages thus detached, which have no superiority that I know of over the numerous beauties which the compass and even design of these essays would not permit me to display.

The following description of wood-scenery, and of its various birds has both novelty of colouring and harmony of versification to recommend it; the lines in Italics appear to me to contain new images, and the close is in its cadence and construction perfect music. It was part of Giles's employment early in the morning to shift from place to place the dead rooks that were scattered over the field, in order to terrify their surviving comrades from the grain.

——When at day-break summon'd from his bed,
Light as the lark that carol'd o'er his head,

His sandy way deep-worn by hasty showers,
O'er-arch'd with oaks that form'd fantastic bow'rs,
Waving aloft their towering branches proud,
In borrow'd tinges from the eastern cloud,
(Whence inspiration, pure as ever flow'd,
And genuine transport in his bosom glow'd)
His own shrill matin join'd the various notes
Of nature's music from a thousand throats:
The blackbird strove with emulation sweet,
And Echo answer'd from her close retreat;
The sporting white-throat on some twig's end borne,
Pour'd hymns to freedom and the rising morn;
Stopt in her song perchance the starting thrush
Shook a white shower from the black-thorn bush,
Where dew-drops thick as early blossoms hung,
And trembled as the minstrel sweetly sung.

Spring, line 129.

The most original parts of this production are those which paint the various occupations of the Farmer and his household; among these milking forms a very important office, and although frequently described by our poets, I may venture to affirm that of the ensuing passage the lines in Italics include a sketch hitherto unattempted.

Forth comes the Maid, and like the morning smiles;
The Mistress too, and follow'd close by Giles.

A friendly tripod forms their humble seat,
With pails bright scour'd, and delicately sweet.
Where shadowing elms obstruct the morning ray,
Begins their work, begins the simple lay;
The full-charg'd udder yields its willing streams,
While Mary sings some lover's amorous dreams;
And crouching Giles beneath a neighbouring tree
Tugs o'er his pail, and chants with equal glee;
Whose hat with tatter'd brim, of knap so bare,
From the cow's side purloins a coat of hair,
A mottled ensign of his harmless trade,
An unambitious, peaceable cockade.

Spring, l. 191.

The Season of Spring closes with a most exquisite, and, in part, original picture of Lambs at play, a subject that has called forth the descriptive powers of the Sons of Song from the earliest period to the present hour. Lucretius and Dyer have touched it with a masterly hand, nor has Thomson forgotten a scene so congenial to his feelings. From the two former poets I have already quoted these elegant morsels, and I shall now transfer to my pages the corresponding design of Thomson.

————————Lead me to the mountain brow
Where sits the shepherd on the grassy turf,
Inhaling, healthful, the descending sun.

Around him feeds his many bleating flock,
Of various cadence; and his sportive lambs,
This way and that convolv'd, in friskful glee,
Their frolics play. And now the sprightly race
Invites them forth; when swift, the signal given,
They start away, and sweep the massy mound
That runs around the hill.

Spring. 829.

Though this and the delineation from Lucretius and Dyer possess great merit, I have not the smallest hesitation in declaring that what I have now to transcribe from the Farmer's Boy is in every respect superior. Its commencement, whether the sentiment, imagery or versification be considered, is entitled to the warmest praise. The first lines marked by Italics display in their construction the most finished harmony, and those below in the same type, are new in point of description and breathe the utmost tenderness and sweetness.

Say, ye that know, ye who have felt and seen
Spring's morning smiles, and soul-enliv'ning green,
Say, did you give the thrilling transport way?
Did your eye brighten, when young lambs at play
Leap'd o'er your path with animated pride,
Or gaz'd in merry clusters by your side?

Ye who can smile, to wisdom no disgrace,
At the arch meaning of a kitten's face;
If spotless innocence, and infant mirth,
Excites to praise, or gives reflection birth;
In shades like these pursue your favorite joy,
Midst Nature's revels, sports that never cloy.
A few begin a short but vigorous race,
And indolence abash'd soon flies the place;
Thus challeng'd forth, see thither one by one,
From every side assembling playmates run;
A thousand wily antics mark their stay,
A starting crowd, impatient of delay.
Like the fond dove from fearful prison freed,
Each seems to say, "Come let us try our speed;"
Away they scour, impetuous, ardent, strong,
The green turf trembling as they bound along;
Adown the slope, then up the hillock climb,
Where every molehill is a bed of thyme;
There panting stop; yet scarcely can refrain;
A bird, a leaf, will set them off again:
Or, if a gale with strength unusual blow,
Scatt'ring the wild-brier roses into snow,
Their little limbs increasing efforts try,
Like the torn flower the fair assemblage fly.
Ah, fallen rose! sad emblem of their doom;
Frail as thyself, they perish while they bloom!
Though unoffending innocence may plead,
Though frantic ewes may mourn the savage deed,
Their shepherd comes, a messenger of blood,
And drives them bleating from their sports and food.

Spring, l. 309.

The passage which I have next to produce unfolds the descriptive abilities of our poet to great advantage; the green covert, its insects and the sky-lark are paintings glowing with the richest colouring and finished with wonderful fidelity and accuracy. Not Bassano or Waterloo could sketch with more attention to the minutiæ of Nature. Giles having fatigued himself by his endeavours to frighten an host of sparrows from the wheat-ears, retires to repose beneath the friendly shelter of some projecting boughs.

Green covert hail! for through the varying year
No hours so sweet, no scene to him so dear.
Here *Wisdom's* placid eye delighted sees
His frequent intervals of lonely ease,
And with one ray his infant soul inspires,
Just kindling there her never-dying fires,
Whence solitude derives peculiar charms,
And heaven-directed thought his bosom warms.
Just where the parting bough's light shadows play,
Scarce in the shade, nor in the scorching day,
Stretch'd on the turf he lies, a peopled bed,
Where swarming insects creep around his head.
The small dust-colour'd beetle climbs with pain
O'er the smooth plantain leaf, a spacious plain!
Thence higher still, by countless steps convey'd,
He gains the summit of a shiv'ring blade,

And flirts his filmy wings, and looks around,
Exulting in his distance from the ground.
The tender speckled moth here dancing seen,
The vaulting grasshopper of glossy green,
And all prolific Summer's sporting train,
Their little lives by various powers sustain.
But what can unassisted vision do?
What, but recoil where most it would pursue;
His patient gaze but finish with a sigh,
When music waking speaks the sky-lark nigh.
Just starting from the corn she cheerly sings,
And trusts with conscious pride her downy wings;
Still louder breathes, and in the face of day
Mounts up, and calls on Giles to mark her way.
Close to his eyes his hat he instant bends,
And forms a friendly telescope, that lends
Just aid enough to dull the glaring light,
And place the wand'ring bird before his sight;
Yet oft beneath a cloud she sweeps along,
Lost for a while, yet pours her varied song.
He views the spot, and as the cloud moves by,
Again she stretches up the clear blue sky;
Her form, her motion, undistinguish'd quite,
Save when she wheels direct from shade to light:
The flutt'ring songstress a mere speck became,
Like fancy's floating bubbles in a dream:
He sees her yet, but yielding to repose,
Unwittingly his jaded eyelids close.
Delicious sleep! From sleep who could forbear,
With no more guilt than Giles, and no more care?

Peace o'er his slumbers waves her guardian wing,
Nor conscience once disturbs him with a sting;
He wakes refresh'd from every trivial pain,
And takes his pole and brushes round again.

Summer, l. 63.

In this delightful piece of natural history how striking and how judiciously selected are the leading features! Than the picture of the beetle I know nothing more lively and accurate, and the soaring of the sky-lark, though a subject hacknied in the pages of poetry, is delineated with several strokes of minute originality. The most beautiful part in the description of this bird, and which is at once curiously faithful and expressively harmonious, I have copied in Italics. Milton and Thomson have both introduced the flight of the sky-lark, the first with his accustomed spirit and sublimity, but probably no poet has surpassed, either in fancy or expression, the following prose narrative of Dr. Goldsmith. "Nothing," observes he, "can be more pleasing than to see the lark warbling upon the wing; raising its note as it soars until it seems lost in the immense heights above us; the note continuing, the bird itself unseen; to see it then

descending with a swell as it comes from the clouds, yet sinking by degrees as it approaches its nest, the spot where all its affections are centered; the spot that has prompted all this joy."* This description of the descent of the bird, and of the pleasures of its little nest, is conceived in a strain of the most exquisite delicacy and feeling.

* History of the Earth and Animated Nature.

NUMBER XL.

The Muses fortune's fickle smile deride,
Nor ever bow the knee in Mammon's fane;
For their delights are with the village train,
Whom Nature's laws engage, and Nature's charms:
They hate the sensual, and scorn the vain;
The parasite their influence never warms,
Nor him whose sordid soul the love of wealth alarms.

BEATTIE.

THERE are many poets and painters who excel in the display of the rural charms of Nature, and even in sketching the manners and attitudes of the brute creation; who can transfer to the page or to the canvas the pictoresque beauties of a landscape, the docility of the domestic, or the ferocity of the wild animal, and are yet utterly unable to throw any spirit or interest round the human figure. Those who either with the pen or pencil combine the energy of human action with the awful or

romantic scenery of a rude, or with the softened features of a cultivated country, secure, and have a claim to the most permanent fame. The banditti of Salvator Rosa, the sweetly interesting figures of Poussin, and the rustic simplicity of Gainsborough unite with the surrounding views of nature in effecting an impression of the utmost power, and not otherwise procurable than through the medium of a combination of this kind. A plan exactly similar has been followed by the three great masters of descriptive poetry, Lucretius, Virgil and Thomson, and Mr. Bloomfield has afforded us another instance of the felicity attending the practice. In several parts of his "Farmer's Boy" he has introduced his characters with the best effect, either grouped or insulated, and with that chaste and simple colouring, and those genuine draughts of rural life, as will for ever render them, either to the poet or philosopher, objects of reference and delight. I shall select two as illustrative of these remarks, the Country Maid and the Mad Girl; the first a design well suited to the canvas of Gainsborough, the second possessing imagery of a higher tone and calculated for scenery of a wilder hue. Thomson has in his Summer

given us in four lines a miniature outline of the country maid, but which in no degree fixes on Mr. Bloomfield the smallest charge of imitation; and the Lavinia of the same author is a character altogether of a different cast. These are the lines of Thomson:

——————————full as the summer-rose
Blown by prevailing suns, the ruddy maid,
Half naked, swelling on the sight, and all
Her kindled graces burning o'er her cheek.

L. 354.

The following those of Mr. Bloomfield.

—Lo! encircled there, the lovely MAID
In youth's own bloom and native smiles array'd;
Her hat awry, divested of her gown,
Her creaking stays of leather, stout and brown;—
Invidious barrier! why art thou so high,
When the slight cov'ring of her neck slips by,
There half revealing to the eager sight
Her full, ripe bosom, exquisitely white?
In many a local tale of harmless mirth,
And many a jest of momentary birth,
She bears a part, and as she stops to speak,
Strokes back the ringlets from her glowing cheek.
Now noon gone by, and four declining hours,
The weary limbs relax their boasted pow'rs;

Thirst rages strong, the fainting spirits fail,
And ask the sov'reign cordial, home-brew'd ale:
Beneath some shelt'ring heap of yellow corn
Rests the hoop'd keg, and friendly cooling horn,
That mocks alike the goblet's brittle frame,
Its costlier potions, and its nobler name.
To *Mary* first the brimming draught is given,
By toil made welcome as the dews of heaven,
And never lip that press'd its homely edge,
Had kinder blessings or a heartier pledge.

Summer, l. 169.

Than the narrative of the poor distracted female I know few things more affecting or more beautifully written. It makes its way directly to the heart, and involves several strokes of description which are perfectly novel, clothed in diction the most perspicuous and choice, and highly appropriate to the scene. What for instance can be more musical and sweet than the following lines, the last of which displays imagery which is to me altogether original.

—Causeless seem'd her grief; for quick restrain'd,
Mirth follow'd loud, or indignation reign'd;
Whims wild and simple led her from her home,
The heath, the common, or the fields to roam:

Terror and joy alternate rul'd her hours;
Now blithe she sung, and gather'd useless flow'rs;
Now pluck'd a tender twig from every bough,
To whip the hov'ring demons from her brow.

Autumn, l. 117.

The concluding portion of this episode presents as finished a specimen of versification as can be extracted from the pages of our most polished poets; its pathos is such as to require no comment of mine, but I have thrown into Italics those lines which more particularly struck me by the melody and energy of their construction; two also for their very peculiar excellence I have distinguished by small capitals.

—Nought her rayless melancholy cheers,
Or soothes her breast, or stops her streaming tears.
Her matted locks unornamented flow;
Clasping her knees, and waving to and fro;—
Her head bow'd down, her faded cheek to hide;—
A piteous mourner by the pathway side.
Some tufted molehill through the livelong day
She calls her throne; there weeps her life away:
And oft the gaily passing stranger stays
His well-tim'd step, and takes a silent gaze,
Till sympathetic drops unbidden start,
And pangs quick springing muster round his heart;

And soft he treads with other gazers round,
And fain would catch her sorrow's plaintive sound:
One word alone is all that strikes the ear,
One short, pathetic, simple word,—"*O dear!*"
A thousand times repeated to the wind,
That wafts the sigh, but leaves the pang behind!
For ever of the proffer'd parley shy,
She hears th' unwelcome foot advancing nigh;
Nor quite unconscious of her wretched plight,
Gives one sad look, and hurries out of sight.—
Fair promis'd sunbeams of terrestrial bliss,
Health's gallant hopes,—and are ye sunk to this?
For in life's road though thorns abundant grow,
There still are joys poor Poll can never know;
Joys which the gay companions of her prime
SIP, AS THEY DRIFT ALONG THE STREAM OF TIME;
At eve to hear beside their tranquil home
The lifted latch, that speaks the lover come:
That love matur'd, next playful on the knee
TO PRESS THE VELVET LIP OF INFANCY;
To stay the tottering step, the features trace;—
Inestimable sweets of social peace!
O Thou who bidst the vernal juices rise!
Thou, on whose blasts autumnal foliage flies!
Let Peace ne'er leave me, nor my heart grow cold,
Whilst life and sanity are mine to hold.

Autumn, l. 143.

From the length of the narrative I have in-

dulged myself with copying but one half; the whole however abounds with minute touches of characteristic description, and may vie in this respect with the crazy Kate of Cowper, of which who can read the following passage without acknowledging the fidelity of the poet in painting the caprices of insanity?

————————A tatter'd apron hides,
Worn as a cloak, and hardly hides a gown
More tatter'd still; and both but ill conceal
A bosom heav'd with never-ceasing sighs.
She begs an idle pin of all she meets,
And hoards them in her sleeve; but needful food,
Though press'd with hunger oft, or comelier cloaths,
Though pinch'd with cold, asks never.—Kate is craz'd.

I shall close these observations on and specimens of the imagery of the "Farmer's Boy" with some lines illustrative of the approach of Spring, and which terminate with an image which I think has not been anticipated, and is certainly of the most delicate beauty.

————————So Winter flies!—
And see the Source of Life and Light uprise!
A height'ning arch o'er southern hills he bends;
Warm on the cheek the slanting beam descends,

And gives the reeking mead a brighter hue,
And draws the modest primrose bud to view.
Yet frosts succeed, and winds impetuous rush,
And hail-storms rattle through the budding bush;
And night-fall'n Lambs require the shepherd's care,
And teeming Ewes, that still their burdens bear;
Beneath whose sides to morrow's dawn may see
The milk-white strangers bow the trembling knee.

Winter, l. 325.

The most valuable productions in the class of descriptive poetry are those which intermingle with their scenery SENTIMENT of a religious, moral or pathetic cast; without such an intermixture indeed the delineation of Nature would lose half its charms and nearly all its propriety and utility. We are naturally led from the consideration of the beauteous world around us to the contemplation of the deity, and to reflections on the duties and pursuits of our fellow creatures, and in proportion as these are skilfully and appositely introduced will be the success of the poet and the interest excited. Thomson, Dyer, Beattie, Burns*

* From a letter which I have lately received from Mr. Lofft I take the liberty of inserting the following interesting passage: "The Duke of Grafton being highly pleased with the "Farmer's Boy" had desired-

and Cowper are all remarkable for their address and felicity in interweaving moral and ethic ideas and episódes with their views of rural life, and in pursuing a similar design Mr. Bloomfield has exhibited much taste and judgment. Throughout the "Farmer's Boy" there runs a pure vein of moral and religious sentiment, together with a spirit of humanity and laudable independence which strongly arrest the attention and feelings of the reader.

Humanity to the brute creation, though a duty frequently insisted upon, has been in too many instances shamefully violated by caprice and fashion. In the poem before us its amiable author has not only seized every opportunity of awakening our compassion for the animals we employ, but has poured forth the warmest invective against those who, void of sympathy, feel no hesitation in wantonly inflicting the severest deprivations and tortures. The sufferings of the Post-horse he has described in a

to see the Author. He has seen him; part of the conversation with the Duke and Duchess and one of the young Ladies turned upon what books he would wish to read. You will be pleased to hear that the first which he mentioned was Burns' Poems, which he had not yet had an opportunity of reading."

manner truly affecting, and the cruel practice of *docking* is thus very justly condemned:

—By th' unclouded sun are hourly bred
The bold assailants that surround thy head,
Poor patient Ball! and with insulting wing
Roar in thy ears, and dart the piercing sting;
In thy behalf the crest-wav'd boughs avail
More than thy short-clipt remnant of a tail,
A moving mockery, a useless name,
A living proof of cruelty and shame.
Shame to the man, whatever fame he bore,
Who took from thee what man can ne'er restore,
Thy weapon of defence, thy chiefest good,
When swarming flies contending suck thy blood.

Summer, l. 205.

That the love of rational independence which usually accompanies Genius and which necessarily spurns at all flattery and adulation has regulated the conduct and the Muse of Mr. Bloomfield will be evident from the passage I have now to quote. It is indeed to this very spirit that almost all the human virtues are annexed, whilst the surest foundation of vice is that abject and self-degrading submission which wealth and pride too often endeavour to exact, but which no individual, who has a just value for himself, should ever pay, for

Jove made it certain that whatever day
Makes man a slave takes half his worth away.

Pope's Homer.

The poet, after celebrating the fame and fidelity of an old Fox-hound, introduces a most animated apostrophe.

Pride of thy race! with worth far less than thine,
Full many human leaders daily shine!
Less faith, less constancy, less gen'rous zeal!—
Then no disgrace mine humble verse shall feel,
Where not one lying line to riches bows,
Or poison'd sentiment from rancour flows;
Nor flowers are strewn around Ambition's car:—
An honest dog's a nobler theme by far.

Autumn, l. 319.

The disappointment which Giles experiences from his playmates who had promised to meet him at the hovel where he sheltered himself whilst watching the birds, and for whom he had roasted a quantity of sloes, occasions some very just and apposite reflections on the cruelty of exciting expectation without a determined resolution to gratify it. The versification is correct and sweet.

Look then from trivial up to greater woes;
From the poor bird-boy with his roasted sloes,
To where the dungeon'd mourner heaves the sigh;
Where not one cheering sun-beam meets his eye.
Though ineffectual pity thine may be,
No wealth, no pow'r, to set the captive free;
Though *only* to thy ravish'd *sight* is given
The golden path that HOWARD trod to heaven;
Thy slights can make the wretched more forlorn,
And deeper drive affliction's barbed thorn.
Say not, "I'll come and cheer thy gloomy cell
With news of dearest friends; how good, how well:
I'll be a joyful herald to thine heart:"
Then fail, and play the worthless trifler's part,
To sip flat pleasures from thy glass's brim,
And waste the precious hour that's due to him.

Autumn, *l.* 231.

The conversation which the poet represents as taking place round the Christmas fire is enlivened by a very pleasing contrast between the Sea-Boy and the Farmer's Boy ushered in by the following very humane queries which Mr. Austin is supposed to put to Giles who is sitting "joint tenant of the corner-stool."

Left ye your bleating charge when daylight fled,
Near where the hay-stack lifts its snowy head?

Whose fence of bushy furze, so close and warm,
May stop the slanting bullets of the storm.
For, hark! it blows; a dark and dismal night:
Heaven guide the trav'ller's fearful steps aright!
Now from the woods, mistrustful and sharp-ey'd,
The *Fox* in silent darkness seems to glide,
Stealing around us, list'ning as he goes,
If chance the Cock or stamm'ring capon crows,
Or Goose, or nodding Duck, should darkling cry,
As if appriz'd of lurking danger nigh:
Destruction waits them, Giles, if e'er you fail
To bolt their doors against the driving gale.
Strew'd you (still mindful of the unshelter'd head)
Burdens of straw, the cattle's welcome bed?
Thine heart should feel what thou may'st hourly see,
That duty's basis is humanity.
Of pain's unsavoury cup though thou may'st taste,
(The wrath of winter from the bleak north-east,)
Thine utmost suff'rings in the coldest day
A period terminates, and joys repay.
Perhaps e'en now, whilst here these joys we boast,
Full many a bark rides down the neighb'ring coast,
Where the high northen waves tremendous roar,
Drove down by blasts from Norway's icy shore.
The *Sea-boy* there, less fortunate than thou,
Feels all thy pains in all the gusts that blow;
His freezing hands now drench'd, now dry, by turns;
Now lost, now seen, the distant light that burns,
On some tall cliff uprais'd, a flaming guide,
That throws its friendly radiance o'er the tide.

His labours cease not with declining day,
But toils and perils mark his watry way;
And whilst in peaceful dreams secure *we* lie,
The ruthless whirlwinds rage along the sky,
Round his head whistling;—and shalt thou repine,
Whilst this protecting roof still shelters thine?

Winter, l. 89.

In the latter part of this quotation, and especially in the four concluding lines, the verse is well woven, whilst the imagery is throughout distinct and impressive.

We have already displayed in the little narrative of the Mad Girl no inferior powers in awakening the tender emotions of pity and compassion, and we purpose now transcribing an instance or two of that sublime and unaffected piety which in his earliest years our rural poet had imbibed amid the shades of Euston.

There Giles, untaught and unrepining, stray'd
Through every copse, and grove, and winding glade,
There his first thoughts to Nature's charms inclin'd,
That stamp devotion on th' enquiring mind.

Spring l. 43.

The annexed moon-light piece includes,

like several other scenes in the poem, a solemn and impressive reference to the Creator, and the line which I have distinguished by Italics conveys a most delightful image to the mind. Giles with sauntering step is proceeding, ere he goes to rest, to count his little flock.

Low on the utmost bound'ry of the sight,
The rising vapours catch the silver light;
Thence Fancy measures, as they parting fly,
Which first will throw its shadow on the eye,
Passing the source of light; and thence away,
Succeeded quick by brighter still than they.
For yet above these wafted clouds are seen
(In a remoter sky, still more serene,)
Others, detach'd in ranges through the air,
Spotless as snow, and countless as they're fair;
Scatter'd immensely wide from east to west,
The beauteous semblance of a flock at rest.
These, to the raptur'd mind, aloud proclaim
Their MIGHTY SHEPHERD's everlasting name;
" And " thus the loit'rers utmost stretch of soul
Climbs the still clouds, or passes those that roll,
And loos'd *Imagination* soaring goes
High o'er his home, and all his little woes.

Winter, l. 249.

Again, at the conclusion of the volume, where Giles is rejoicing on the prospect of

returning Spring, occurs another passage of similar import and expressed with equal piety and fervor.

—————————Sunshine, Health, and Joy,
Play round, and cheer the elevated Boy!
'Another SPRING!' his heart exulting cries;
'Another YEAR! with promised blessings rise!—
'ETERNAL POWER! from whom those blessings flow,
'Teach me still more to wonder, more to know:
'*Seed-time* and *Harvest* let me see again;
'Wander the *leaf-strewn* wood, the *frozen* plains:
'Let the first Flower, corn-waving Field, Plain, Tree,
'Here round my home, still lift my soul to THEE;
'And let me ever, midst thy bounties, raise
'An humble note of thankfulness and praise!'—
Winter l. 383.

From the review we have now taken of the "Farmer's Boy" it will be evident, I think, that owing to its harmony and sweetness of versification, its benevolence of sentiment, and originality of imagery, it is entitled to rank very high in the class of descriptive and pastoral poetry, and that, most probably, it will descend to posterity with a character and with encomia similar to what has been the endeavour of these essays to attach to it.

It must be also a circumstance of peculiar gratification to those who from their opulence and taste are disposed to patronise and foster the efforts of rising genius, that the author of this beautiful poem is, in a moral light, an object of the most decided approbation. That amiable simplicity, that tender enthusiasm and pathetic piety which diffuse over his work a lustre so mild and fascinating, have been not less apparent in his life and conduct. To such a poet, therefore, and to such a man that generous attention which is so honourably the characteristic of my countrymen will, I have no doubt, be paid; and should the hours which I have devoted to the "Farmer's Boy" prove in the smallest degree instrumental in displaying its merits or promoting its circulation, I shall deem them well employed—a tribute due to the abilities and the modest virtues of its author.